



Mapping the weight of grief

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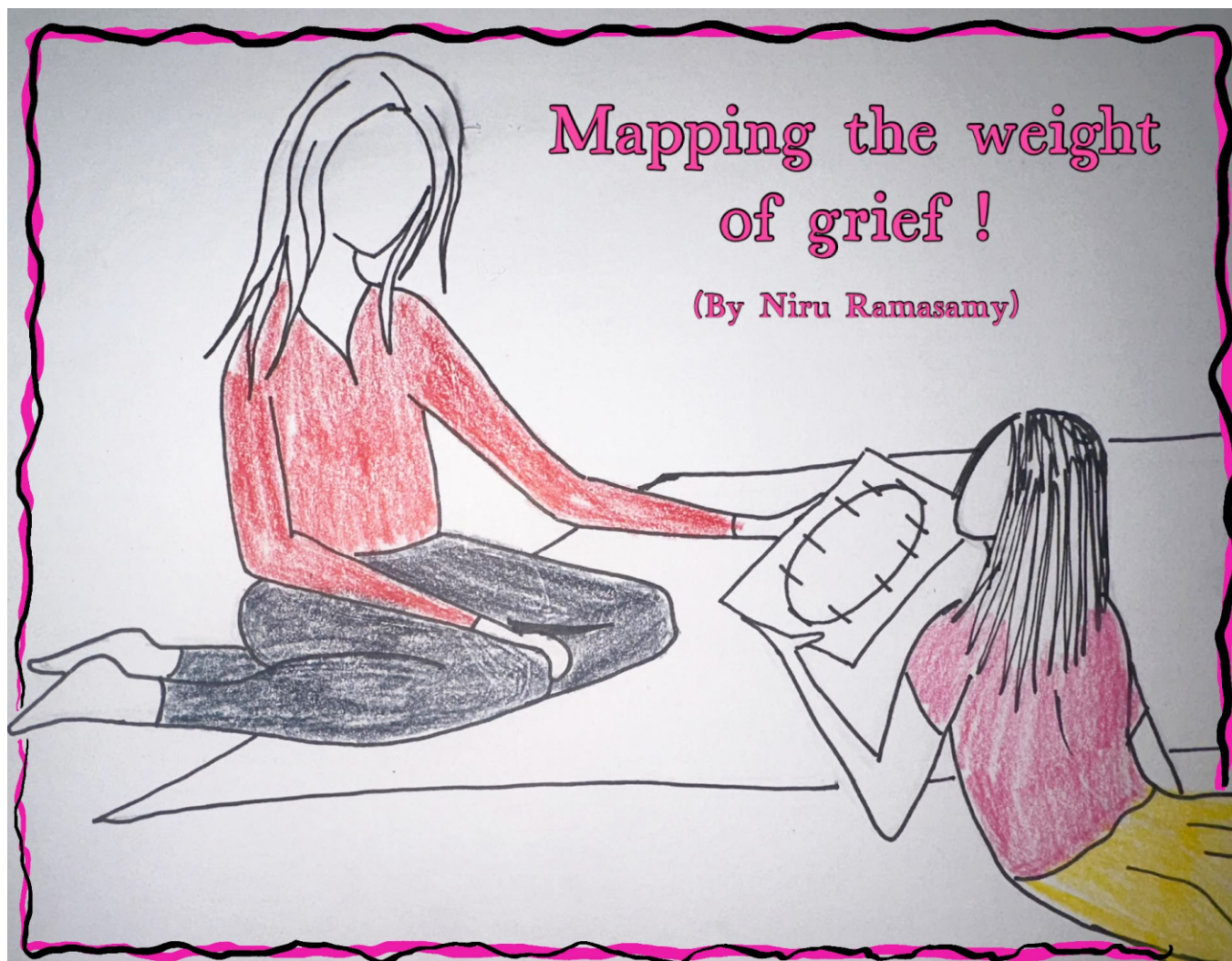
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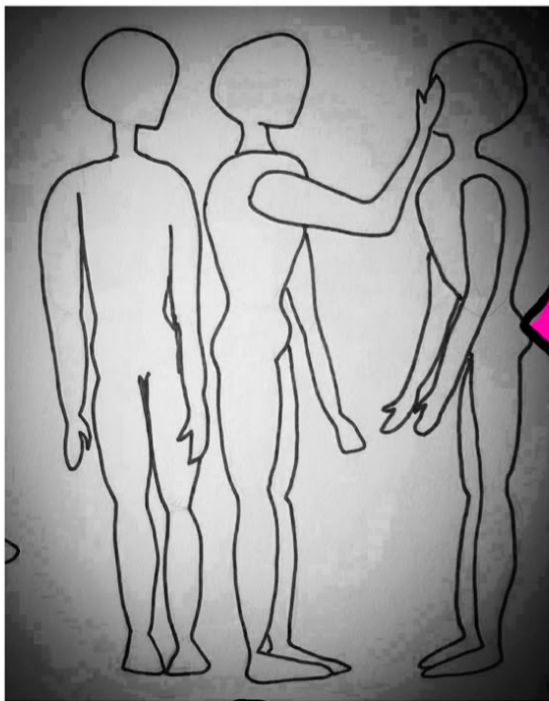
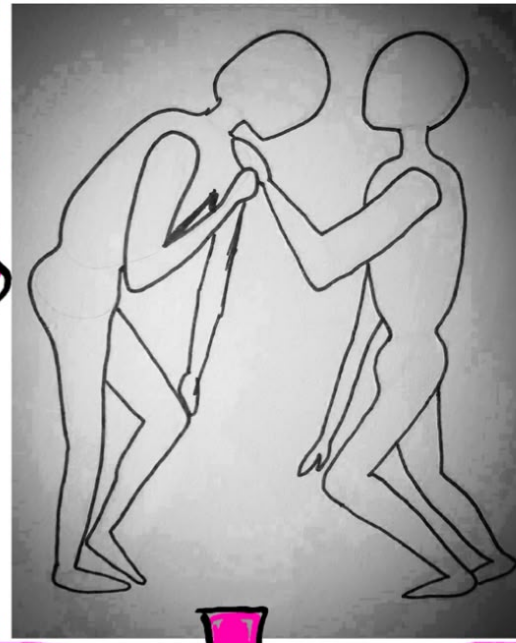
