

Over the Counter

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Quiet desperation, that same expression, at every occasion, deliberate evasion.

She said that “No one ever said life was gonna be fair”, removed from all of her despair, as if no one cared.

Why was she so scared?

It was not her fault that she was overwrought for the over the counter cure she bought.

What a price she paid as she was laid to rest so soon!

She always said it would turn out to be this way. What else could I say?

Brave in her own weakness, so strong in her fragility, her own ability to infuriate me.

Forgiving in her nature, misery encased her.

Still I cannot face it, no, I can't replace her.

It was not her fault that she was taught by the over the counter friend she sought.

What a fight she waged as she was laid to rest at last!

She always said her past would come back to haunt her.

She couldn't abscond it further.

Safe in her own solitude, surly in her daily moods, feeling abandoned by all her companions.

Unhealthy in her living, selfish in her giving of conditional approval of her removal!

It was not her fault that she was caught by the over the counter trap she fought.

What a life she made and she was laid to rest that day.

She was the best thing I could have prayed for, the mother I longed for.

It was not our fault that we all lost to the over the counter death she got.