The Death of a Teddy Bear
By Ethel Rudicil

The tattered bear at the edge of the bed,
With button eyes, could not see the edge,
But with careless shakes, in a fitful sleep,
The bed shook the bear away.
Tumbling to the floor with silent scream,
The bear would be abandoned, forgotten.
The cold dry floor was a world away,
From the fever stained bed of feather down.
Underneath the bed, home of that bear,
Other forgotten friends remained.
The bear took his place among these toys,
Cold, and alone, and afraid.
At last he understood, what it really meant
For a boy to love his bear.
When his treasure was gone, (the eye of the boy)
The bear began to grow stiff
Until the light in his eyes began to fade.
It wasn’t forever, this teddy bear knew,
For the life of a toy to fade.
When the little boy came, made well again,
He’d remember his favored friend.
Then the life the boy imagined,
Would wake the buttoned eyes.