

A sunset over a body of water with silhouetted trees in the foreground. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a golden glow across the sky and reflecting on the water. The trees are dark against the bright sky.

If Tomorrow Never Comes

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missing you

i miss you
every day i miss
you & think
of the person you
may have been
had you graced the world
with your presence,
and maybe in another life
i'll be able to hold you in my arms,
and help set your dreams to life
to watch what truly sets
you on fire;
and never have to worry
of what may have been had my body
not failed you,
and you had been allowed to breathe.

blessed beyond measure

a mother is a mother
even if she never
meets her child,
and i sometimes tire of hearing
the complaints of mothers
because they don't seem to realize
just how lucky they are
that they got a chance to hold their babies;
it seems they never once consider
women like me
who never got that chance—
it's all about
all the running they must do, the laundry,
how many messes they have to clean,
or how their husbands never
help;
they seem to miss the entire point of their
blessing—
i'm sure some days are trying
but at least their hope for the future is there
dreaming and loving and believing by
their side
not stuck in some proverbial limbo in their mind.

death, birth, & reincarnation

i have died
a thousand times
reconstructing myself from the pieces
of whom i was to make myself
who i needed to be,
a rebirth and a reincarnation of myself
each time stronger the last
as I forge myself
fashioning
myself into the best me i could possibly be;
but your death came with an air
of permanence
my womb becoming both your birth and death
all at once—
i think one day in another world
we'll meet,
and i'll nurture your growth and dreams
we'll dream together
making new yesterdays into our tomorrows
reincarnating ourselves until death's sting can no
longer destroy.

a mother's sorrow

i first
became suspicious of you
when i started
craving steak because i've never
liked it before you,
but now
it's become a staple i cannot forget;
and i remember speaking to
your father of names
but he said not to
"name it"
as if you weren't a being or individual but rather
something i could forget or destroy—
i remember lying about the
miscarriage and insisting my period had
come back,
and the joy that it brought your father
which disgusted me
all the more;
i remember carrying this secret within my bones
for so long i thought it would break me
until i told a few friends
who said the same thing:
"this was a blessing in disguise" —
but children are always
a blessing,
and i would have loved you
more than anyone in this world could have;
and we'd thrive even if it meant
never knowing the man who destroyed me more
than anyone before him.

if tomorrow never comes

mother's day is painful
for me
because while i enjoy celebrating
my mother and grandmother
i cannot help but think of
you,
and how no one will ever recognize
me as your mother;
or ever know your name or your love or
your laughter—
“at least you didn't get pregnant”
i never had the heart to tell my mother that i
had,
and i know i should but i
don't have the strength i need to possess to tell her
maybe i never will;
just know that if tomorrow never comes
i love you and i always will,
and maybe some mother's day in a distant world
from this one i will proudly hold you
in my arms
and you will know the love i have always known.

losing you

“your pain will make you stronger”
i wouldn't wish this sorrow
upon anyone
not even my worst enemy
for the shattering
of one's eternal soul and it's reconstruction
is a painful melody
sung against
the moon and stars and skies of this world
it's like a mermaid walking upon land
aching for nothing more than the sea beneath her
instead of this wretched glass,
and though i am better
not bitter
i will always think of you;
and the only regret i have is losing you even if it
were or were not my fault—
it hurts, sometimes, to think of you
because i miss you;
i now know it's possibly to miss someone
you've never met but only felt
in your heart—
while this pain only serves to make me stronger
i do wish it didn't come at the price
of losing you.

brighter than the stars

the world can be a difficult, challenging place
but also a beautiful one;
i wish you had gotten the chance to know it—
having you here would have been
difficult after everything
your father put me
through,
but i would have never resented or regretted you;
and we would have found a way to
endure through all our struggles—
“it was a blessing in disguise”
maybe in some ways that’s true,
but i will never consider
losing you a blessing;
every child is a gift even if their presence is a
hardship because there are some who
are never able to have them and some who wish to have
one—
there are some who have them and don’t appreciate the
beautiful and wonderful love they’ve been given,
and it makes me angry to see this
because i would have given you all of me
to see you shine
brighter than the stars.

a mother's worry

to bury a child
must be
awful,
but to know your
life-giving
womb was a place of
burial is a terrible
feeling;
too—
i know i must forgive myself,
but i don't know how;
all i can think of
were the anxieties of mine so steep and heavy
that likely brought about your demise—
i'm sorry
even if that is not enough
apology
to cover the cost of your loss
i know i will think of you always
because mother's always worry of their children
when they're not with them.

a child's forgiving heart

the sun shines bright
as my dreams
the way i know you would have,
and sometimes i think
of the dream i had when i was a child;
that was reoccurring
of a child walking hand-in-hand with a woman
dressed in the same blue-green of the
sea—
a mermaid waves to the child and i must admit
i always thought the child was me,
but maybe it was you
giving me permission to dream
even after your loss;
and i want to thank you for giving me hope
even before i knew you
because sometimes life is hard and people harder
yet just one kind heart and gesture
has the power to change
everything—
keep shining bright, my child.

