

**i THINK**  
**I THINK**

**if i lose my mind. will i lose me?**



BY **LINDSAY WINCHERAUK**

# ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.  
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.  
His Father is his Grandfather.*

*His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.*

*His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.*

*That turned them into Brunkles.*

*His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.*

*That turned them into Sisaunts.*

*The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.*

*How could any of them be, okay?*

*Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?*

**FIRST TIME**  
FIRST TIME

# FIRST TIME

*Why did life tear us apart –  
Bringing us here.  
I don't want to go inside –  
There is so much lost time –  
How do we go through the years?  
When I find the strength to enter your room –  
You're barely still here.  
I look deep into your breaking eyes –  
Our hearts rip in two.  
I must comfort your soul –*

*What shall I do?*

*I open my eyes –  
Where have you gone?  
Summer is lost, inside my breaking heart.  
Darkness arrived; I'm left all alone –  
To figure this out.  
Who is this for –  
If not one of us?  
I need us to calm –*

*To forgive what once was.*

*Mother, I hold you in my arms for the first time tonight; our hearts beat as one.  
I will look into your eyes until they shimmer with love.  
We must find the strength; we must carry on.  
I will gently kiss your cheek and whisper, I love you, be strong.  
Tomorrow, the heavens will take you away from me; let's cherish our last time together as one.  
Mother, wrap your breaking heart around me tonight, and kiss me, for the first time –  
Mother wrap your arms around me tightly tonight, and kiss me, for the last time –*

*I don't understand –  
What brought us here?  
Things are so fractured –*

*How can it be?*

*I need to find hello –  
I've misplaced the word.  
You are my mother –  
There is a pain in your eyes.  
When I finally say my hello –*

*You're already gone.*

*I need you to love me.  
I need you to hold me.  
When I open my eyes –  
You're no longer here.  
I must find the strength –  
I must carry on.  
Let's dance through the years –  
until it's time to move on.  
You are my mother –  
I can't help but love you.  
When I arrived on that day –  
I wish you'd have stayed.  
But instead of solid love –*

*The world didn't see it that way.*

*I say my hello –  
As I fear our goodbyes  
I need to leave soon –  
I've finally come home.  
I bend down to kiss you –  
Tears drop from your eyes.  
I tell you I love you –  
I'm lost in your mind.  
I need to find strength –*

*To carry us on.*

*Mother, I love you –*

*I now must move on.  
I glance back at you –  
Our hearts shatter apart.  
I now must move on.  
What did we do?*

*I've come home to you.*

*Mother, I hold you in my arms for the first time tonight; our hearts beat as one.  
I will look into your eyes until they shimmer with love.  
We must find the strength; we must carry on.  
I will gently kiss your cheek and whisper, I love you, be strong.  
Tomorrow, the heavens will take you away from me; let's cherish our last time together as one.  
Mother, wrap your breaking heart around me tonight, and kiss me, for the first time –  
Mother wrap your arms around me tightly tonight, and kiss me, for the last time –*

*I turn and look back at you, for the last time –  
Our hearts shatter in two.  
Mother, I love you –  
It's time to move on.  
It's now time to go –  
To finish this song.  
Mother, I love you –  
It's now time to go –*

*I've made it home to you –  
For the last time.*

*I've finally come home to you –  
For the first time.*

## WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where |society deemed| unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation – shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

*Lindsay's life began with a lie.*

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

*The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.*

*Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.*

*Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.*

## SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

- A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, *"I must thank you. I've listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I've learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend."*
- Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

*LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.*

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

Lindsay is currently pitching four manuscripts to publishers and literary agencies. One of the manuscripts (he can't talk about) will blow the roof off the predatory practices of – Lindsay is writing relentlessly and is also pitching OPEDs and short stories, fiction, + non to literary magazines around the globe.

Lindsay has appeared on Breakfast Television, radio programs in Montreal, + several others in the Vancouver area. Lindsay has also been a featured guest on CKNW + CBC, both on several occasions. And Lindsay was a vital witness of a Hate Crime. This led to the first Hate Crime conviction in Canadian legal history, resulting in him being a speaker at an Enough is Enough Rally (anti-violence rally) with dignitaries, politicians, law enforcement, and community leaders in front of a crowd of approximately five thousand.

Lindsay was the **#1 MIXED-TAPE DJ** at the **UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN** for most of the nineteen-eighties, a fact bringing him joy.

Lindsay resides in Vancouver.

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