



“the way you carry grief”

Poem by Anonymous

someone you loved died today  
i know because i saw solemn on your face  
you movements were slow, your words were quiet  
i knew his death would make you break

i knew the way you loved him  
could not compete for all the love in the world  
and how cruel to live in such a world that would take him from you,  
that would break his body and mind  
how cruel to live in a place that would take him so harshly  
how cruel to live in a place so unkind

i watched as the lines on your face  
carried you through each room  
i watched you drift away from yourself,  
floating through the kitchen to the living room

i watched as days passed and night bled into the day  
and as you sat in the recliner, i wished for a way  
to comfort you as you once did me for,  
and every night i prayed that there was something i could do  
and i wished, for a change, that i could carry you

and when your voice breaks when i ask if you're okay,  
i will hold your hand, just as how you have done for me,  
and i will listen to you breathe  
and may you take all the time granted in this world  
to finally, and properly, grieve