

## 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.