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