Forget Not My Broken Heart

Have they forgotten son, the one who gave you life, who carried that life inside her womb, loving you even before you were conceived.

The same womb now left empty and hurting, for the heart that keeps it alive is broken.

The moment you died, it was ripped and torn from my body, so unacknowledged, am I less than a wife.

I remember many times, this very same heart swelling with pride for the love of you.

You heard it beating out it's love all those times I held you in my arms.

I forget sometimes and start to reach out to hold you again, son but then I wake and my arms are empty.

Sometimes I think I'm losing my mind, so I close my eyes and then I see your handsome face, it calms me.

It says to me, be brave, be strong, believe, set an example, the very things I prayed to instill in you so long ago.

I know, I know, I have a lot of wonderful memories to live on, to sustain me, well damn it they're not nearly enough.

I wanted more, so much more, God only knows I still feel the agony of all those who loved you and had to say good-bye.

Their pain wakes me from a deathlike sleep and only prayer nudges me back to life.

Well now I know you rejoice for He saw my sorrow, just as He saw His Mother's. He reached out an drew my heart to His in total surrender.

He gave me a faith that lets me live between two realms, one here on earth serving my Master and one in heaven with you.

Mom