

## A Series of Mourning

How to explain to others,  
the way you long for winter.

The summer's heat  
glares, intense and overbearing  
it takes you away.

Somewhere the wax of a candle  
drips like toxic sweat.

The way that winter kills  
is so sweet, so magical,  
so fairy-lights-on-carcass-branches.  
It feels as though life is made to be more,  
by being brought low to less.

I feel death at the ready to grow.  
And I know, I must see the winter through

Each time I crumble, I think it the last  
limb left behind to history but  
it still aches. It aches  
and I was never much good  
at leaving things  
behind for good.  
Scars don't forget,  
there is no perfect fracture  
from heart to hand.

I carve out pieces  
to match together into  
Unyielding, Aphrodite,  
strong and delicate.

But I have never been one to stand so still.  
I cannot be indifferent or cold or decorative.  
I am warm, living, aching. I wither, I grow.

I wither again

Sunlight finds me  
in the sorriest places.  
There are cracks  
in every clay pot I own.  
They say only God can make  
them whole again.

And the sun drips away  
until I am murmurs of rumbling  
storm clouds, so soft and heavy and  
ready to burst

The next billowing wind hurts with heaving lungs, I know.  
I know the painful relief  
of mist burning away to sunlight  
high in the sky like so much anger.

This is a reminder of the work  
behind each clear blue day.

I hope to have found the golden solace  
which gets me there

You have been created in the dust,

You are part of the cresting wave.

It hurts, sometimes,

to be so small

with something so big inside.

You are the Shepherd made King.

Broken power.

Orphaned royalty.

Remember to grow, broken seed,

when you find soil

I am one part  
of a very vast desert.  
The air here is dry  
and dust sometimes fills me  
From within. Everything  
carries the feeling of death and barrens.  
But I am a spot of green;  
my limbs unfurl to fill  
the space around me.

I take up room.

I grow.

Not to fill the world with beauty,  
though I do,  
But for myself.

All things living  
and green

Must grow.