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There are not enough words for love: a sonnet

by Gill Hilton

I asked the gods to take my child's dark pain
And give it then to me to hold the hurt.
I knew my plea was, practically, in vain
Yet still I wanted it with my hot heart.

I put my self aside, in ways unknown,
To care for my sweet dying mother's needs.
I stayed with her until she let life go
And I lost myself awhile in empty grief.

I listened to a man who asked of me
A stranger's favour, wanting – then - just food.
“McDonalds please miss,” was his open plea:
For him, it's value more than what I paid.

And why I do these things I can't explain;
And why should every action have a name?