

Survivors of Bereavement by Suicide

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