

Shockwaves

We will hit 24 hours

We will meet a month.

We will mark a year.

5, 10, 15- The relentless annual clock.

Or do these markers find us?;

Time growing

Around our shock

Like scar tissue-

Enveloping, dulling down;

softening in time.

The 'never getting over this'

Wrapped up with stuff to do.

Yes, we will find our feet again.

Perhaps not on fully solid ground.

But we will live, and carry on.

Through memory and pain.

With grief, we'll grow around.

The markers: They may pass us-

or hit us like a bus.

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That life has taken on this turn.

An admission: *this is us*.

And now,

The shockwaves ricochet

But perhaps with time

They will

Settle from crescendo,

To dulcet baseline drill.