

She was tough.
Had been around.
Had seen her share of tragedy.
The loss of the love of her life -
 Of her only child's father,
 To a sudden,
 rapacious
 onslaught
 of cancer.

Homelife, growing up,
Far from ideal.
A mother, too soon dead,
A father – either uncaring
Or too self-absorbed to help her mend.

But, yeah, she was tough.
Had to be. It was the hand she was dealt.

Her life, now, built on mistrust.
So-called friends, at arm's length kept.
Lest at night ... lest at night ...

A knock on her door.
Rain pouring down.
A shadowy figure in the light of her porch.

In the glow she saw his face ...
Thought it strange he'd be at this place,
At this time,
Alone,

She opened the door – motioned silence for him,
Lest her daughter ... lest at night

It took only a moment – a pleasantry or two –
Before he was on her.

She told him no, this was wrong,
Him a father, a newborn of his own.
She knew them all
Had helped them prepare
Had ...

His hand ...

His ...

No, NO, NO!!!!