



Note on a Sunday Morning

5am, I couldn't lie in comfort 'til day broke,
Last night, my dear Daughter, you were blue,
That quiet mood wasn't just the way you spoke,
Cloaked in clouds around your brightly coloured hue.

Dear Lord, you should have stirred me in the middle of the night,
Like a child's notes, three folded sheets upon the mat,
You weren't yourself, I didn't think to ask, were you alright,
Sealed with a kiss and addressed, *DO NOT Open Without Dad.*

A beating heart, my racing mind, don't tell me I am right,
Trembling fingers search for what they're sure to find,
Your fragile brain would always say Mum it will be alright,
Autism and Depression reign to rule your heart and mind.

For hints of not standing for the pain any longer,
I scan those crumpled pages, for regrets and fears,
For the only action that can make you feel stronger,
And release you from the torment of more anguished years.

Silence... the world stopped turning for just a second.
My heart missed but a single beat, and still the silence...

Words that spoke of a beautiful emergence,
A story of searching and of finding the truth,
An eternity of wondering why, of feeling different,
An explanation of the misery of your stolen youth.

You asked for affirmation, you should never have to ask
For permission to express yourself and reveal the real you,
You waited for the call, but the answer was just silence,
Deafening silence, it's alright, because together we'll get through.

Tears flowed with certainty and silent acknowledgement,
Spread your wings and fly my Son, let go the past,
Shrug off all uncertainty, throw off years of discontent,
Now rise up my precious child, reborn at last.

Amanda Udale, Estate Manager

