

The Flame

There's an order that life is supposed to follow. An order of breaths we are supposed to take, as if we are passing a torch from one generation to the next.

And our torch is supposed to go out before our child's flame is extinguished.

We are supposed to watch them take their first breath. But not their last.

We are supposed to hear the thud-thud of their heart when it starts beating. But never the silence when it stops.

The heart that we once carried inside of us. That breath that we gave them. That life that we kept safe, protected.

So when the order of life is disrupted, when their torch goes out before yours, it is as if you too have been robbed of your breath and as if your heart has stopped beating as well.

There is nothing that can make it less painful. You would happily blow out your flame if it meant theirs could burn.

But you can't. Even though that's how it should be.

So all you can do is carry them inside you - like you did once before. Except now they have to stay in your heart forever.

And though it hurts, just know that they are safe there. They are protected.

Because a mother's love is unending. Because it burns with every breath you take and with every beat your heart makes.

Because a mother's love is a flame that can never be extinguished.

