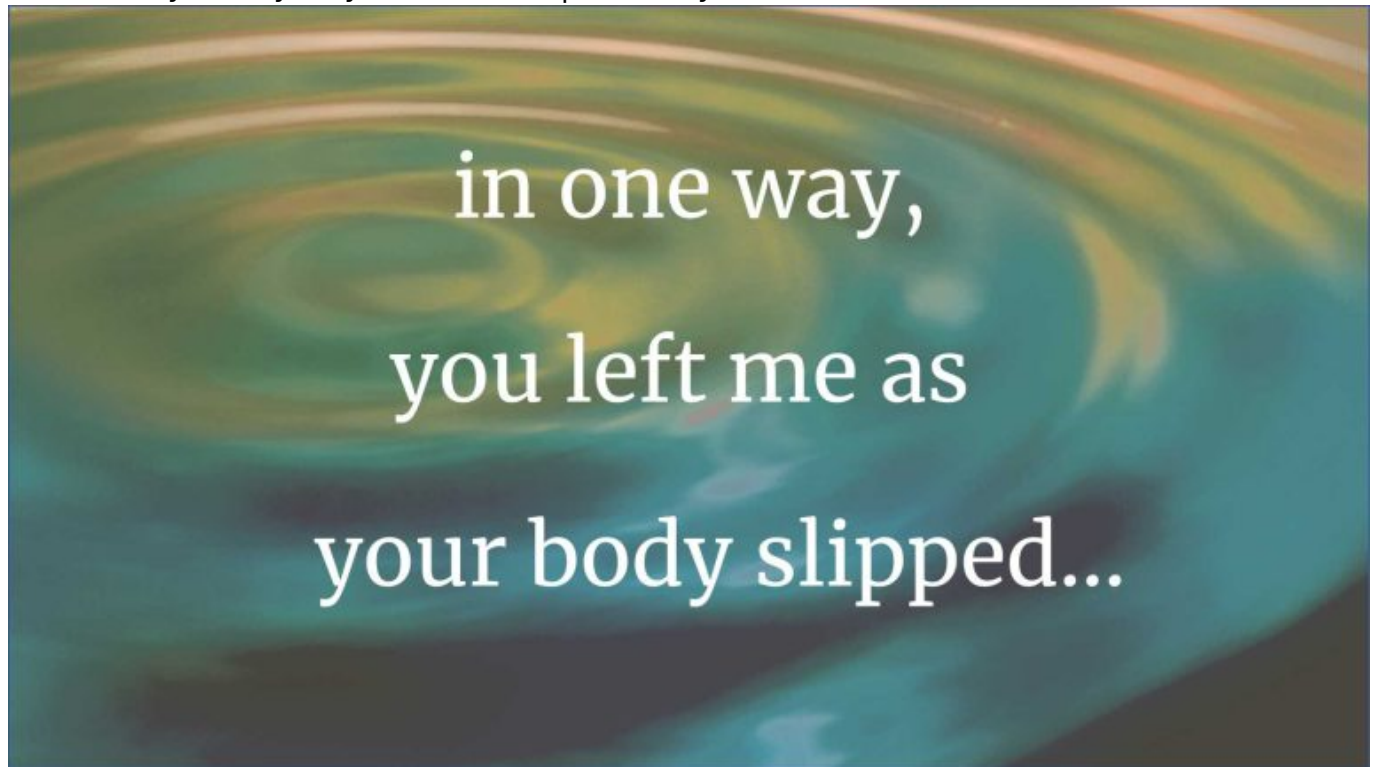


# To My Son, Stillborn, January 16

Category: Poems

written by Cheryl Byler Keeler | January 23, 2026



Your death seared my cells,  
fired them with you;

in one way, you left  
me as your body slipped

from mine, 41 years ago,  
but in another way, you

entered me;  
your death

birthing this new me.