SOBS is a club that I never thought  
I'd have to belong to! No membership sought  
By me! Yet daily I have to attend  
to the trials that being a member can send.

In life once so rich, and filled with desire  
to move onwards, look forward, with passion and fire  
I seek every day to exist without him  
But I'm totally lost and my future is grim

Yet hear I am, one of so many, so few  
And I know you feel just the same as I do.  
You, who has also been there, understand  
how someone can steal your life by their hand.

We didn't make choices, were victims of fate  
that forces each one to remember that date:  
the time - and the month - and the year - and the day  
when the life of that loved one just faded away.

We're all forced to belong to this exclusive club  
Meeting in a private room, office or pub  
Exchanging, in safety, our thoughts where we know  
that each one of us suffered the same bitter blow

SOBS is a club that I never thought  
I'd ever belong to, no teacher had taught  
me the meaning of emptiness, sadness and pain.  
Though my life goes on, yet the sorrows remain.

The despair and the anguish do not fade away  
(Despite what bereavement "experts" will say).  
They ebb and they flow, like a restless flood tide  
while we desperately smile through the pain that we hide

We only can hope someone will come to our side  
from whom we no longer feel we must hide  
the pain and the hurt. That is all we can do  
and those "someone's"are all, sadly,  
Life members, too.

Marion Parker