

Unlike the Old November Days

Seeing the family all rejoice and eat
makes me think of something that was sweet.
The smell of hugs and spices surrounded me,
but it was all just a fleet.
It was just like how it was on that one day,
when Grandma rushed to give the turkey without a delay.
Now I am waiting for the train,
The turkey cold, untouched as it started to rain.
But I wonder what happened to those autumn November days.
What happened when it didn't rain,
Would I be happy or just the same?
Who knows what will happen this year?
I worry it won't ever be the same...