

Grief is Not

Grief is not getting easier,
But becoming more ordinary,
As if I've always carried this stone in my breast,
Calling it a heart.

Grief is not going away,
Just not arriving in tsunami force.
Rather it's a steady high tide,
Which makes me wonder about the rocks below.

Grief not a one-time thing,
Not several days, weeks, months,
But is a visitor who has moved in for good,
And occasionally helps out around the house.

Grief is not unwelcome here,
For it reminds me of how much I have lost,
And how blessed I was
To have so much to lose.

From *Things to say to a dead man: Poems at the end of a marriage and after*. (2011) by Jane Yolen. Duluth, MN: Holy Cow! Press, p. 50.