

Grief

A numbness spreads from the center of my heart
Like a big needle has entered through
And injected a medication of paralysis
The medication freezes,
soothing and isolating all at once
Spreading to my toes and the top of my head,
Cutting off the world and its shadows
Desensitization is a gift that detaches
And I bask in the sensory silence.
But my son hugs me, his tiniest hands just reaching my arms
flashes me a smile, one of hope and purity
“Mommy, at least we have the two of us” he says
With warmth and love, my soul glows,
And with it, a tsunami of pain and sorrow
The wind is knocked out of me, I gasp for breath
Desperate, I grasp at the nothingness
But it begs to be felt—all of it.
Love comes when you allow yourself to hope
But to hope is to embrace the possibility of failure and hurt
With this, I allow myself to strengthen
Because the only way out is through.
Tomorrow isn’t guaranteed
But I close my eyes and brace myself
It washes over me and I am alive.

Love and Liberation

I reconnected with a loved one the other day.

It was simple-a quick reminder of “I care about you viscerally”

I was struck by how immediately the anxiety dissipated from my clouded mind

how deeply the relief washed over my tense shoulders,

how easily the underlying fear and sadness was purged from my heart.

As if all I needed was a moment to feel close to this person,

To remember that we know and see each other,

To feel the aliveness of our relationship.

When does pride come and taint something that merely wants to flourish?

Love is liberation. Truly.

It is the escape to the bondage that our egos keep us in under the illusion of isolated safety.

It is the root of forgiveness, compassion, justice, and everything pure and good.

It is the key to truth, especially to the truth that we are purposeful beings, meant to nurture others and ourselves with care and the softest tenderness.

Owning up to love, allowing its truths to soak into our existence, and living it courageously is terrifying and hard.

We are cowards at the face of openly caring, hiding behind masks of deflection and ignorance.

But nevertheless, we have to do it more.

Trust the process, the universe says.
A cruel message, an undesired lesson
It throws the signs with no room for confusion
“For what?” I ask.
And the universe goes silent.
I know the universe has blessed me, protected me, guided me...
Yet, I still resent its omnipresent powers
And its insistence on the when and how,
But never the why.
Being stubborn is my birthright.
Being anxious is my curse.
I have never questioned them
It’s been easy not to
Because they place things neatly in the categories of black and white.
Too gray, 444 never made sense.
Why should I let down my worries?
Why should I sacrifice and suffer through loss?
Why should I understand when I don’t feel understood?
Why should I question what’s right when what I see is clearly wrong?
I don’t know the answer. Maybe I’ll never figure it out.
The universe comforts me,
gifts me with listening ears, a big heart, and working hands
Even if not clarity or certainty.
I guess the unknown itself is the exercise,
The journey to discovery and peace.
Utterly terrified, but hopeful in the promise,
I surrender.

White

Lately, blank pages stare at me
Offering the entirety of its vast, empty white
Its generosity is daunting, too trusting
And I fear my scribbles might blemish.

I flip through my old writing, on grief and love
In hopes of a reminder so irrevocably true
That I, too, am an artist with something to share
To a world that is famished for anything thrilling,
If not sincere

But all I see are imperfections
Words that need changing,
Phrases that need tweaking,
Beliefs that need maturing,
Big, resounding sentiments that need diluting

So I turn to the emptiness instead,
Searching within for a morsel of me
That can be turned into something alluring
Though what I really want
Is to be inspiring.