

by Dean Friedman

In the hollow of your arms, snuggled up all safe and warm,
you used to tell me tales of unicorns and kings.
But how could I comprehend all the things you told me then
of your madness and your struggling?

And my mind would swim in fantasies, like a piece of driftwood in the sea.
I had no touchstone for reality. You were my reality.

Like a dark and unlit room or the far side of the moon,
your insanity spoke emptiness and fear.
And no matter how I tried, how I questioned and I pried,
I just could not penetrate that thin veneer.

And I know you tried to comfort me, to soothe and reassure me.
But then your strength would always fail and in it's place a silken veil.

Like a dried and wrinkled prune, A deflated toy balloon,
I cam home and found you strewn across the floor.
And as they lay you on your bed I heard you say,
"If I a dead, how come it just keeps on hurting more and more?"

And you left me in the early spring. All they said was, "Mommy's resting."
And how was I to know, so young, it wasn't something I had done?

So please try and understand, I will love you as I can.
I do not blame you; you're not guilty.
But still there's no way to describe the relief I finally found
upon learning it was you, and not me, that was crazy.