

The End

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(Is it over? Is it over now? Can I open my eyes? Are you done?)

I hope death is as glamorous as
You dreamt it would be, I pray for your sake it's that

I hope you found your way,
Got fabulous seats
Tickets, a front row view to witness our grief

You yearned for the tomb
The comfort of your mother's womb
The sense of control
When left on your own

I yearned for a part
Of your decision, a place in your heart
A say in the matter before you'd depart.

Have you ever loved, have you ever feared
That your heart could burst from pain
If I was not there
You gave life to us, your father and I
Then took it away
Without telling us why

You yearned for the tomb
The comfort of your mother's womb
The sense of control
When left on your own
I yearned for a choice
A last chance to hear your frail voice
Tell me "it's alright,
Get back to your night"

I yearn for a fight
A scream that wakes us in the night
And hour of tears
To hug away your fears
Not this clinical silence
And a name I can no longer say
Not bottomless sadness
That you went away.