

JUST THOSE FEW WEEKS

(A Poem on Miscarriage)

For those few weeks – I had you to myself.
And that seems too short a time
to be changed so profoundly.

In those few weeks – I came to know you...
and to love you.

You came to trust me with your life.
Oh, what a life I had planned for you!

Just those few weeks – when I lost you,
I lost a lifetime of hopes,
plans, dreams, and aspirations.
A slice of my future simply vanished overnight.

Just those few weeks – it wasn't enough time to convince others
how special and important you were.
How odd, a truly unique person has recently died
and no one is mourning the passing.

Just a mere few weeks – and no "normal" person would cry all night
over a tiny, unfinished baby,
or get depressed and withdrawn day after endless day.
No one would, so why am I?

You were just those few weeks, my Little One.
You darted in and out of my life too quickly.
But it seems that's all the time you needed
to make my life so much richer
And give me a small glimpse of eternity.

By Susan Erling Martinez, 1984