

Lady
Stillborn Grandma

EXPECTANT joy
And months of hope
Are lifeless born of foolish-happy womb.
A tiny boy
Has failed to cope;
A glowing girl has been unknowing tomb.

That girl we know,
Who glowed and grew
Abundantly, with all the passing weeks —
Where did she go,
The girl we knew,
Now saline sorrow rills the ashen cheeks?

Her mind's in knots,
Resentment peaks,
New-fuelled by the joys that Fate denies;
And grief garrottes
Each word she speaks,
As anguish salts a path from deadened eyes.

She asks me why.
What can I say?
Self-doubt, self-torture, fit her like a glove.
I can but try
To show today
A mother-not-to-be a mother's love.
