

Blood is on me

Not mine, but yours.

It oozes from a wound that cannot be repaired,

A steady *drip, drip, drip* on the hand that clutches yours—

The same hand that pressed against your chest,

Straining to keep you alive.

Still, I cling to you,

Even as my failure tightens its grip around me.

A sheet covers most of you—

A silent testament to all I could not do.

You look almost at peace.

For a moment, I see my daddy,

The one who once held me as he drifted to sleep.

For a moment, the world could be right again.

But then I look down and remember—

There's blood on me.

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By Katie Parker