

Emma Grace

Anonymous

They tell me there is no right way to raise a child;
How lucky for me I have already discovered
there is no right way to mourn one.

Sweet child of mine,
A small seed of two months before we were both uprooted
Why make your presence known only to leave so soon? Or
better yet, why waste energy existing in the first place If
you were going to abandon me, bruised and bloodied?

Looking for new ways to forget you:
His touch- the thing that brought you here in the first place
Sleeping pills- the only way I will ever see your face
Strawberry ale- neither as sweet or as bitter
as you were on your way to becoming

Burying the secret of your brief existence
deep into my inadequate womb.