

My Sanity Visibly Scattered

I need to protect you.
My love for you is unfathomable.
From the moment of your conception, a blessing you were.
A blessing you are.
My light! I delight in you.
You catch me stealing glimpses of you.
I want to protect you.
No, I need to protect you.
When you leave my presence, I worry about you.
“Will you make it home alive?”
“Will, I ever get to see you again?”
Oh God, please protect him.

I turn on the news.
Another shooting.
Gone like they never existed
My heart.., I can't think.
Could it... no it can't be.
My legs start shaking.
I frantically dial your number.
Struggling to maintain my composure, I forget how to breathe.
It rings, no response.
I call again.
Nothing.
Tears roll down my cheeks, my entire body is shaking.
A Category 7 storm rips me apart
I fight against my thoughts.
“Did I do enough to protect you?”
My anxieties devour me.
They pick at me like vultures at a carcass.
My sanity visibly scattered - its existence questioned.

I see your text.
“Mom, I'll be home soon.”
I allow myself to complete a breath.
My body relaxes immediately.
A prayer escapes my lips.

A close call.

But I've done all I can
When I've done all I can,

Have I done all I can?

I've invested all my time and energy into raising you.

When I've done all I can?

“Will I be able to protect you?”

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