A Haunting Grief

Ashley Curtice
College of DuPage

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A tormented ache.  
My heart grows numb  
with the reminder of  
a desire lost.  
A feeling  
that never fades.

My sorrowful eyes  
focus on her,  
like binoculars to a spy.  
Her glowing face,  
full of joy.  
Her round belly  
filled with the  
promise of life.

Resentment engulfs me  
like flames to a prairie.  
Words can’t express  
the feeling that haunts me,  
every time I see a reminder  
of all my hopes lost.  
Crumbled into a pile,  
and brushed away.

Suddenly, everywhere  
all the baby talk in the air—  
from the beaming mother and  
her newborn babe,  
to the expectant father  
with his first sonogram.  
Grandparents with little onesies  
and bottles in hand.

All reminders of what we lost.  
Jaded by the traumatic turn.  
I will never feel the same  
about those things again.  
Always bringing up  
feelings of sorrow.

The shock came slow,  
then all at once.  
They said the heart stopped,  
a life was lost.

My own heart hung  
in that moment.  
Despair washed over me.  
We waited so long  
to hear those beats, and  
in an instant,  
we were crushed.  
A surreal feeling  
took over the room.

I will never forget  
The day our future died.  
The reminders  
constantly causing misery  
to my already miserable mind.

October 15th  
A candle is lit  
My only solace  
to what I  
couldn’t prevent.