

The Pale Blue Box

As I carried my pale blue box,
embossed with tiny foot prints
past the expectant parents, sitting where we sat last week -
I was preoccupied with how to carry you, out in front up high, like the wise men in the nativity
seemed wrong
In my shame, I carried you low by my side not wishing to upset or shock anyone

And 3 years on, in a maternity services meeting -I'm told that the numbers of still born babies are not
published on Facebook, so as not to scare expectant parents,

And I wish to hold my box out in front of me, up high, proud,
let the tears roll and tell everyone
how you were you a gift ,
how you are important ,
how your life and your death matter
and it's our culture that is wrong.

I was told that Mother Nature had made a mistake
The mistake is making parents carry their dead babies, past parents waiting for scans,
The mistake is not offering a photo of the scan
The mistake is not including baby loss statistics in data on Facebook ,

May bank holiday 2018 my conjoined twins died,
The Peanuts
They were a gift,
My grief is not catching ,
Mother Nature does not make mistakes
grief does not need to be carried low or alone.