

# Broken Cycle

SHEYLA MEDINA

The blinds squeezed shut  
Fine glimmers of light  
On her soft outline  
Enveloped in white sheets  
Shrouded in sorrows  
Numbed into shock

Eyes sealed  
Tears streaming down  
Anointing the bed  
With the fury

Only she knows

Lips tremble  
Between the cries  
Piercing her heart's dashed hope  
Unborn daughter

Throat scorched  
Quick, shallow gulps of air  
Soothing bitter torment  
Bring her back

Hands cradle her womb  
Thirty weeks old  
Promises  
Prayers  
Please  
Bring her back

Soul drowns  
She is summoning  
Imploring a miracle  
Bring her back