

ISSN: 2278-9529

# GALAXY

International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

September 2016 – Vol. 5, Issue– 5

**Editor-In-Chief: Dr. Vishwanath Bite**

[www.galaxyimrj.com](http://www.galaxyimrj.com)

About Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/about-us/>

Archive: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/contact-us/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/faq/>

## The Grief that can't be Spoken

Oceania Chase

Today, she turns 7  
The child of my heart, my baby girl  
Not so much a baby, anymore

But today I can't celebrate  
I don't get to feel joy  
Instead, I live with the pain

Of a failed adoption  
My baby girl, my daughter's niece  
Was kept by another

No rules were broken  
So the ombudsmen said  
"Unethical but not illegal", brings little comfort

Nobody told me that this could happen  
That my daughter could be ripped away from me  
That I'd be left with a hole that only she ever filled

That I'd be left trying to help my older daughter understand  
That being truthful is still the only way to live  
Despite the "**system**" conspiring to take away her hopes and dreams

Her niece, her sister... another family member she no longer lives with  
Another lie, another win for others  
Why should she try? she cries

Being truthful and honest almost killed you Mum  
I'm not going to live that way  
For it only brings you pain

Lying and stealing is the way  
Planning and manipulation win the day  
Look who has my sister, my niece today!

So today I grieve  
I grieve for the baby I lost  
I grieve for the older daughter who lost her niece/her baby sister...

Yet both are grief's that can't be spoken

For my baby girl turns 7 today  
She'll have a birthday party and celebrate with her extended family

That doesn't include me, her Mum, the one who first took her swimming  
For her first hair cut, to see her birth mother's grave  
The one who took her so many places, we had so much fun

Saw her first steps, heard her first words  
Took her dancing, traveling  
The three of us, our little family... so many plans...

Her aunt, my older daughter was also lost that day  
The day we learned that I would no longer be my baby's Mum  
That another family had won a fight that I didn't even know needed to be fought

All progress stopped, all gains lost  
Why work for truthfulness?  
When lying gets you what you want?

No time to grieve, all I could do was try to help my daughter through  
To see that honesty is still best  
That stealing will not fill the hurt she feels

Five years on, She learned well, this daughter of mine  
Not the lessons I'd hoped, not the lessons I lead by example  
All she saw is my pain, my failure to win the 'game' that I didn't even know we played

Why play that game?  
When she can win at theirs....  
She doesn't yet see how much she's lost

So today I grieve...  
My baby girl turns 7 today  
She's lost to me, but yet she lives

My older daughter chose to leave that day too  
In mind, in spirit, in values...  
She no longer tries

So today I grieve, for what could have been  
Another loss that can't be spoken  
Another child lost to me, but yet she lives

Grief's that can't be spoken  
Are the loneliest to experience  
There is no grave to stand at and weep, No place to visit and mourn

Just the loss of what once was  
The grief's that can't be spoken,  
Are just pain that must be born