

FALL LEAVES WILT AS THE FRONT DOOR OPENS,
WARM HUGS GREETED WHILE THE SMELL OF THANKSGIVING FILLS OUR LUNGS.
THE PARADE OF BALLOONS WENT TOO FAST,
BUT THE TABLE IS SET AND FOOD IS TO BE PASSED.
" CHOCOLATE MILK! TURKEY! PIE! "

WE SAY GRACE THEN SHARE GRANDMA'S LOVE,
THE KID'S TABLE SLOWLY FADES AWAY OVER TIME,
YET THE MEMORY STILL TAINTS ALL OF OUR MINDS.
THANKSGIVING OVERLOAD IS A THING,
AS WE ALL SIT ON THE COUCH LIKE STUFFED ANIMALS.
THE LIONS PLAY HARD AND WE CHEER,
PROBABLY TOO LOUD THAT THE NEXT HOUSE CAN HEAR.
NEWSPAPER ADS STILL LITTER THE FLOOR,
LOOKING FOR BLACK FRIDAY DEALS SOLD AT THE STORE.
GRANDMA GIVES US ALL HUGS TO WARM OUR HEARTS AND FILL US WITH LOVE,
WHILE WE GIVE THEM CHRISTMAS BEFORE THEY DEPART TO FLORIDA.
THE LOVE IS IN THE AIR, AND OUR STOMACHS ARE QUITE FULL,
I'M SO JOYFUL,
I'M SO BLISSFUL.

I'M SO REMINISCENT
I'M SO OPPRESSIVE.

EMPTY, THE CONDO NOW SITS
FAILING AT CREATING A TABLE TO SEAT ALL OF US,
NOT EVEN THE WHOLE FAMILY COMES, AND THUS BREAKS MY TRUST.
FALL LEAVES STILL WILT, THE DOOR STILL OPENS, THE SMELLS STILL FILL, AND THE PARADE STILL GOES,
BUT NO ONE REALLY KNOWS, THAT MY HEART STILL YEARNIS
FOR THE LOVE THAT WE ALL HAD ON THAT DAY,
WHEN WE WERE LOVING AND GAY.
THE FOOD DOESN'T LIVE UP, THE SMILES AREN'T AS BIG, AND THE CHILLY DAYS REMIND ME OF ABSENT HUGS.

WE NEVER KNEW THAT IT WOULD BE OUR LAST ONE ALL TOGETHER,
BUT WE MUSTN'T TREAT THAT WE AREN'T FAMILY FOREVER.
EVEN THOUGH THE GLUE IS GONE,
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT TRADITION SHOULD BE DONE.
I MISS THE LOVE THAT WE ALL HAD,
I DON'T LIKE TO BE THIS HEARTBROKEN AND SAD,
SO LET'S SHARE THE JOY AND LOVE OF THANKSGIVING,
AND BE THANKFUL THAT WE HAVE ANOTHER DAY LIVING.