

Strummer

I see a scene
On a bridge,
Pastoral.
Mother, Father, Maiden, Midwife;
Beautiful mother
Labours,
The others wait.

There is love here.
And you want to come quickly.
I race up the stairs,
The bridge,
Hear your echoing heart
Beat;

But do not see
A stealthy invader
Galloping up
The other shore.

I reach the scene,
Breathless, jubilant,
Here you come
Lovely one.

First your head,
Soft hair
Pink cheeks
Into strong
Midwife hands.

But under her hands
I see another pair.
You are being born
Between two worlds.

I put my hands
With Anne's
Suction a river of mud
That has blocked your passage.

Then you are born,
The other-worldly hands
Full on you.

And I and Anne,
We fight them off,
The maiden sets off running, she
Will bring an army to our aide.

Your father calls you lovingly,
Stay baby
Stay baby
Come to me my love.
Your mother gazes upward,
And she sees the
Pale rider
Gently lift you.
She knows,
But cannot know.

And Anne and I,
We will not let go.
We will set the dogs
Upon the white mare
And blow fresh air
Into your fragile lungs.
We will beat your heart like a drum,
Tapping a furious staccato,
But gently.

We will give you our
Hearts and our souls,
All five gathered here,
If only you will stay.

But you are tiny
And the invader is
A thousand Goliaths strong.
Even as our army grows,
We are losing.
First five, then eight,
Then twenty, we surround you.

And our weapons are
Catheters and I.V.'s and drugs.
All useless
Because the invader will not bargain
With us.

You are too perfect,
And you have been chosen
For their world.

You would have liked this one,
Your parents,
So loving.
You could have done
Anything.

And oh,
Baby,
You are cherished
By so many.

Now we gather
A defeated army
United in sorrow
Life divided into

Before
And
After.

And oh,
Baby,
We ache for you.

By Anita Bright

In loving memory of Baby Girl Born April 12th, 2004 3:41pm

We will never forget her