

But Still

So, I stand.

A member new.

Of this silent, female vigil.

Now, always part of this same crew.

The maybe-next-timers,

The never-forgetters,

The keep-getting-uppers.

My compassion, and sorrow-

It overflows.

Not just for myself,

But the many kin;

Different souls of the same skin.

One in four;

Or three in four-

Depending on statistics.

The scared-to-knowers,

The I'll-still-goers,

The do-I let-it-show-ers?;

My heart is breaking;
Over those who went before.
And all who will go behind.

Our kindred spirits forming;
healing; breaking; clawing.
Reminded we're not alone.

I could rationale the loss away;
I could wait for pain to fade.
I could say 'I know they were ill'
but still-

I miss my baby.