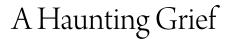
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Ashley Curtice College of DuPage

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ASHLEY CURTICE

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 airfrom 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.

l 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.