

Snowdrops Instead of You

Laura Pearson

*Editor's note: content warning for miscarriage

My heart aches and I wonder, is it meant to hurt less, because I have never seen your face, smelt your smell, touched your flesh with mine?

But you were my flesh, within my flesh. For three long months you grew inside me. Giving no indication of your presence other than slowing down time. The double lines that announced your arrival brought with them a time warp where every day felt like a week, creeping slowly and slowly towards that magic date. The scan. The day when our wee secret becomes real, when I can hold Andy's hand and cry, tears of joy; look in his eyes and say

this is us.

Look what we made

together.

With love.

Scan date marked on the calendar. Waking thoughts, dreaming thoughts, all my thoughts about those cells dividing, multiplying, our baby forming and increasing in size. Going about my daily business carrying my secret tucked away deeply inside me. Bursting with a love and pride not yet expressed, with a step so light and a grin so wide I feel everyone must know, must be able to read my mind...

I am carrying a new life inside my tummy!

And it feels like we made magic happen.

Excited. Making plans. Things to buy and lists to write and imaginations to let run wild. But wait, the wee voice nags, don't get carried away. 1 in 4 firsts don't end well they say. And then I count on my fingers all the people who have recently given me their exciting news and I feel like the odds are not in my favour. And I worry. And I wait. Hoping for that morning sickness that will reassure me of my fate. Nothing.

Then suddenly blood. A week before that special gel on tummy date. Red. A little at first. Then a lot. And somehow my soul knows the truth already. I know the beautiful energy is going, if not already gone, then going. And I will never get to see those tiny fingers, toes, ear lobes, Andy's nose, the parts which just astound me every time I think of their perfection.

And so I ask

if I never heard your heart beat; never saw you doing your best impression of a kidney bean on a black and white tv screen; never felt the butterflies release and flutter, never felt you kick me from the inside out, does this mean I don't know you? I can't mourn you? You were not real? I did not even get close to knowing your cry, the colour of your eyes, or if you were a little girl or guy. All I have to prove you were alive are memories of two lines on a plastic stick that smelt of piss and an overnight stay

in a hospital bed

with sheets

stained

red.

I try not to be bitter because I know you were a product of love and pleasure and a promise of a future spent loving you together. You were a secret journey of hope and expectations and you were the worst physical pain I had ever experienced.

I hold Andy's hand and cry. Tears of joy replaced with sorrow and loss and I promise I will be strong. If not for me then for your daddy. And I cry in secret when they are all gone.

The questions stop,

it feels like everyone has

forgotten

you.

But I haven't, I won't and I never will. You were a part of me once and are a part of me still. And I think of all the ways you are missed every day. Of the bump that will not grow, the future you will never know and the unbearable love I have for you, with no way to express or talk about it. I feel silenced. Yet again you are my secret. One that I wish was not real.

Time heals all they say but as my tears continue to flow and I watch months pass day by day, my heart doesn't grow over that hole that's left and I can't seem to see the way forward. Until a day where a small voice deep inside softly tells me I need to take control. I know that I need to let go of you. So I cry and I cry as I realise it is time to say goodbye to you.

And I plant snowdrops in the winter soil and wait for them to grow.

With you

in mind.

Laura Pearson (she/her) is currently a stay at home mum who lives with her husband and two boys in Fife, Scotland. Laura enjoys writing poetry and fictional short stories. She started writing as a way to express herself after experiencing two miscarriages and now writes for her own pleasure and expression, mainly about motherhood, baby loss, spirituality and relationships. Say hello on Twitter - [@laura.pearson77](#)