

"Mourning Poem" (Saturday, 8:30 AM)

I'm grieving the life I wanted  
but didn't have  
The marriage that never was  
The parent that I did not become  
The womb that did not carry the children  
that I did not birth  
The ovum that I did not pass down to daughters  
My breasts that did not feed babies  
The ancestral flow  
The legacy of fluids: blood, milk, water, tears  
amniotic, me-biotic.

I'm mourning loved ones who've crossed over,  
loved ones I've buried,  
loved ones who've left me for something better.  
So many with no chance to say goodbye.

My heart is so broken  
and my spirit so battered  
it's no wonder I have cancer  
(times 2).

At 97 my mother wants to make a "fresh start"  
by moving to a new senior living center.

At 62, I think my life is over.

A death sentence for a life unlived,  
for a being unloved,  
for a purpose unfulfilled.

© Eileen Mielenhausen  
2/26/22