

Grandma's Antiques

In a tall cupboard, dusty and worn,
Grandma's treasures were adorned.
A myriad of antiques, ancient tales to be told,
Each with a different story to behold.

Bent yet shiny spoons, elegant and divine,
Reflecting moments that took place before time.
Fragile teacups, painted with fondness and love,
Faint laughter still lingers in the memories, now above.

Stuffed dolls with one button eye shining so bright,
A keeper and memory of childhood's delight.
A milky silk handkerchief, stitched with white lace,
One reason why you should acknowledge life's grace.

A sleekly designed watch, but now broken and still,
The days would come and go, time going until.
An empty bottle of perfume, a fragrant flowery smell,
Was sprayed everyday on Grandma, expensive Chanel.

The men in black, were covering Grandma's face up with the coffin lid.
I slowly bent down, for one last touch.
Grandma's pale hands were icy and cold,
But her antiques in her cupboard will continue to behold
Legendary, rare stories untold.