

Hoping

Eyes glued to the cardiogram, the grip of my hand slips out of his

I sit by his bed praying for good times to come again

Tubes, medicines everywhere, I can't bear to see him like this

I step outside for some fresh air but nothing takes away my pain

I walk into the hospital room and stand beside his bed

My dying brother reaches out and I see he knows I have to let him go

I kiss his lifeless hands and tell him I love him more than anything

The doctor walks into the room over to the monitor

Silence, nothing but silence as I drop to the ground

My brother gone forever