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Category: Poetry

The Meaning of "Was"

I'm not ready to call her "was".
I'm not ready to pay my respects
I'm not ready to face her again
Because this time I know it will be the last.
She was always so stubborn
On the way that I bathed, the way I sat
A lady, she called me, a proper lady
So integral that I acted like one.
But over time, I grew and I changed
And, as she watched, she did the same
Happiness and hummingbirds and helpful in the sun
And warmth when it gets cold.
A dark curtain, an envelope in a hospital bed
Whirring, beeping, in and out of comatose daydreams
She refused to stay in bed
But not in rest.
Now I wait alone in the lobby of the home
Scared to see her face
Because I want to remember how she was in life
And I don't want to say goodbye.
And I'm not ready to call her "was".
I'm not ready to pay my respects
I'm not ready to face her again
Because this time I know it will be the last.