



To Alison, with love

“When Death Comes For The Young”

We heard of someone's death today.
A car, a white van driven recklessly,
cut her off and she lost control.
She went off the road and hit a tree.

I lost control when I got the news.
My husband came home from work,
to tell me and to catch me
when I fell into his arms.

I yelled, “No! No! No!”
I cried and screamed hysterically.
Not her! Not my sister-in-law's daughter!
Together, my husband and I cried.
Together, we yet grieve.

I ask myself, “What have I lost?”
Yes, what have I lost
but what I never had: control.
I lost control. We all lost control of
our own deaths,
the when, the where, the how...we lost.

But we never had control of these.
It is but illusion, a false lens
we've placed upon our sight,
to know the year, the day, the time of our end.

Pounding my fists through the air,
shaking and screaming,
yelling, “No! No! No!”
What did I lose?

I lost her, she, whom we all lost,
taken from us all, where,
found alone along the roadside,
her car torn apart, rent into a twisted shell,
she was lost to us all.

Note: None of us could save her.
We were not there.
She died alone.

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