

Poetry



To the Child in My Heart

*Precious, tiny, sweet little one,
You will always be to me
So perfect, pure and innocent,
Just as you were meant to be.*

*We dreamed of you and your life
And all that it could be.
We waited and longed for you to come
And join our family.*

*We never had the chance to play,
To laugh, to rock, to wiggle
We long to hold you, touch you now
And listen to you giggle.*

*I'll always be your mother,
He'll always be your dad,
You'll always be our child-
The child that we had.*

*But now you're gone...
But yet you're here.
We'll sense you everywhere.
You are our sorrow,
And our joy.
There's love in every tear.*

*Just know our love
goes deep and strong
We'll forget you never-
The child we had, but never had,
And yet we'll have forever.*

The Forget Me Not

Remembering

Go ahead and mention my baby,
The one, who died, you know.
Don't worry about hurting
Me further.
The depth of my pain doesn't show.
Don't worry about making
Me cry.
I'm already crying inside.
Help me to heal by releasing
The tears I try to hide.
I'm hurt when you just keep silent,
Pretending she/he didn't exist.
I'd rather you mention my baby,
Knowing that he/she has been missed.
You ask me how I am doing.
I say "pretty good" or "fine".
But healing is something on going.
I feel it will take a lifetime.

-Elizabeth Dent



A Different Child



A different child, people notice.
There's a special glow around you.
You grow surrounded by love.
Never doubting you are wanted;
Only look at the pride and joy
In your mother's and father's eyes.
And if sometimes between the smiles
There's a trace of tears,
One day you'll understand.
You'll understand that there was
Once another child.
A different child.
Who was in their hopes and dreams.
That child will never outgrow the baby clothes.
That child will never keep them up at night.
In fact that child will never be any trouble at all...
Expect sometimes, in a silent moment
When mother and father miss so much that different child
May hope and love wrap you, warmly
And may you learn the lesson forever:
How infinitely precious,
How infinitely fragile is this life on earth.
One day, as young man or woman
You may see another mother's tears,
Another father's silent grief
Then you and you alone will understand
And offer the greatest comfort.
When all hope seems lost
You will tell them with great compassion
"I know how you feel."
I'm only here because my parents tried again."

Dare I Dream?

Do I dare dream
Of a new baby,
A new future?

Am I “worthy”
Of such sublime happiness?

Can I be a good incubator
For forty long, risky weeks?

Am I even a good mother
To the two demanding children
Who came to me so effortlessly
Eleven and seven years ago?

Am I good enough?
Or am I only greedy to want
More than what I have?

Sure, I’ve suffered,
Loved and lost three times....
But is that enough
To merit this conversation?

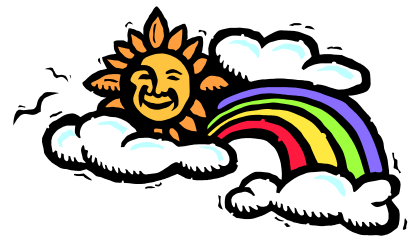
Yes!
I do dare dream
And plan and fantasize.

It is my right!

And I’ll do it up “proper”-
I’ll calculate my fertility
And mark my calendar
And buy a book of names
And shop for baby clothes
And look for a new doctor....

And pray.
Oh, yes, pray
And trust
And keep faithful

And wait.



By: Marie Teague

For Bereaved Grandparents

(An excerpt) By Margaret H. Gerner, MSW

I am powerlessness, I am helplessness, I am frustration.
I sit with her and I cry with her.
She cries for her daughter and I cry for mine.
I can't help her.
I can't reach inside her and take her broken heart.
I must watch her suffer day after day.

I listen to her tell me over and over how she misses Emily, how she wants her back.
I can't bring Emily back for her.
I can't buy her an even better Emily than she had, like I could buy her an even better toy when she was a child.
I can't kiss the hurt and make it go away.
I can't even kiss a small part of it away.
There's no bandaid large enough to cover her bleeding heart.
There was a time I could listen to her talk about a fickle boyfriend and tell her it would be okay, and know in my heart that in two weeks she wouldn't even think of him.
Can I tell her it'll be okay in two years when I know it will never be okay, that she will carry pain of "what might have been" in her deepest heart for the rest of her life?

I see this young woman, my child, who was once carefree and fun loving and bubbling with life, slumped in a chair with her eyes full of agony.
Where is my power now?
Where is my mother's bag of tricks that will make it better?

Why can't I join her in the aloneness of her grief?
As tight as my arms wrap around her;
I can't reach that aloneness.

What can I give her to make her better?
A cold, wet cloth will ease the swelling of her crying eyes, but it won't stop the reason for tears.
What treat will bring joy back to her?
What prize will bring that happy child back?
Where are the magic words to give her comfort?
What chapter in Dr. Spock tells me how to do this?
He has told me everything else I've needed to know.
Where are the answers?

I should have them.

I'm the mother.

I know that someday she'll find happiness again, that her life will have meaning again.
I can hold out hope for her someday, but what about now? This minute? This hour? This day?

I can give her my love and my prayers and my care and; my concern.
I could give her my life.
But even that won't help.

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About the Author

Margaret Gerner is a bereaved parent and grandparent. In 1979, she founded the St. Louis Chapter of The Compassionate Friends. She continues to be active with Bereaved Parent of the USA. She holds a Master's Degree in Social Work and is a Certified Grief Counselor with the

Chryalis Center, a bereavement counseling and resource center for funeral directors located in St. Charles, Missouri.

A Father, I Grieve

Dear Wonderful Beau
From the moment you were conceived
My hopes and dreams were born. I
envisioned so much for you
But I never planned to mourn.

My life I now filled.
With such pain and sorrow.
The days are so long now
That I dread to see tomorrow.

I am angry we never met.
I am bitter about the love I never knew.
As time goes by and I set and think
That we never met is not entirely true.

Mine was the hand you felt as you kicked.
Mine was the voice you heard deep and strong.
I'm sure you could feel the love in my heart
As I listened to the sound of yours, beating
A sweet song.

I was supposed to teach you so much....

The reason why toads have warts
One plus one equals two
The reason why planes fly up so high
And why the sky is blue.

I was supposed to show you so much....

How to climb that big tree that mommy
Thought you couldn't
How to hold a hammer and drive a nail
how to throw a football.
And how to pick yourself up whenever
You fall.

I was supposed to explain so much to you....

Why women are so difficult
Why men yell and thrash out
Why people hat so much
And what death is all about.

Someday I hope to see sense in all this
But now my heart is broken and tears full my
eyes.
Our house was to be filled with laughter
Not Mommy and Daddy's lonely, empty
cries.

Beau, I hold one dream close to my heart....

As you look down from heaven,
You can feel the love your mommy and I
share.
That you're safe and warm with God
And have no more burdens to bear.