all will be well

i'm certain well-meaning people
would tell me to forget you,
but i am not the type
that can ever forget a person;
i will not become so depressed that i
forget to live and dwell on dreams
past
yet i promise i will not forget you—
everyone deserves to be
remembered
by someone who loves and loved them,
and you are no different;
i often wonder who you may have been
had you grown
in this world—
i may not recall your father except for his
flaws,
but i will always remember you;
you deserved a fighting chance that was never given you
i know one day we'll meet again,
and i'll know it's you
with words and feelings i cannot explain and all will
be well.

one day

i'm thankful i got
to be your mother
even if i never met you
because for me
it goes to prove that
a moment
is an eternity that can change
everything
you turned a girl into a woman,
and made me more aware
of reality which
i have always craved escape from;
but you were a truth
i would have
accepted—
maybe in another universe we'll meet,
and it won't have to be like this;
we'll share our dreams and hopes and maybe
you'd become a dedication in more than
one of my novels and i'd embarrass
you in front of your friends—
but right now i'll
accept that this could never be,
and be grateful of all that will come.

i will always love you

i am the girl
who always loves, loves, loves
even when they cannot
love me;
but i never knew i could
love someone
as much as i do you,
the child i never
met,
and i don't know why things turned
out this way and i never will
because some mysteries in life cannot be
understood;
but i do know i'll always love you
wherever you may be or whatever you may be doing
one day we'll meet again
i am certain.

i believe

i believe in fantasy, imagination, and dreams. i believe in God, reincarnation, and nature's kindness. i believe in truth that never lies and in books which hide knowledge and virtue in their eyes. i also believe in you. because i know you would have been brilliant and you would have made us all proud. you would have been my shining star. no one and nothing can replace you. even if i have other children you will always be the first. that's something no one can take from you. one day even if it's only in my dreams, i know we'll meet again. because i believe.

a mother's pride

you were a song that i never got to sing out loud,
but i still sing you now. it's hard to talk of you
when i think of all i've lost. i gave my heart, soul,
flowers, and pearls to a man who could not appreciate
the significance or consequence of this gift.
he would have made a poor father, but i would
have been both parents for your sake. i would have
found a way to make it work. it may have been
hard, but i would make sure you knew that you
were cherished. i loved you then, i love you still.
always have and always will. you are the jewel of
my most intense love, and your presence would
have lit the lanterns of my dreams. i would have
made you proud to know me, and i will make you
proud just as you would have made me proud.

i'll never regret you

spring is the season of rebirth and renewal. i washed myself clean of your father's trespasses and forgave him even though he was not sorry for all the ways he hurt me. i regret him, but never you. because you could not help your existence, and i wouldn't want to have never known you. because as painful as this is, i'm glad to say you reminded me how to feel again when i felt numb and cold you melted away the winter your father gave me and reminded me of spring and summer and autumn. maybe one day in another world under a different sun and moon i will play in the rain with you, swim at the beach, and rake leaves for you to jump into; and should your father's winter capture you give you hot chocolate to melt away the cold.

in another world

maybe in another world
we're together
holding hands,
and laughing over something
silly you've said;
and maybe you're sad because someone
hurt you and i'm brushing the tears
away from your
beautiful eyes—
maybe we've just finished reading your favorite book
or you've come home with your first bad grade,
and i've taken away your computer for a
month;
but through it all i know there is love—
a mother unless a monster
will always love
her children,
and so i will always love you
even if in this universe
we could not be
together.

you will know love

dreaming of tomorrow
leads me to thinking of you
sometimes,
and i cannot help but smile
knowing i'm bettering
myself
so that from wherever you're
watching
i hope you can be as proud as i would
have been of you;
you would have been brilliant
i'm sure if given the
chance—
i don't regret you,
and i never will
because we will meet again
in some tomorrow
i have yet to dream and you will know
love.

this isn't easy

nobody promises
life will be easy,
but this is
hard;
not knowing your name or the
touch of your fingers
against mine
your laughter or your tears
are foreign to me as a
language i have
never heard—
you heart beat never existed
outside of mine,
and i wish that it could have
that you could have heard
whispers of faeries and seen the tails
of mermaids
that you could have constructed
adventures and dreams all
your own;
i wish you could tell me stories that would
make me laugh or cry or scold you,
and i could wipe the tears from your eyes and
comfort you and teach you and hold
you in my arms—
this isn't easy,
but at least i know you're not suffering
wherever you are.

tomorrow's another day

you're my fountain of joy
amidst the thorniest mountain of coldness
and difference i have ever known
rescuing me from complete
despair
because i know you would have been
gorgeous,
and we would have spent evenings
together glancing at the stars, skies, and moon
sharing and keeping secrets from one
another yet remaining
thick as thieves;
your father and i may have never worked out
but i hope you would have never broken
up with your mother
because that would have made my heart sad
for i would have given you all
my love—
one day, my star, we will shine brightly
together and be cascading
antelope of the sky
evading the grasp of lions like your father;
today, however, we must be parted
yet it will be okay
because tomorrow's another day
we could meet.

i'll make you proud

to the child i never met:
i love you,
and one day i will forgive
myself for the past
but today's not that day;
i just want you to
know that none of this was your
fault and maybe
we'll be lucky enough to meet
in the next life—
don't mistake me for not caring
even if it is hard for me to talk about
your existence
it says nothing about you
some memories are just painful,
and i hope one day to
make you proud.

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