

A Letter from Grief

You're floating in a cosmic ocean,
carried by waves you did not cause,
could not move.

You could not move,
but you are moveable,
strong in your malleability—
each drop part of the whole.

I am the weight in your chest,
the ache in your bones,
the long shadow trailing behind,
clinging to your heels.

Your molecules will attract
and separate,
yet you remain unbroken,
a constellation of experiences
spilled across the swelling sea.

You didn't ask for me,
I know you wish me gone,
but I am not here to drown you.
I am here to remind that you loved,
to witness your endurance. To echo
laughter and tears still flowing
from the bonds you dared to form.