

## *A Society Taboo*

*A world full of danger, I vowed to keep her safe...  
A Mother's promise made the moment I saw her face...*

*This little miracle so beautiful...  
did she really come from me?  
But these moments of awe and amazement  
were so short lived you see...*

*A second nature dwelled within  
that neither of us knew about...  
For one day I loved her dearly  
and then the monster inside came out....*

*Daily routines of nurturing and love  
I could not stand anymore...  
Her only protection lying alone  
behind a closed and locked door...*

*I want to go away and leave her there,  
leaving no note behind...  
These bizarre thoughts and actions assured me  
I was losing my mind...*

*I can't tell anyone  
for I just knew they would take her away...  
Besides, how do you tell someone this,  
where do you start, what do you say?*

*Alone and absolutely terrified  
of what had become of me...  
For one moment with her is tender  
and the next a physical tragedy...*

*I tell her, I am sorry,  
if there is a next time I'll stay strong...  
As I reach down to pick her up  
while singing her favorite song...*

*She looks at me with love & uncertainty  
that we both now feel inside...  
We are still frightened of each other  
even as the monster runs off to hide...*

*A moment of clarity,  
this I know to be short lived at best...  
I think of ways to kill myself,  
or I'll just leave her here and head out west...*

*I can't take this anymore, these insane moments,  
I have got to reach out!!  
"God help me!"  
how do I tell anyone these horrible things I'm obsessing about?*

*The people that knew me then  
they never had even the slightest clue...  
A grand façade I had,  
for I was the greatest actress too...*

*I thought I could keep it together,  
for this too soon shall pass...  
But it didn't,  
and it's been almost nine years since I've seen her last...*

*Upon my arrest,  
her injuries were more than I even knew...  
A direct consequence of Post Partum Psychosis  
or the Baby Blues...*

*Whatever you need to call it  
the affects are still the same...  
Labeling this illness never alleviates  
or lessens this Mothers blame...*

*Today my daughter is alive and well,  
adopted and loved, very much I'm sure...  
As I sit in prison for 32 more years,  
time apparently being Post Partums cure...*

*For some reason or another  
this disease has been written off as a society taboo...  
Claiming unsuspecting victims  
I guess it will be, until someday it happens to you.*

*By  
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