

The reasons you're messed up are the reasons I love you,
But I'm never able to tell,
Whether you'll tell,
If I just raise one eyebrow,
Tilt my head,
Give a pout,
And a "darling no don't say that."

Please don't die,
For I do care,
So very much.

I'd give you a hug,
Bandage you up,
But I'm afraid I'm not very good at that,
And of course you know why.

Please don't die,
For I call you my second mother,
I mean you both can cook,

At least you make pasta,
And that's good enough.

Please don't die,
Because I plan to live with you,
With all of us,
Remember how we said that,
As I laid on the floor,
With your dog and sister.

Please don't die,
Because I don't think they'll understand,
'Why is she gone?'
'Why didn't I know?'

Please don't die,
For I need you with me,
We need you with us.

How come your hair is always so good?

I would ask you how you do it,
But you will just complain,
I mean ours aren't exactly the same.

Please don't die,
Until I take you clubbing,
See how you act drunk,
Just don't panic at a disco,
Or I will not take you to one.

Please don't die,
For I love your eyes,
They hold the sky,
But I'll have no interest in space,
When it's missing whole galaxies,
That I can never replace.

Please don't die,
Because I do not know how I will live with myself,
Knowing that I could have done something,

Just anything at all.

Please don't die,
Because I'm yet to have you round for dinner,
But I've been to yours three times.

Please don't die,
Because there's a new album this year,
And I want to gloat,
When I get that vinyl before you.

You hate the snow,
Yet you cope so perfectly well,
I hate the cold,
Yet I stare out of the window in awe,
As white flakes wage war,
I guess that's what it's like in your head.

Can't you see how amazing you are?

Please don't die,
Cos you will still be better than me at art,
Please don't die,
Because I actually want to see you outgrow me,
And please don't die,
In case you never witness a miracle in real life,
And that'll just be a crime.

How come you're never ill,
How come you're able to battle through this,
Except,
I only ever see you losing this war.

Please be happy,
And live,
And laugh,
This poem will not help,
And it's not a very good place to start,
But I do not want you to die,
Or cry,

Or bite,
Or be anxious,
Shy,
Or sad,
And I don't know what it's like,
Why should I,
But I do know that I can write a half decent poem,
That probably doesn't even rhythm,
Full of some reasons,
For you to live,
And not die.

Helena Grigg

Year 9