

Unsung Heroines & Heroes

Carrying the Weight

By Kitty O'Shea

Unleashed glowering clouds

Thrashing and lashing.

I stumble, grope, see a rising road

- Topple ...Fall

Against a wall ...stalled.

On that spot a bundle sprawled.

Now what's going on ...on ..?

A shift, lift, my pockets ripped

I throw my arms resisting a grip.

Too late, I've signed my fate

I'm gone ...gone.

Later, late when sunset fades

I wake ...but where?

In my chair, boots off, jacket removed,

Keys, prescription had laid the route;

I turn, twist, strain the brain.

Into the hall I bawl

No answer, no recall.

I reach the door and stare, no one there.

My hero gone

Gone to this day who carried my shame, my sodden frame

Brought forward this day

Where now I'm clear

There is another way.

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