Palliative and Supportive Care

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Woman Mother, Son

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Poetry

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When I look at you staring at your dying son, moaning between his vague gasps…
When I lay on my knees to see the depth of your eyes, *Pietà* …
I feel nothing,
I implode after you hit me with all the density in the room where we witness your son…
It becomes unbreathable, unbearable…
[although your daughter laughs in the room nextdoor, living her age like she must, talking with her dolls or playing with the toys of her dying brother]
And there you are, *Woman*.
And there you are, *Woman Mother*,
looking at your son,
catatonic,
freezed, floating above us.
And someone offers you a kiss in your tear wet face,
and I look at you, *Woman Mother*,
and no kiss can ever bring you back *The Kiss of Your Son*.
You sit.
I stand up.
And before me, you close your eyes to rest from this heavy and meaningless universe swallowing you alive,
I look at your *Woman Mother Eyes* and you give me entrance to their language.
"What am I, now?"
I am your pain, your breath, your tumour.
I am not Woman, nor Mother.
I am but a torn and wounded rag… cold, wet, fleshless, bleeding.
And all the sacred books are now far from my eyes, in a shelf…
I cannot read more promises… as I know that losing you is the only promising truth I have and see.
My soul was stolen from my womb, all my spirit vanishes through my gut.
I am you pain, your body and viscera, your bleeding, your moaning and thirst.
After you go, my son, I am no more a Woman, nor a Mother.
Nothing is inside me, but the absence of ourselves.
Time is ticking, hurting, like having a flame burning inside my womb each second.
Each of your slim breaths are mine.
And my mouth tastes like dust and mud.
Density, no Woman, nor Mother.
I am all of you, my dying son… but not your death in me."
I kneel before you like facing a *Queen*, *Woman Mother*.
I kneel before you in a supreme act.
And …
I can only witness.
I can only be your witness,
as if that could bring life to your son and death to you.

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