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A Bad Time to Make Momma Cry

By Dennis Marks, MD

“It’s old and beat up.” He grunted,
While for the owner’s ears he hunted.
“How much?” Pop asked, as she approached.
“On the tag!” She in turn reproached.

The fifteen dollars seemed high to me.
Drab wood’s potential was hard to see.
Four flights the crib went, part by part.
And soon the redo Pop would start.

Each end’s side had bowls with flowers.
He sanded away for hours and hours.
Soon he painted the wood all white,
It turned the room from drab to bright.

The bowls he painted golden brown.
Then the flowers, one by one,
with more colors than most florists show.
Thus love and beauty we would know.

As the ninth month came to a close,
The labor pains their time now chose.
Off to the hospital they went.
Our hopes and prayers with them we sent.

I waited by the empty crib,
For word of what Mom’s labor did.
Would it bring us a girl or boy,
to bring this old crib new joy?

They took me to my mother’s bed.
There I heard brother was born dead.

No tears accompanied the news.
To keep heartbreak hid from me they choose.

I wandered from my mother's room.
To a nursery I came soon
And stared at what was to be ours,
Sleeping sound between the flowers.

When I returned to see my mom'
She wondered from where I had come.
"I was watching the babies sleep."
Into her eyes the tears did leap.

So now I had new sadness seen.
The flowered crib that might have been.
I felt so bad I thought I'd die.
A bad time to make Momma cry!