

The Loss of a Child

by Myra King

I watched as the light fled
from your eyes
No slowly dimming lamp,
you seemed in such a hurry to be gone
from all this turmoil
of grasping and clinging on.

For a fraction of a moment
I was pleased
that you'd escaped.
Until I realised my exile
had just begun.

For even in your drugged
half-pain-free self
you had still been here.
Even with eyes closed,
the you
that hovered behind
still
was there.
As I knew.

Now no
crying shouts of unfairness
can awaken and bring you home.

