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My Loss

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My Loss

Erika Shuminer

◁
In my cot
I dream about her.

Her thick black hair
Waving in the summer breeze.
Her hand caressing
My back as she pushes
The wooden swing
Back and forth.
Her eyes staring at me
Filled with love and care.
I say, "Mom."
But she only smiles at me.
She leans towards me
To kiss me.
Her soft lips tickle
My forehead.
She begins to walk slowly
Towards the peach orchard.
I call out,
"Don't leave me alone.
I didn't mean to hurt you.
It was an accident."
She continues to walk on
Looking unmoved by my declaration.
Eventually,
She is fully devoured
By the orchard's thick mist.
Gone.
I wake up and realize
I have lost her forever
And it's my fault.