

Lost Son

Slowly she moves, as if in a trance
from which there is no recovery.
She wanders from room to room and touches
small ghosts – some quiet – some loud – all playing
the same somber music.

She remembers the son she was forced to give up
to cancer – a child lost while still too young
to be afraid. She still feels the soft, brown hair that never grew
beyond its first wisps and blue eyes haunt
her – eyes that were shadowed by a fever dancing
a pas de deux with an insatiable monster who ate
a sweet life away like a woman hungry for chocolate.

The ghosts stop their tune long enough to weep
with her and soon their tears weave
into the threads of the Persian rug that has seen
too much sorrow. She continues moving
in no direction, guided only by the ache
that lives between her forgotten breasts.