
POETRY | FALL 2011

When He Found Out

By Jennifer Adaeze Anyaegbunam

When He found out our uncle died
a few months had already passed.
Our parents didn't tell him
and it was not my place
to burden/enlighten his young mind with the truth.

My parents never told me
what illness actually meant.
"He's very sick..."
"She's unwell..."
After a while I stopped asking,
afraid of what they might actually tell.

As doctors/parents I trust them
to provide us with what we need.
but sometimes I felt a bit betrayed,
I would have liked to know.
Would I have liked to know?

So when He found out our uncle died
I understood just how he felt.
I watched my baby brother cry.
I hugged him and then hugged him some more.

I didn't know what to say,
I didn't want to tell him "it's okay."
But he didn't ask
and I didn't tell.

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