

Grief Cannot Be Denied

Grief, a sucker punch to the gut, hurts so bad tears are afraid to fall,
for if they once start, will the grief ever allow them to stop?
There's an ache where something's missing, torn asunder,
cracked seams trying to be whole, but which can never be the same again.

You—and I—cannot escape grief.
It pursues us like an unending nightmare
until it becomes a daymare that crunches
on the very marrow of our beings.
Psychic pain morphs, grows until it becomes
physical, mental. or a combination of all three.

No, we cannot escape grief. If allowed, it will fester,
pursue us until yowls, screams, and agony so deep
it twists like a kudzu vine that suffocates joy,
cheapens life, and disapproves our humanness.

Grief calls for exits, one way or another.
Does the sucker punch to the gut remind us of a soul hole,
an opening that never closes but can be filled,
like a golden kintsugi seam, once grief
has been acknowledged, addressed, and washed away
with tears kept unshed for far too long?

We cannot escape grief.
There is an undeniable part of being human
that the tears are there
to provide a way to survive.

It is an unavoidable truth that tears exist
to deliver one way to survive the realities of being
ones who have loved enough and hard enough
not ever to be the same.

Grief will grow itself, one way or another,
for it will not be denied.
It will always win when left to its own devices,
but there is an alternative: LOVE remembered.