

Bent Strings

Apologies, I Have None

Soak up all the strain and cast out all your old complaints.
She didn't work this hard to give up and let death stake a claim.

20 years, 1 month and 27 days. Is this all she gets?

A striking realisation that the cross she had to bear wasn't half as heavy as the burden that now hangs around her neck.

I won't miss this when it's gone. What is there to say?

Another fumbled consolation cuts the air but seems to fail in every way.

You can't sum up in two lines the cost to a mother that outlives her child, so why bother.

A solemn promise that times a great healer, from someone that could never understand quite how much that she needs her.

I guess it takes less time to formulate the answers to all the questions why than it does to understand them.

I'm not talking about experts, medicine or science, there's folly in believing these things will ever satisfy her when memories of a body strapped with wires leaves her lost.

I want to scream until my lungs bleed "I'm glad your son died on the cross", but I bite my lip and hold my tongue because everybody needs a safety net and I think she chose the right one.