

PTA Reflections Poem - When Your Heart Stopped Beating

When your heart stopped beating, I told you all I knew
Yet, the tears I had wept were little more than a raging river of emotions
Little more than what I thought I could ever feel, spent in my room.
As I waited for you to awaken from the deepest slumber
Hopefully, I realized we could get through this, as there is no one more devoted than you.

And I waited for the time when you would laugh and run and play
But in our minds, we all knew, it was not possible that way.
In the future, perhaps, we could attempt to move on
When you would be happier, and exit from that slower slump that took over your form.

Alas, the white spotless rooms were enough to drive one mad
But the time you most wished for was spent crying in bed.
The vast colors of the world displayed out your window
I am ever so thankful that at least you were able to see them fall at your feet.

And you were hurting, I could tell, no one could ever come out the same
Yet, I still wished even in the bottomless pit of my heart
That we could restart those moments and rewind the day.
For how dare the wind keep whistling the melody of a sunny day
And the rain droplets pool at my feet, while the colors collide in the air.

How dare anything go on as normal while my life was turned upside down
I am happily and forever indebted to what kept me going.
It was my family, the support, the knowledge that you were healing
Now, I am hopeful to say, that you are here to stay, and will not abandon

Yet, they asked how I smiled when I delivered the news,
How did I laugh and accept empty condolences?
And no, I would not tell them my deepest, darkest thoughts buried under grief.
For they never knew I smiled because I had already come to terms with it
My skin crinkling as I laughed, so I would not end the day drying my tears once again.

As tense as a rubber band and as cracked as shattered glass,
I wondered how long we could go without snapping, pieced with glue.
So I am grateful to say, that now with you by my side,
Five sticks are stronger than two.

And I know it will be hard, we have a long road ahead
There will be much to do and many tears shed.
But although your fragile frame could be blown into the next day
I still have hope saved for the day when you will laugh and run and play.