

When the Dam Breaks

When a child dies, do you feel like a dam is forming inside of you?

When you see your child's eyes at home

Full of life, full of curiosity

Do you remember the soft eyes of that child?

Does the dam inside of you suddenly start filling with water?

When you hear your child's laughter around you

Full of joy, full of mischievousness

Do you remember the contagious laughter of that child?

Is the dam inside of you now roaring?

When you feel the warmth of your child

Blood pulsing through arteries, heart beating rapidly

Do you remember the warmth of that child as you listened for her heartbeat?

There are cracks in the dam now.

Water is springing out everywhere.

When you take your protective arms and wrap them around your child

Do you remember the mother who can no longer do the same?

I do.

I do remember that child's eyes.

I do remember that child's laughter.

I do remember that child's warmth.

...and that is when the dam breaks.