Every cloud has a silver lining.

I shut my eyes, digging my fingernails into the lush, green grass. She is back. Invading my mind, bringing up cruel memories that I have struggled to lock away in the back of my brain. I hear her voice, almost as if she is sitting next to me, picking flowers and arranging them in my hair. Tears well up, threatening to spill over my lashes. I must stay strong.

I remember it all too well. Sitting in the white, bright hospital hallway, staring at the door and willing the person to come out of it to have good news. My father’s large, sweaty hand clamped onto my own, squeezing a little too tight. Milleniums passed as we waited, waited for the cries of a newborn baby and the gentle murmur of a mother’s voice. It never came.

Well, that’s a lie. The cries came; shrill and high-pitched, setting every nerve in my body on edge.
Deep and mournful from my father, when the grim-faced doctor brought us the life-shattering news. She was gone. Replaced by the tiny, quivering pink thing that shrieked endlessly and had multiple tubes emerging from its body. I could never love that thing, I thought. The thing that had killed my mother.

I open my eyes, taking a deep breath and filling my lungs with fresh air. The cries and shrieks had eventually turned to gurgles and giggles. And he had arrived at our home, not replacing the hole in our hearts and lives, but filling it, at least.

As I stare at the grey sky, I watch the sun peek out from behind a cloud, a glowing, silver lining appear. I hear his laughter from inside the house and smile for the first time in ages.