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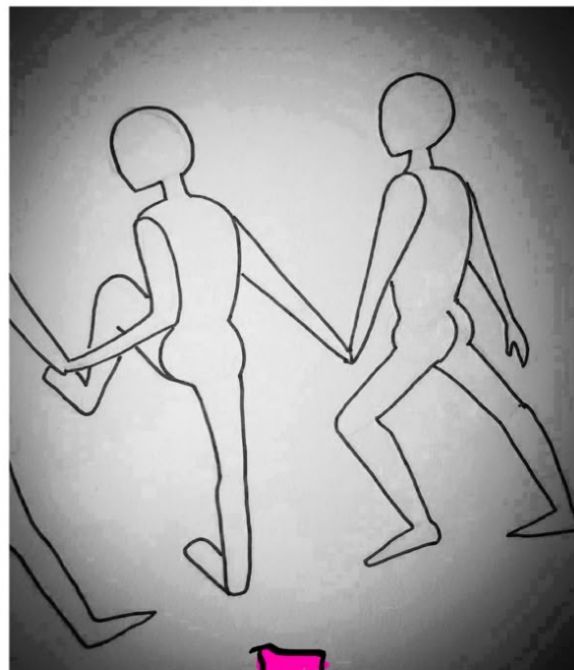
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Grief is known to take on
many shapes
In her presence my heart
beats louder
And my breath gets stuck
in my ribcage
My muscles encased in a
sleeve of lead



