

My cousin Tanea, Grandma, Grandpa, Uncle Bobby.
I remember what loss hurts like
I am familiar with the way grief
Comes and goes in tides
How he spies you
Basking in the sunlight of your perfectly pleasant day
And crumples your face like a piece of paper
He squeezes your heart, wrung out and soggy
Wet with tears that find fresh new ways to well
Even so many years later.
Nostalgia is an old friend
She touches brief smiles on your lips
Reminds you of the wonder you once enjoyed
Running along the gate to her door
Hand to hand, foot to ground
Flying over her heels and laughing.
Joy takes you by the hand
Boisterous and loud
She welcomes you with open arms and a laughter flush with delight
Says forget your sorrow
Says this ache
This pain is but a temporary symptom
She reminds me there is still beauty
Joy guides me to revel in this moment
This moment. This here. This now.
She fills my cup with warmth and sunshine
Acknowledging the sheer hope of our existence.
Chirping birds and radiant color