

G.
A Memoir
Deja Simmons

Beginning

The eighth month
And twenty first day
Of the year two thousand and one
A little Italian bundle of joy
Came into this world
Living in a town
Of not even three hundred thousand people
Chandler, Arizona
She would grow up one day
And light up every day filled with skies of gray
Musically gifted,
Athletic,
And loved by all,
Her parents only child
This was the beginning of
Giana.

First Years

As her hair grew
Into beautiful locks dark as the night
Her smile and happiness grew equally
Year two thousand and two
To Rochester, New York she traveled
Clarkson's doors opened wide
To church she went
And to God she flew
Becoming his child for the rest of her days
At six years old
Down the stairs she ran
I want him to be my shepherd
As an only child she was loved by all
Her life reflected Jesus
She loved him with all her heart

Little Did I Know

With shaking legs
A weary smile
I walked into that church
New to New York
Having left it all behind

No friends
Nothing
Little did I know
I'd find my best friend
Inside those church doors
Then I met her.

Giana
Repeating it over and over in my head
Trying not to forget her beautiful name
Her black hair and beautiful dark eyes
We clicked like tap shoes
Seven and six years old
Little did I know
We'd be friends for nine years
She'd leave footprints in my everyday life
And take a piece of my heart

Little did we know
Little did we know she'd be gone
But not before fighting for her life six months straight
Little did I know
She'd affect me so much
Little did she know

Too Much
Too much
He had too much
Giana didn't know that
Neither did her dad
They didn't know.
Out to retrieve a christmas tree
They received what was unwanted
They weren't warned
Oh, he had too much
So much
Minding their business
Staying in their own lane
He swerved
Hitting them head on
Fire burned red
He tried to flee
Unconsciousness and broken bones
Ambulance rides instead of going home
On her deathbed Giana was said to be
Her father marked with burns

Where the fire had licked him
It happened in a flash
And made it feel like a whole lifetime passed
All because he had too much

Way Back Then

Way back then
When we were little
We had fun
Making mistakes
And growing from them
Way back then we caught fireflies,
We danced in the rain,
Soaking in our childhood,
Playing soccer in the yard,
And piling onto the swing until it would break
Way back then we had fun.
Playing in the summer sun,
Eating juicy watermelon,
Red Wings games,
Watching the tarantula,
Stargazing and Spurs games,
Hide-and-Seek,
And chasing her cat.
Oh, it all makes my heart laugh,
That was way back then.