

"Fateful Day" a Poem by Me

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A poem about drinking and how it can affect others

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1 - Untitled

"Fateful Day"

He can not find the words to say
He can't remember yesterday

She packed her things and was on her way
She knew that in her heart she could not stay

He tried to stop her, he blocked the door
It seems she'd stare at him but she did something more

She kissed him gently on the cheek
It 's hard to believe she's been gone for a week

He stares at the phone waiting for her to call
He stares at the phone but nothing happens at all

Weeks turn to months and months turn to years
He can still hear her soft whispers ringing in his ears

She still hasn't come back, no not yet
And this may be his biggest regret

He tried to stop, he truly did
But he knew deep down that was just a fib

He didn't think that drinking would drive someone away
He didn't think it would, until that fateful day

He goes to therapy every single day
And He hopes and he prays
That he will meet her again, some day some way