

A meadow's grief

I need a meadow in a forest
where the wildflowers glisten
like stars in the dew
the thunder clouds roll overhead, and I lie there
thinking of the lightning that was in you.

I have put you in a box, and decided to honor you instead.
I can't grieve the loss of you.

There is stillness in the trees, even now
the storm brews in the chatter all around me.

I need the rushing of the river,
the stillness in the lake,
to find that spark of me, that ignited
from you.

I want to wall myself in stones
that come from rocky cliffs
watch the fires burn, as they snuff out all
my grief

I can't grieve the loss of you.

But my hands outstretched
looking for rope, I'm drowning,
so, I grieve you
anyway.