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Granny's Memoirs: He thought it was paradise

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Granny's memories

He thought it was paradise

He thought it was paradise,
He loved it; I didn't want to come here,
For him; he thought it was paradise,
In one month; he was ill – that was clear,
A job getting to the doctors,
Still couldn't stand,
He was *so* crippled,
Hopeful stubbornness, '*It'll go!*
I've had it lots. It'll go!'

Of course

it didn't go.

Doctor's inspection,

Next thing...

within

a

week,

Skipped medication,

"It's very advanced"

Booked in for OPERATION.

Unsure how much they could do,

"It's very advanced"

A colostomy,

Help things along.

I wouldn't let them tell him; I thought it wise,

Against everything we preach at Cancer Relief,

He wanted to come here *so* much,

He thought it was paradise.

He just wasn't going to be here,

I knew he wasn't going to be here,

He was sitting in his chair,

I was standing by the window,

"Will you stay here?"

I *knew* then...

that *he* knew

that he wasn't going to be here.

Saddest thing of all,

He was the one

Who wasn't going to be here,

He *really* thought he would get stronger,

26 years ago I found it harder,

To talk about.

I just *knew* how much he wanted to be here,

I just knew he wasn't going to be here.

In the sunshine sitting,

In a chez long thing lying,

"What he wants to do just let him do it. Anything.

Take him out and about"

He never wanted to be doing,

At that time, not knowing,

That he wasn't going to be here, living,

He just didn't want to,

He didn't want to go really,

In the May after

dying.

Guilt seeping,

Should've been noticing,

Not right - something.

On the other hand...

Everyone saying,

"Gosh you don't half wear well"

His face, “20 years younger” he was looking,

and

he did

he did.

Never actually complaining,

Only thing...

“I just don’t fancy tea anymore”

“A cuppa”

He was saying,

“What else can I have to drink?”

I said teasing,

“Well if you were a woman

I’d think you were pregnant!”

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There’s nothing you can do about it,

Well there was. Too late wasn’t it,

Best people in the world on it,

Absolutely no hope; just fate.

She came one Saturday,

Releasing me; seeing granddaughter in dancing display,

Cried all the way

through it. There it is.

Couldn't bear the thought of him...

He was very shy,

very shy person....