

HIS ROOM

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I walk past it a hundred times a day,
Sometimes pausing at the door;
It hurts to look inside,
It's not his room anymore.

We folded his clothes and put them away,
The closets are all bare;
Our little boy is dead you see,
Only memories are there....

The wallpaper's stripped, the furniture's gone,
The room is empty now;
I know that life does go on,
So please tell me how.

The room is just an empty space,
Four walls and a door;
I cry as I step inside,
It's not his room anymore.