

## **Raphael by Littina George Manalel**



“We lost our baby...”

For all souls who lost their baby,

For all those who still live with a broken heart,

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Raphael

It is hard to believe that

I will never meet you.

Many a time have I pondered

this thought of when will I see you,

when would it be that I kiss your forehead;

and now it is hard to believe that

never ever will I meet you.

For us it is not fair  
that you are taken away from us,  
but may be its fair enough for you,  
that you are with the one  
who made you and know you,  
even when none of us knew  
you ever existed.

Tomorrow when I see the ones  
who most awaited your coming,  
I know not what to be said,  
know not if I can withstand the rotten  
muteness;  
thou not have seen your face,  
it is hard even for me, to believe  
the we weren't destined to meet.

Every time I saw a hat or a bib or a hand glove  
cute,  
it just added to the list of mine,  
to gift you, when you turn one;  
To know that those were in vain,  
deepens the pain,  
of not meeting you at least for once  
and that I will never again also.

May be because you were that divine,  
you were not let to be in this world of hurt and  
anger.

May be that you were mild in heart,  
you were not let to be corrupted  
by this dishonest world;  
these reasons I try lay before me  
to justify the reasons why were never to meet.

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