



Voices

OF WOMEN WHO MOURN

Ghost in the House

*Come, child. It's evening. Come to me
And sit with me once more.
Let's rock here while the others sleep.
Let's see – your sister's four;
The baby is three months today;
Your little brother's two,
And I have not decided if I'll tell them
about you.*

*And you, you would be eight this year.
I do not know your name.
The color of your eyes, or hair,
Or where, or how, to blame.
The fear was all, the fear of change,
For I saw change as loss.
Against my dreams, my plans, my life
You seemed so small a cost,
Not knowing how your presence
Altered how I felt and thought,
Not knowing how you changed me
In the mix the hormones brought.
And you were not a child to me
But sickness, pain, and fear –
But oh, I know, I know you now,
Now that these three are here!
Your scent, your weight within my arms,
Your head upon my breast-
I did not know these things when I decided
what was best.*

*And I am lost and so confused
And don't know how to feel,
For you, who were an illness,
Every year become more real;
Your sister and your brothers,
They proclaim you as they grow.
They make it harder still to face
The coldest truth I know:
That knowing – feeling – only
What I knew and felt back then,
I cannot say I would not make
This saddest choice again.
Oh! My little lost unknown,
My first and neverborn,
Forgive the ignorance that sent you
To the dark, unmourned!*

*And no, it isn't every day
I find your shadow here;
Most times I'm far too busy
For reflection or for tears,
But sometimes, when the children sleep
And I have time alone,
I sit down in the dark, and rock,
And bring my baby home.*

—Amanda Lewanski

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