

Claire Burnett
Grief (working title) 2/7/2019

This dance that I move through, intensity as varying
as weather and music.

Overtures and movements overtaking my senses
rushing through my being
engulfing, enraging.

Sacred chords for the dead
discords for those living yet lost.
Lost to themselves
and thus lost to me.

From that first horselike kick to my stomach;
winded into the
silence of Shock.

The surprise of not feeling enough
The silence of you,
no longer breathing
no longer being.

The scent of you gone,
the future without you.

Sorry For Your Loss

proclaims the mantle of well meaning cards.
As if I was careless
so to mislay you
and my father before I was two years old
and my firstborn at just two weeks old
and my partner in crime,
at thirty years old.

None are utterly gone, they are here in my heart
But I cannot touch you or hear you
and this dance continues.

Sometimes I've sat it out for a while
it's background music playing discreetly
until

the next movement begins,
building within my body -

delicate, exquisite refrains

of memory that resound in my cells,
chords of resolution and feeling okay

then plunging discomfoting discordant sounds
bring gnashing of teeth and tympanic pounding

and I am returned to the sorrow
of Alone.

Until I quietly gather myself
turn down the volume
and begin the dance of alone.
Silently ululating
my feelings recede.

I pick myself up
until with surprise
once more
I am caught up in the disbelief of grief;
winded, side blinded,
blown off course yet again.

Reworked 7/9/19
Claire Burnett