

And This Is How We Grieve

*And this is how we grieve:
It begins with the pianissimo of disbelief
And crescendos into a cacophony
That hurls questions
Toward the heavens where Mercy is mute.*

*And this is how we grieve;
Incompletely and with little understanding,
Half limping, half crawling, dazed and disoriented,
In a restless ritual around the rim
Of the black hole that was once our soul.*

*And this is how we grieve:
With anxiety and with whispered doubts
That want Grace to account for
The unyielding darkness, the endless ebony,
That makes us believe we have gone blind or mad*

*And this is how we grieve:
Not all at once, but intensely and to exhaustion;
Then we heave ourselves, spent and silent,
Into grief's arms to await
The next anniversary of the calendar or of the heart.*

And this is how we grieve.

Janet G. Tharpe, D. Min.