

1980, What I Wanted

by Susan Davis

Not to...

Witness such suffering
Watch as a life fades away
Receive the call
Attend this funeral
Be surrounded by well meaning family and friends
Stand by helplessly as my father sobs in his brother's arms
Notice the pain settle in my brother's eyes
See my grandparents' tortured, twisted expressions
Have friends awkwardly try to comfort me
Be pitied
Carry the guilt of visits unmade and words unsaid

Not to still carry it today

