

Wish for a barter

by sweetflag

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their suffering and take on their woes?

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Wish for a barter.

There is nothing worse than seeing the tears you cannot wipe away;

Nothing worse than seeing the pain you cannot keep at bay.

She cries and screams, and all you can do is hold her as she wails,

And hope that the pain withers before your own strength fails.

For all you can do is sit with her, and wish that the pain was yours.

That each wound and cut was yours, those welts and sores;

Because then the price would be her gentle brow and smile,

And the cost, those aches that weigh and the hurt that stabs for a while.

You know that you would pay it gladly; a barter for her agony.

To soothe her to sleep in your arms; no finer, no better testimony,

Of your uncomplicated desire to have her rest, eased and calm.

For there is no other way to stop her woes, no painkiller or balm,

Just the fervent hope, desire and desperate wish that you could;

That if the world was fair you would, and that it should.

But you listen to her stifled cries, croon into her hair, and mumble away,

Because that is all you are left to do, to be there, to listen and to stay.

And as her voice quietens, and her eyelids flutter closed to sleep,

You set to wonder, and as you your nightly vigil keep,

You think and settle that maybe this is the only way to pay,

That you are meant to watch, listen and hold her till the end of day.

It is the price you must pay to have her last kiss, word and smile,

And maybe it is not fair, but you will still pay and stay a while.

Gladly, willingly, readily, with devotion and without any fears,

To love more than pity so that you can wipe her last tears,

To be the strength that will bolster her and soothe her mind.

To be the one she sees, hears and feels as she leaves you behind.