



A Mother's Grief

You ask me how I'm feeling, but do you really want to know?
The moment I try telling you, you say you have to go.

You ask me how I'm holding up, but do you really care?
The second I try to speak my heart, you start squirming in your chair.

Because I am so lonely, you see, no one comes around,
I'll take the words I want to say and quietly choke them down.

Everyone avoids me now because they don't know what to say,
They tell me, "I'll be there for you," then turn and walk away.

Call me if you need me, that's what everybody said,
But how can I call you and scream into the phone,
"My God, my child is dead?"

I am tired of pretending as my heart pounds in my chest,
I say things to make you comfortable, but my soul finds no rest.

How can I tell you things that are too sad to be told,
Of the helplessness of holding a child who in your arms grows cold?

Maybe you can tell me, how should one behave,
Who's had to follow their child's casket, watched it perched above a grave?

You cannot imagine what it was like for me that day,
To place a final kiss upon that box and have to turn and walk away.

If you really love me, and I believe you do,
If you really want to help me, here is what I need from you.

Sit down beside me, reach out and take my hand,
Say, "My friend, I've come to listen, I want to understand."

Just hold my hand and listen, that's all you need to do,
And if by chance I shed a tear, it's alright if you do too.

- Kelly Cummings

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