But grief is shy about
revealing herself
Like an invisible friend she's
glued to me
I must describe her form into
existence
There are few that I trust with
her identity

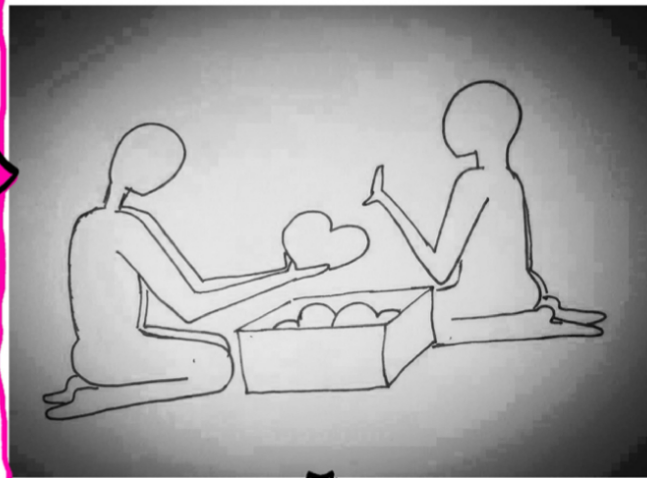
Grief has many other
young playmates
Love, joy, anger, fear,
sadness
They wander through
life hand in hand
Materialising without any
announcement





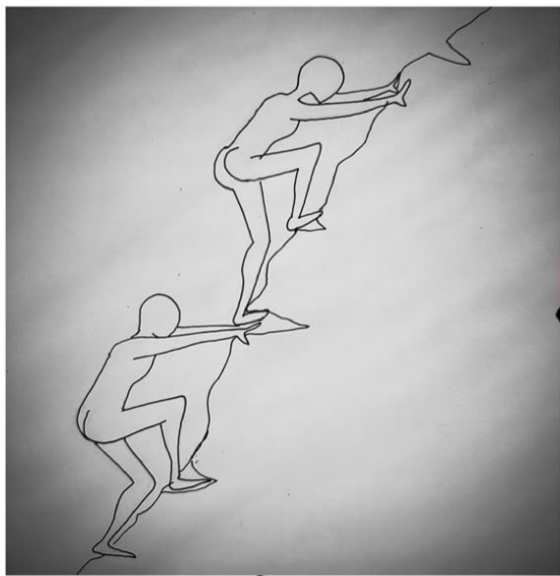
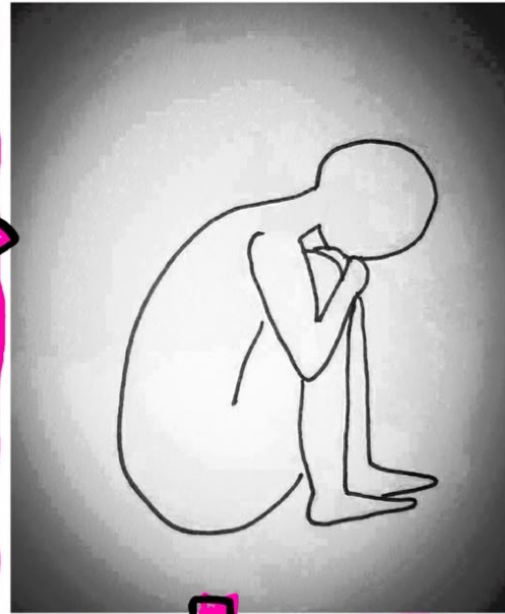
The thing grief desires
most is to be seen
She longs for substance
to her physique
But I need her to be safe
from the world
And I need to feel safe in
her presence

Grief challenges many of
my values
Some of those that are
dearest to me
I could write a list a mile
long here
But I'm not going to right
now



I automatically revert to
masking grief
Hiding her presence from
the world
I take on the role of a
mother bird
Protecting grief under my
wing

When grief is present I
feel unnerved
Afraid that she might
disappoint
Or is that I fear
disappointing others?
But I'm not sure what
this would be



Grief is ever by my
side
Mimicking my every
move
Making her presence
known
But not always
intruding

Grief does not know
how to read time
But in the quiet
hours of the night
When the sounds of
the world fall away
Is when grief and I
become most
intimate

