



BROWN BAG ONLINE

I went down to hear

by Diana Raab

The sound of his labored breath
as he slept in his anti-anxiety bed
opening and closing his eyes.
I told him that it's okay
he can go to the rainbow bridge
but only if he waits for me.

I said that I didn't want to
be without him,
and that I was ready to join
him and I wanted that minute
to last forever, as I could not let go
of that sweet soul who brought me
so much love and comfort.

I never imagined he could leave me;
he seemed eternal like.
we know the sun will always rise and set
that's what I thought about him.

I took him onto my lap,
so heavy in weight, and I swear
he'd already died, but I didn't want
to admit it, until I heard that last
breath and then I felt what I never felt before
his urine trickle on my pajamas,
I sat frozen with him dead on me.

I swung my eyes to the side
to meet his and realized they were fixed,

not closed. I'd just lost him and screamed so loud,
that the small chandelier in my bedroom shook
from my hurricane voice.

My husband ran upstairs
and we hugged him together,
and then he gently took my boy from me.
I couldn't hold him anymore,
his weight too heavy to bear—

all the memories in those 10 pounds,
all that we'd shared and seen together,
I never thought I could love in that way,
but I did and I had to let go.
oh dear spunky, I hope you've found your breath
and peace and continue to watch over me.

on some days I can't take grief's pain.
I just want to go somewhere peaceful
where none of this matters anymore.
who will help me?

Published in *Brown Bag Online*: Issue #9 (Norma). December 21, 2024.