



Blighted Ovum

By Marcus Lander (March 2011)

*Oh, child of mine!
Though child you never were,
For by some misadventure or design,
You did the bound'ries of existence blur.*

*Where are you now?
And where does your soul play?
And shall I ever meet you
On the resurrection day?*

*I think about you often,
Though I never saw your face,
For time your loss can't soften
Though you left behind no trace.*

*No eyes did ever look upon
Your undeveloped frame.
In no time, you had come and gone:
You, who never had a name.*

*Soon after your life started
We knew that you had come,
And we were looking forward
To be your Dad and Mum.*

*In eager expectation
We both began to plan,
But we learned the situation
At the twelve week scan.*

*The sonographer grew pensive
When no signal she could find.
And we both grew apprehensive
While doubts festered in the mind.*

*She motioned for us both to wait
And turning, left the room,
Then someone came to help relate
The dreadful news of doom.*

*We choked our disappointment back,
We'd been by hope beguiled.
The womb contained an empty sac,
But was devoid of child.*



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*An empty world the womb did keep
Filled with waters of creation,
But on the surface of that deep
No Spirit emanation.*

*Formless and void it would remain
Until some fateful day,
On which that dark and silent world
Would all be flushed away.*

*The sperm and egg had met and fused
And the zygote did divide,
But then the cells became confused,
As they grew and multiplied.*

*Some erratic gene conjunction
That was not meant to be,
Or a bio-chemical malfunction
In the cell's machinery.*

*And yet it did continue on,
Ignoring fate's decree.
As though alive, it did divide
Although it should not be.*

*At last it reached its resting place
And tree-like sprouted roots
Above, a canopy for living space
Although it never would bear fruit.*

*So like the hapless fig tree,
That only could bear leaves,
Deceiving with its greenery
A cruel subterfuge it weaves.*

*As though God had begun a task
Yet had not seen it through.
"What is the meaning?" we may ask,
"And is God's promise true?"*

*What of the child I thought was mine?
How tangible you seemed!
Were you a construct of my mind:
A thing I only dreamed?*



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*Did God bestow a human soul
Yet snatch it back forthwith?
I cannot comprehend the goal
If you weren't meant to live.*

*So many questions you inspire,
Yet Job would call you blessed
And trade his life of misery
For your oblivious rest.*

*So I, like Job, will trust in God
Who gives and takes away
Although at times, his ways seem odd
Or if my soul he slay.*

*For one day all life's storms will pass
And then we'll see his grace
No longer through some darkened glass
But clearly, face to face.*