

## To The Miscarried Child

~~~ *Uchenna Nnaemeka*

Child of mine;  
This is the voice of the one that called you mine;  
The one who journeyed the thousand mile;  
And crossed death's rigorous line.

Child whose smile I had wished to see;  
This is the face of the one you chose not to see;  
The face that had a future with you seen;  
Who before a protruded belly, your value had seen.

Tell me child, tell me; Is it the wine before that so troubles me;  
Or the late meal that sickens me?  
Is it a deserved pain that I now feel;  
Or is it just the result of fate's seal.

I would wail with a weak voice;  
I would name every suspected vice;  
I would rethink my every choice;  
But in the end, you would still be cold as ice.

My heart wrecks like a million Titanics;  
My joy covered as was Atlantis;  
The pain within has torn me to pieces;  
And you are gone who would have been my peace.  
How easy it would be to pretend;  
To pretend the pain has come to an end;  
How easy it would be to smile;  
When all the heart does is sigh.

There's no space for me out there;  
Too much space for me in here;  
Claustrophobic; Agoraphobic;  
Feelings like fever forever fighting;  
None leaving, so, I fear.

Dear child;  
How do I a broken heart hide?  
Insomnia and pain together dine;  
The little sign on my head their wine.  
My ma visits and counsels;  
Quick wipe your eyes!

You must not let them see;  
They must never see your eyes flood like the sea.  
No one understands me like you do;  
No one truly knows me like you do;  
No one knows this pain nor can any take it from me.

For it was caused by you who was closest to me.

I have stood for long at this river observing my very form;  
Thinking maybe you saw something out of the norm;  
Perhaps a look at me sent you running;  
Running back to that world where little voices keep calling.  
I know I promised not to cry;  
Look and you'll see how to keep my word I try;  
But the loss of you has caused tears that refuse to dry,  
So, I hide my face from eyes that do naught but pry.

Hello child so fair,  
Is it your dancing feet that I see in the air?  
Mixing leaves with dust, dust with leaves;  
Mixing tears with ache, ache with tears.

Let me sail the seven seas of the Netherland;  
Let me fight the seven headed monster of the spirit land.  
I would cross the rivers to come to you;  
But would I find you who left in June.

Tears blind my vision as I cross the doorpost to your room;  
I stare at the crib which remains oblivious of your doom.  
The walls have turned gloomy that were once blue;  
This gloom that hangs around and makes me naught but blue.

He who would have been your father smiles broadly;  
Being an XY gender has never been carried so heavily;  
He looks at me and says 'Nne' be strong;  
I look at him and wish he didn't need to act so strong.  
They say 'hang in there, you'll get another';  
How do I tell them it's you I want, not any other?

I am haunted by my forever dreams;  
In them, I hold you close to my ribs;  
I am haunted because now they ask for a face;  
When I tell them I do not know yours, they think I feign.

The demons of my dream are not pacified;  
I wait on fate and I'm not satisfied.  
Maybe I'll wake from this slumber;  
And realize I had been asleep far longer;  
Maybe I'll remain in this slumber;  
And move on to the world far yonder.  
Have you seen the tears in my eyes;  
They were born of long painful sighs;  
Of wishes had and hopes dead;  
Of life gotten and life dead;  
This pain will last me a lifetime,  
This ache will life me till deaths time.

Am I to accept your absence;  
Does that even make sense?

Am I to smile and tell the world you're gone;  
Am I to smile and accept you're gone!

Deep breaths; Deep breaths;  
You're not here and that's fine;  
You're over there and that's final.;  
You're not coming back; I accept;  
I may yet smile again, I expect.  
The affairs of this world are never fair;  
This world is itself not fair.

As I close my window this night, I hope.  
That there'll be no end to this hope.  
This light that burns within me;  
That burns and tells me you loved me.  
For however short our time together was.  
For however long my tears for you was.

I unbutton the black dress.  
The night is dark enough for this heart.  
Out the window goes the mournful dress;  
This pain goes along, out of my heart.  
Bleeding souls have never known such peace;  
As I feel within me tonight. Peace!  
I shall no longer mourn,  
No longer shall I mourn.

This night I let you go.  
Go, go...  
Voice cracks...  
Tears are wiped from faces cracked...  
Go be where there are no yokes.  
This world was never deserving of you!

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