

Edward's Chair

There's an empty chair where Dad once sat,
Shaped by memories of this and that.
TV dinners and a can of coke,
A bit of a moan and a silly joke.

There's a car on the drive with a disabled badge,
For a pair of old timers, Eddie and Madge.
Husband and wife for sixty-two years,
Celebrate that, rejoice and no tears.

There's a path that leads to a garden shed,
With lots of things all made by Ed.
His gadgets and boats, and tools and trains,
Dad's legacy to ease the pain.

There's a tatty old bear by the name of Tough Ted,
In a scruffy old vest that slept on his bed.
Dad's little mascot, a mirror of him,
A hero to us, a legend, a king.

There's photos on the wall of his family and wife,
Caught on Dad's camera, a tapestry of life.
As little Freckles wanders leaving paw prints we can't see,
To bind us all together for all eternity.

There's a hole in our heart that makes us feel sad,
Left by Daddy, Grand-pa and Great Gran-dad.
But our sweet recollections never shall fade,
And he lives on in us... in our DNA.

But that chair isn't empty, it's brimming with love,
As Dad sits upon it in Heaven above.
Whenever we miss him imagine him there,
With Tough Ted beside him on Dad's favourite chair.