

Slipping Away

By Laura Reppenhagen

There she goes...slipping away
She knows she's leaving. She wants to stay.
Stay where it's safe and her memories are hers,
Where the animals don't talk and no one tries to kill her.
Stay where we are her loving parents,
not threats to her and her circumstance.

She begs me to stop the impending trip,
to somehow pull her from the quickening slip.

I wish I could.

If I could, I would.

I would go in her place.

I'd slay the demons and leave no trace.
Gone from her mind, no way to return,
I'd light the fire and watch them burn.

But no, I'm not the hero I want to be.
These demons aren't the kind you see.
I can't stop the train. It's pulling into the station.
She's leaving soon, but it's no vacation.
Her shell will still be here begging to get off.
I'll give her the pills. I pray it's enough.
Here, this one is red. This one is blue.
These will help so I give her two.
Finally I drag her off the train.
The demons fight to remain.

The psych hospital becomes her second home
She begs me not to leave her alone.
But I have to go. They won't let me stay.
They can't make her better with me in the way.
They hold her screaming while I walk away...
walk through the door.
Don't look back. Collapse on the floor.
Scream in the car, "I can't take much more."
Please God help them find her; she has slipped away.
I watched her leave and yet she stayed.

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Everyone says to take care of myself while they take care of her.
Sleep in, call friends, get a pedicure.
But I can't eat, can't sleep or stop pacing.
My heart feels like it's constantly racing.
She's fighting the demons inside her head.
I'm supposed to just relax in my bed?

Then finally!
A glimpse...they think she's coming back.
The demons are slowly slipping back.
She's winning the battle against her mind
She's braver than most. She's one of kind
It's just a glimpse, but yes, it's her.
She's clawing to sanity. I'm afraid to be sure.
Slowly she comes and the demons slip.
She's pulling away from their deathly grip.

She's glad to be back,
but doesn't recall her trip down the track
That's good. I wish I too could forget...
not have to replay the things she'd regret.
There will eventually be another trip.
I'll watch her slip,
while she begs to stay.
I'll hold her tight and we will pray.

But for now, she's here,
so I fight the fear.
She'll slip again. Assuredly she will
But I choose to enjoy while she's with me still.