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ENG 100

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A Mother’s Grief

As I walk through the cold hallway that is bright with fluorescence lights I walk towards the big silver double sink. While I scrub my hands with a sponge with a comb like bottom I hear beeps and monitor alarms going off. Once I look up I see a group of doctors and nurses around a child’s bed. Then there was a nurse running towards the door. The nurse had her hair up in a bun with a bang and a pen sticking out of her bun. She came up to me she then said ‘’We have been trying to reach you we need you now’’. As I walk through the double doors into the NICU I look around as I walk to my daughter’s bedside I look over to my daughter Cherese. She is laying there sleeping while her eyes are covered with a blue sponge shaped like sunglasses. When I turn my head back around I hear the beeps getting louder and the doctors getting more frantic. Once I get close enough I see a nurse pressing down on my daughters’ chest as if she is pushing a button. I look at my daughter and it is like everything around me had went mute. When I looked at her, her body was turning blue and purple. I looked up at the monitor and the alarm was flashing. While the alarms became apparent to me again I hear the doctor say to me ‘’Ms. Martin we did everything that we could would you like a chance to hold your daughter?’’. I turn my head and just nodded and slowly responded yes.

When I go to turn around I had two nurses on the side of me. One guided me to the rocket chair that was behind me. The other guided the chair up behind to make sure that I did not fall. I was in shock, I was in awe. I looked in front of me reaching out to cover my mouth. I could not believe still what was going on. I can still hear the alarm going off letting everyone in the room know that something is not going well with a baby in here. I look up at the medium size monitor as it shows me each number on there counting down from 100,99,98 and so forth. The head doctor walked up to me. He was a middle age gentleman with glasses and a stethoscope around his neck. He reached into my daughters’ bed and picked her up like a delicate flower. I slowly cradled my arms as if there was already a child laying in my arms. As he slowly lays my baby girl in my arms I look over her body. When I look at her there is a tube going in her mouth it is closed off with tape. She has IVs coming out of her hands. She is so limp laying in my arms. I look at her knowing that this is my first and last time holding my beautiful flower while she has a little bit of life in her.

I look back at the monitor the numbers have declined more counting back faster it went from 75 to 60. By this time. The doctor tapped me on the shoulder while I could see my reflection in his glasses. He said to me ‘’I know that this is hard for you at this moment, but the only thing that is keeping her alive is the monitor. She is basically already gone. Would you want to take her off the support or would you like for it to reach zero?’’. I looked at the monitor the numbers were now in the fifties. I looked back at my daughters’ face and looked at her limp bluish-purple body. I asked this is just the machine? He responded yes. I kissed her on her forehead and asked the doctor to remove her off the support. The doctor once again looked at me. Yet again I could see my reflection in his glasses as he took my daughter away from me. Two nurses came to me again one helping me out on the rocking chair. The other nurse is walking ahead of me leading me to a room that was called the grieving room.

I walk into the room it was dark. It had empty beds inside of this room and it was cold. There was a small light on the side of the wall that made everything have a silhouette. The door was brown with a big piece glass in the middle of the door. It was a set of cream colored blinds cover the room, so no one could see in. I sat there alone, scared not knowing what was going to happen next. I thought of Cherese my daughters older twin sister, wondering if she was okay. I wondered if she could feel that the person that she came in the world with has left. I heard someone come in the dark room. When I looked up the room had gotten brighter in the door way stood the doctor holding my daughter so delicate as if he would have had held her tighter she would have cried. The door closes behind him, I hold my hands out in front of me as he holds her out for me to hold her. I look at him again and look at myself through his glasses. He said he will give me some time alone. I look at my baby she no longer has the tube in her mouth, but she had blood around her mouth. Her face was still a little purple and she was cold. She was light in my hands. I broke I was broken my daughter was dead and there’s nothing I could do about it. I cried so hard and I kissed her for the last time. The doctor came in again and this time I knew when she left that I was not going to see her. I looked at the doctor for the last time as he left with my daughter. I was left in the dark again. I got myself together physically and mentally. I open the door of the grieving room an didn’t look back. I used the phone called my family and told them the bad news. I looked over to Cherese she was still sleep. I looked over to the other bed where my daughter had just laid not to long ago to see that everything was shut down as if no one has ever been there. I hear alarms going off, nurses walking about acting as if a tragedy did not happen. I turn look at the white sheets where my baby had once laid. I walked out the double doors different then when I went in.