

Grief

Grief is a room, invisible.
You are pushed into it.
For a while, it is the only
room in your house.

You stumble around.
No lights. No clocks.
No windows.
Empty.

When darkness is dark enough—
enough!—you cross
the threshold, return
to the visible world.

Dust on your desk,
on the fruit bowl.
Kitchen. Remember to eat.
Living room. Agree to talk.

When dust chafes
your living skin,
you'll step outside.
Sun and wind will be at play

and you'll find yourself smiling.
Really, I mean find yourself—
you've been lost all this time.

You have the whole place back now,
but that room will always be there,
and the door will always be open.