



# Blog of the Month

December 2018

## **“How’s the family?”**

In a moment, he becomes a memory.  
I am in a state of shock.  
I hear his voice; “how’s the family?”  
I’m rewinding back the clock.

Reminding myself of our story,  
Holding on to not letting go,  
Remembering him in his former glory,  
From our final goodbye to our very first hello.

I hold back the tears until I’m home  
In my own private space to cry  
For tears to be shed, I need to be left alone  
To repeatedly ask the unknown, why?

*Why did he have to leave this world behind?  
Why does it not feel real that he’s gone?  
Why now? And not in a few months’ time?  
Why does it seem everyone else is moving on?*

I’m treading water in the sea of whys  
Feeling drained as each wave of why hits  
I slowly start to sink, and not even try  
To resurface - the sea is cold and the despair fits.

The blue below darkens with every metre I sink  
But there is still life in the sea  
It’s adapted to its conditions, does not overthink  
It’s adjusted to the darkness, unlike me.

I sink further into unknown territory  
A world where he does not remain.  
But find others sharing this loss with me  
The time has come to for us to retrain.

We mutter “I’m sorry to hear” between us  
And to him, say our departing goodbyes  
Together we try move forwards  
But I’m still stuck in a cycle of asking why.

*Why did he have to leave this world behind?  
Why does it not feel real that he’s gone?*

The Association for Palliative Medicine of Great Britain & Ireland

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*Why now? And not in a few months' time?  
Why does it seem everyone else is moving on?*

I still don't know the answer to these questions  
But I'm now floating on the sea of whys  
A why shared can help provide a direction  
We're all readjusting the role he played in our lives.

In a moment, he became a memory  
But more moments since then have passed by  
"How's the family" is now his melody  
The words I remember him by.

Poem by Charlotte Letheren  
5th Year, Plymouth University



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## Grief

In a bubble, completely numb,  
The hours drift away, one by one.  
How could this happen? How is it fair?  
All I can do is sit here and stare,  
Out of the window as night begins to fall.  
I'm stuck to the spot; barely here at all.

Need to do the paperwork, need to call the bank,  
Feeling like I'm part of a cruel, unpleasant prank.  
Angry at the world, both strangers and my friends,  
Living through a nightmare I'm not sure will ever end.  
Wanting to scream loudly; explode with a blast.  
Everything has happened just far too fast.

Suddenly I feel as if I might drown,  
Going to be sick, quick, I need to sit down.  
The bubble rips open, the floods come in,  
Torn apart, aching, and hurt from within.  
As abruptly as it started, it ends the same way,  
With darkness surrounding me the rest of the day.

To never see those eyes again, or hear the laugh I love,  
Leaves me feeling empty, our time was not enough.  
Talking may help, though it's not the cure,  
One step at a time, I can smile once more,  
At the memories we shared and the moments we had,  
Learning to cope, through the good times, and bad.

Poem by Charlotte Tasker  
Final Year, Leicester University Medical School