

Strikes Against My Girl.

There you were lying in that nasty bed. They lied as they continued to mess with our heads.

First strike, you did not have the job. It made way for that huge financial grab.

Second strike, you were listed as morbidly obese. They saw that as a huge financial increase.

Third strike, you were a few weeks short of gaining your insurance. We were never given reassurance.

Fourth strike, you have family who continuously advocated. That fell on deaf ears and was inadequate.

They murdered you for money and spite. Someday they will be remembered for this horrific and evil blight.

Covid, they claimed took your life, but their negligence denied your right to become a wife.

They cut your motherhood short and denied your son of his boyhood.

For far too long, you have been gone; this is why we all feel so alone.

Months and months of sadness. We will never again experience your happiness.

But one day we will all be reunited, and they will not be invited.

We will be delighted when they are sent to be ignited.

Loved you then, love you now, will love to eternity and beyond.

Written to Honor my beautiful daughter, Jamie Kay.  
Jamie Kay's Mom