

The Line of Grief

The reverberating shock.

That these people are ...gone.

Loss, echoing back.

With a breathtaking smack.

No, no, no-

It's wrong, it's wrong, it's wrong,

How are they gone?

The floor falling out as if this knowledge isn't-

ten years old.

But grief doesn't age in the same way we do.

It can feel stunted and scabbed,

Quite quickly actually.

Manageable.

Then rip open-

At a smile, or a song or a smell...

Years later.

Or, it may leak

Through the cracks of a pressured diary.

Minutiae of decisions;

Tailored by the tilted lens loss leaves.

Reactions and relations stained by a changed-forever stance.

For grief is not a straight line;

Connecting A to B.

No- it tangles and manoeuvres.

Knotting at points, unexpected.

Then leaping spans of time,

And looping back once more,

To the realisation of the moment;

The sorrow of what's lost.

And the yearning for what could have been

...If those two things are different.

Consciously, or unconsciously –

We traverse this line.

This tightrope. This edge. This ledge.

Step by step navigation somewhat blind.

For no roadmap can teach us our response

To the relief: The plains, the highs, the valleys-

Or the surprise potholes

Which griefs throws behind itself.

Just one thing, I suppose.

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A comfort of sorts.
That we all have a threshold-
A commonality.

For to be human is lose;
And to love;
And to grieve.

Yes, we all do it differently,
But we can at least,
Do it together.