

HEARTACHE

Third Place Poetry 2009

HEARTACHE - COME HOME

She doesn't remember waking up
Just seeing the blackened wall of the hut
Now without a roof
Hunger blurring the line between
Sleeping and waking.
Mommy screamed "Run!" so she ran
Mommy always said she was the good one
Always listened.
Now the soldiers are gone
But so is mommy.
Mommy, come home to me.

HEARTACHE - THE END OF AN AFFAIR.

Red mud from the fresh grave.
Her name on a card
On a metal stake
In pencil.
He did not go to the funeral
Afraid to show how much he cared
How much he loved.
Never discovered.
He turns to leave
Afraid to meet the stranger's eye
Walking his dog on the cold November morning

HEARTACHE - LOCKED UP

He used to take the bus once a month.
It's a real long trip
Thru cornfields, hay fields
Never knew New York had so many goddamn
fields.
They say his son killed a man
Locked his ass up
Treat him like a nigger.
He's so tired.
His son lives in hate
So bitter,
So old.

HEARTACHE - SIDS

The baby feels cold
As he firmly holds the chunky calf

And grinds the needle
Thru baby fat, and on into bone.
Fluids wide open.
And he knows this is all futile.
Parents escorted out
Under the illusion of lifesaving care.
Mother's screams heard
When she sees us stop, eyes downcast.
Her baby gone
Forever.

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