IT'S TABOO by Chris Gaskin on the 45th anniversary of her Mother's suicide

Do you know what day it is?
I know you don’t
I do
Do you know what happened?
Today long time ago
Probably best you don’t
Not many people do
Only one or two
Actually, only one, someone from SOBS

I keep it to myself you see
It’s not something I talk about
Not even to those close to me
They’d understand I doubt

It’s hard to say
Hard to admit
Hard to put into words

And what’s the point?
Anyway
It only hurts

Some days are good
Some days are bad
Anniversaries are worst

When other people talk about it
That’s a massive curse
Cos it’s hard to explain
What happened on that day
And it would only make things worse

Do you know what I’m talkin’ ‘bout?
No, you don’t do you?
And that’s the hardest thing
We don’t talk about it
It’s taboo

And whether it would help
In general, you know
To talk with friends and family
And bring them down so low

So, you don’t know what day it is
And you never will
And you don’t know what happened
The day that time stood still
For I will never tell you
Because it is taboo