

## **Sleepless Nights**

Many nights I lie in bed unable to fall asleep,  
And I start thinking about you and the life you led.  
You lived for others, and not for yourself.  
When I'm under the blankets, my eyes begin to tear;  
I let them bury into my pillow, and I cry in silence.  
I ask myself: What happened to me?  
Then I remember that it also happened to you,  
And I feel sad for both of us;  
I realize almost nobody took care of you,  
And I had people around me at all times.  
I recall your limp left side, just like mine,  
And how you never went to the doctor,  
And you recovered almost completely, just like me.  
And you forged ahead like a warrior, for your children  
Just like I did for my only daughter,  
And we both raised our children alone  
I don't know if you ever realized your dreams,  
And I never knew what they were.  
I, on the other hand, ended up doing better  
And more than I or anybody else expected;  
I became a writer, I'm sure you'd be proud of.  
You deserved to be happier and better loved and respected.  
I hope you can see from above the kind of person  
I turned out to be, and know I didn't disappoint you.  
Rest in Power, dear mom.

***Martina Gallegos** began writing after surviving a massive hemorrhagic stroke and other life-threatening health issues; she became a school and hospital volunteer after hospitalization, resumed and completed a Master's Degree, and began publishing*

*during her recovery. Her works have appeared in: Hometown Pasadena, Spirit Fire Review, Altadena Poetry Anthology, Poets Responding, Central Coast Poetry Shows, Poetry Super Highway, LummoX, and others. She lives in Oxnard, CA. She recently published Home in a Bucket and Ode to Mother Nature, available on Amazon.*



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