

# Poetry Therapy

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# Good Bye My Son

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I often lie awake at night,  
When the world is fast asleep, silently  
I take a walk down memory lane,  
With tears upon my cheek,  
Fare thee well my son.

This unforgiving disease, you  
contracted, At no fault of your own,  
how do I recover, from the guilt  
of having left you unattended, at  
that hospital, where it all started.  
Fare thee well my son.

Remembering everything about you is easy,  
but missing you is heartache,  
that never fades away,  
Fare thee well my son.

The moment that you left us,  
My heart was torn into two, one  
You died with it, the other  
Is filled with heartaches,  
Fare thee well my son.



Since you left, I am no longer the same,  
Only the spelling of my name is the same,  
daily I try to move on but all is not the same,  
Fare the well my son.

Though I can no longer, see you  
I know you are within, you  
are the flower in the garden, the wind  
that blows gently over my hair, in  
A calm and quiet evening,  
Fare thee well my son.

A mark, a legacy a souvenir you left us with,  
That aids is but just a disease, and that it may  
take away and reduce our bodies to nothing,  
But it shouldn't crush our spirits,  
Until we meet again my son.

We miss your smile, your play  
We miss the things you used to say,  
How strongly you fought the disease, how  
in your 14 years with us you showed people, that  
life is but just a journey, the many lives that  
you impacted positively, by living as  
testimony that aids can't crush our spirits.  
Until we meet again, Fare the well my son.



## Response to Questions:

Writing the poem was not an easy task at the beginning, but as I continued, I forgot that I was writing a poem but expressing my emotions. It took me two hours to complete the poem. Before I could get the exact words of how I was to express my feelings, I had written two more versions of this poem with different themes and topic. After completing the poem, I read it many times where in most of those instances, I found myself reading it loudly to myself.

I like the poem in that by reflecting on the life of the deceased; I appreciate his life and his encouragement and the fact that he could have wanted us to move on. The poem also encourages people who may have lost their loved ones not to curse life but to accept it as a journey, and that death is inevitable. The poem also encourages persons infected by aids to fight it hard by taking medication and always putting their spirit high as Aids only crushes the body but not the spirit. The poem also shows that Aids is not only contracted due to the patient's doing or involvement in sexual behaviors but also as a result of medical negligence. What I probably don't like about this poem is the memories that it gives to people who have lost their loved ones. However, failing to talk about what is ailing us from within seems to hurt more than having it shared with somebody.

If the deceased were to read this poem, the poem would show him how appreciated his life was and that he left a positive impact on the lives of many people with the same conditions as his. I would want him to read this poem so that he can know how much loved he was. The reasons why I may not want him to recite it is because he would realize that I haven't moved on after his death yet I believe that it's only his body that got crushed but his spirit lives within us as the flower in the garden and the gentle wind that blows over my head.

