

# 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

