



Shelia Morgan

20 hrs

My mind is wrapped around the beginning of your bodies fall. You where vomiting up blood you had trimmers that night. Dont know what came first vomit or the argument. Or did it begin as you boarded the plane home. You where tired when you left and tired when you returned. . No open arms just crossed defiant fists greeting you. I visualize the stress and your fatigue, I could not protect you . Only the baby in that bath with you gave you comfort. Fear must have struck when your body began to trimmer again and you couldnt lift yourself from the sunken tub of the water, Will the baby remember those moments? Didn't they know to never be placed in a bath after you showed signs of trimmer. And In that moment you knew these people could not help you nor could they have the brain power to find someone who could. No care that was given to you when your body expressed a distressing need to be shielded from the blood seeping from your cranial vessels. No one called ME no one called 911 they shifted you to your bed and let you lay until the morning. No one called your mother or the medical professionals who could have helped you. NO NO NO. I cant stop thinking about this truth. Cant blame them Dont blame them I feet so sorry for them because they must live with what it. I dont blame them yet I am repelled from their energy I know not to let them touch me. or surround me.