

Say the Name of My Child

The time of concern is over
No longer am I asked how my spouse is doing
Never is the name of my child mentioned to me
A curtain descends. The moment has passed.
A life slips from frequent recall.
There are exceptions: close and compassionate friend,
Sensitive and loving family
For most, the drama is over.
The spot light is off. Applause is silent.
The effects on me are timeless.
Say the name of my child.

On the stage of my life my child has been
Both lead and supporting actor.
Do not tiptoe around the greatest event of my life.
Love does not die
My child's name is written on my life. The sound of the voice replays within my mind.
You feel my child is dead.
I feel my child is of the dead and still lives.
Ghostwalks my soul, beckoning in future welcome.
You say he was my child
I say "Is"
Say the name of my child and say it again

It hurts to bury the memory in silence.
What was in flesh lies buried miles away.
What is in spirit stirs within me always.
My child is of my past but is part of my now.
My hope for the future.
You say not to remind me.
How little you understand I cannot forget.
I would not if I could.
I understand you, but feel pain in being forced to do so.
I forgive you, because you cannot know
And I would forgive you anyway.

I accept how you see me,
But understand that you see me not at all.
I strive not to judge you, for yesterday I was like you.
I love you, will make no expectations towards you.
But I wish you could understand that I dwell both in flesh and spirit
The mystery is that you do too, but know it not.
I do not ask you to walk this road
The ascent is steep and the burden heavy.
I walk it not by choice.

I would rather walk with my child in the flesh,
Looking not to spirit roads beyond.
I am what I have to be.
What I have lost you cannot feel. What I have gained you cannot see.
And I would not have you.
Say my child's name for my child is alive in me

We will meet again, though in many ways we never parted.
That life plays light songs on my mind,
Sunrises and sunsets on my dreams.
My child is real and shadow, was and is.
Say the name of my child and say it again.
My child is my child and I love as I always did.
Say my child's name

Original poem "Say Olinto say Goodbye") Donald Hackett
Transposed by Connie Meadows