Naming

The thing that won’t go away –
the name at the end of the email
we received today. Awaited,
yet not as expected.

A capstone name.
A summer day of a name.
Its graceful symmetry
and three-step rhythm.

I’ll never know how
the parents-to-be
had chosen it. Just that
it wasn’t destined to become

a name for someone to grow into –
to live inside, as in a second skin
to grow old in.
But it is there for me to keep.

*

You never talked about your loss,
you just got on with life –
or persuaded us that you did.
You tucked the birth certificate

away, somewhere safe,
to be found when you were gone.
Our still-born brother, with a name
never spoken.