

J.P. Celia

Georgia Obituary

They placed her in an empty plot.
Her gravestone read, "Forget me not,"
Which flowered close beside her.

She'd lost her life that Sunday last
By way of pills and shotgun blast
And poisoned apple cider.

A wild, willful woman who
When wanting something followed through,
And in her ballsy fashion.

She'd had some fun, but now was old.
Her skies were gray. Her sheets were cold.
Her little hands were ashen.

She wished she could return to when
Life leapt and roared and blazed within,
And joy was for the taking.

But she could not, so heaved a sigh,
Resolved to bid the world goodbye.
And did so without quaking.