

You Were Never Mine

Jacqui Beck - for Finnbar, 2012

When I finally understand
that you were never mine,
then I will rise up and feel blessed.

I am not letting go of you as you leave
the nest of your family.
I am letting go of the belief
that
I could hold you.

Yet I do hold you
in my heart.

I have made up stories
in my head
of who you are.

But I stand back
and wonder
if I can
free
my memory-beliefs
and meet you
new in every
moment.