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A Haunting Grief

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A Haunting Grief

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.