

The Comfort of Loss

I once heard that grief gets smaller the more you say it.
Out of your head,
it's easier to see its relative size, significance.
Things look larger on the backs of your eyes than the fronts.

Some kids grow up with a baby blanket to provide them comfort,
others grow up with loss.
You are not asked
if there is more space in your home, if there is a guest bedroom, if there is food to spare in your
kitchen.
You are not asked
if you are able to cook for it.

There are some kids that grow up setting the table for family dinners,
and others that prepare for loss.

When you live with loss long enough, you begin to see the ties converge, a seamless bond
between
captor and captive.
No mirror can reveal the glint of a vision lied.

When relief introduces itself, you are scared to extend your hand.
Reprieve is a foreign force and you have locked your doors.

Abatement is a forgiven absence,
and you are busy braiding the loss into your hair,
anyway.

There are very few people that will memorize the secret knock, that will learn
to fit themselves through the mail slot, folding like an envelope.
There are very few people that will ask
until their tonsils bleed, then swallow their blood
and ask some more.
There are very few people that will see
the loss under your fingernails and will know where your skin starts.

You are not one to deserve few.
You do not need a long braid to make you beautiful.
You will not lose your grief the more you speak it, but, rather, you will learn to weave it into a
bracelet you can take on and off as you please.

When loss appears, you can open the door, let it in.

When loss invades, you can allow it space.

But,

When life wants to fix itself, let it.

Do not sit in the suffering longer than you need to.

It is not the pain that makes the person, but the ways they cope with it.

It is not the grief that shapes the person, but the ways they endure it.

It is not the loss that defines the person, but the ways they live and love through it.