

For nine months you grew, swam, and turned  
Your tiny hands and feet fluttered  
As your mother and father laughed  
And whispered to you in the womb

For nine months your parents waited;  
They chose your name, painted your room  
Set up your crib, picked out your clothes  
And your grandparents smiled with joy

### ABRUPTION

Black torrent took you, ripped life screaming  
Death's knife left you blue and hollow  
Cold stillborn, wrapped and laid back down  
Not aware, your parents still waited—

Bleak room. Your father howled, heart ripped  
Out, severed by shards of shattered hope.  
Dazed, your mother awoke, called your name—  
Haunted, her cries echo over your vacant crib

—Ryan M. McAdams, MD

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***The Abruption*, 2013**

Ryan M. McAdams

Acrylic on canvas; 24 in. x 36 in.

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