

For Mum

by Saltfish

About the impending death of a loved one. I always wonder how many more times I will see her.

How Many Times

Chapter 1 of 1

About the impending death of a loved one. I always wonder how many more times I will see her.

I don't write poetry,
I've not written a poem before,
but I needed to write a poem, of some sort.

This is the result.

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How many times?

365 days a year

how many of them for us?

Will you be here at 24

turkey and presents and photos

when we will all try to pretend

it's just another one—nothing special.

Tears hidden from view

On day 90

will your cakes be turned out

or will it be some day other

than a birth day?

Denial, deny, die

Will the chair be there

on day 153?

Polished with use

rosy-mahogany.

Sadly empty

Do I get another card

with love from you?

See that cursive script

I didn't know I'd miss.

Cursed-cursive

Where are we on day 279?

Standing at the windy peak?

Wearing black?

Johnnie Walker our best friend?

Humor through tears

How many more times to say

the things you don't allow.

The "I love you"

Never heard but meant. Always.

Not many more

Not many visits to you

but I know soon you'll be somewhere

not alone

with friends

Happy

LOVED