

# 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.

~~ \* ~~

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