

*Author's note: For American Literature, we were assigned a creative writing project where we had to take phrases from the Grand Rapids Press and write a poem, song, story, etc. from it. This was my poem. I was inspired by the passing of my grandpa a couple years ago, who slowly passed away from lung cancer. I tried to put myself into his mind as he went through that time. Everyone is telling me to send it into the Beacon Lights to try to have it published, so I was just wondering if you would consider putting it into the next issue. I'm a junior at Covenant Christian High School, and I go to Hudsonville PRC.*

## A QUICK GOODBYE

I stare at my family as I lie in my bed;

I wonder why this is how it must end.

They speak with a mumble, but I hear every word.

It tears me up to know my voice can't be heard.

The pain emanates throughout my veins;

My breath becomes scarcer, and my power drains.

My family utters one last, quick goodbye.

I struggle through my weakness: I try to reply.

I've loved them more than they could know,

I've watched every single one of them grow.

They're the greatest blessing a man could ask for.

A good, Christian family; I couldn't want more.

But these are the things that would remain unspoken,

Including apologies for my promises broken.

My eyes start to tear as I realized then

That I'd never hold another child again.

These fears were comforted by my family's care,

The love in their eyes, and the hope in their prayer.

The place that I'm going will bring me no harm.  
And I long to be up in my dear Savior's arms.  
With only God's help and the strength He bestows,  
I knew they'd be ready to finally let go.  
With one final breath, and a moment of goodbye,  
Christ took me in His arms, and no more did I cry.