

BABY LOSS, LETTER TO THE MIDWIFE

Call me Mom, as you call all the women who you accompany at their first meeting with their children.



I am a mom too, although for me this will be the first and the last meeting with my child.

Look at me, but do not judge me. I'm in pain. A pain that has no boundaries, not yet. What I'm going through I don't know, because I could never even entertain the thought of it. Stay close and feel my pain, but do not be afraid: it is mine, not yours.

You're a very important person, you can make a difference: you can be that gentle smile that I will forever remember, that embracing look that have been able to warm me up a bit.

Tell me the truth: the only thing I have left is the truth.

It happens.

It happens much more than we are told.

They don't talk about it.

I don't know why, but they don't talk about this.

I'm not abnormal, it's not my fault, it's nature. Nature often does this, and we rarely understand why. Sometimes these events have a scientific reason: a malformation, a disease, genes...

Tell me that you will do everything possible to find answers to my "why", so I can find peace for my doubts.

Tell me that, even if you will not find those answers, I can find peace for my doubts: I did everything possible, I nurtured him inside me for as long as possible, I welcomed, fed, guarded, protected and loved him for all the time we had.

I am a good mother.

Tell me so, because my child is dead, and the germ of guilt is already ingrained in me.

Do not console me, do not even try. There is no consolation for the death of a child.

Do not belittle my pain, please: it is my child we're talking about.

Give me time and give me another way to find closure. Do not make me get out of here with empty arms and full of the absolute nothingness.

Tell me that I still have things to do, as my mother's role is not finished: I can still choose how to greet the child that I will not have.

Tell me that I can give him a name, if I want to.

Tell me that I can give him a funeral, if I want to.

Tell me that I can bury him if I want to.

I can give a place to the child that I'll never raise.

I can give a role to this child, who already had a place that he will not occupy.

Tell me that if the ritual exist, there is a reason, and perhaps that reason is for me to find peace and give me some time and some things to do for this child. The only things I can do for him. The only things I have left.

Tell me that perhaps, while I do all these things, I can learn to live without him.

Tell me that perhaps, while I do these things, I will gain the certainty that I am the mother of that child, that I had a child, before I told him goodbye.

Tell me again what is happening. Repeat it one more time. I'm not weird, different, unusual.

Only, it is a reality that is not spoken of.

I know, your role is hard, you have to put yourself aside, you have to suspend judgment, you must accept my pain and dare to bring a piece of it with you.

Yet you can make a difference. You can clear the path. You can mark the first boundary to my immense and eternal pain.

Thanks for being there for me, thank you for not leaving me alone.

A Mom

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