



Mila Huesca

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How do you love a person who never got to be? How do you mourn the death of one who never got to live. When there's nothing to feel good about and nothing to forgive? I love you, my little baby girl, Mila, my companion of the night. Wandering through my lonely hours, beautiful and bright. What does it mean to die before you ever were born, to live the lovely night of life and never see the dawn? Ah! My little Angel, you lived like anyone! Life's a burst of joy and pain. And then like yours, it's done. I love you, Mila, just as if you'd lived for years. No more, no less, I think of you, the Angel of my tears.