

~ what grief is ~

no one told me that the reason grief multiplies uncontrollably is because it is a stubborn imp who purposely denies my pleas for it to stop growing dividing invading the crevices of my body at will, and to die when it should. they shoulda told me grief's not mutually exclusive

so that every time i see my father with another child in his arms on one side of the pavement whilst caressing the neckback of his new wife on the other side, i would understand that grief can climb six feet thru di earth and regrow lungs

i forget these two things can take place at the exact same time but then, of course, who else except him would have the audacity to regenerate into the bodies of good men to taunt me with everything i would've been had he tried hard enough?

i am of the belief that grief is like an eclipse, proof that one heavenly body assimilating the shadow of another heavenly body means i am his reincarnation, born angry like oscillating iterations of the men before me, so aligned i cannot fully block 'em out

perhaps if i'd struck a better bargain with the celestials, i could've traded powder poured into little paper bombs with a video tape of *the evil dead* in the hope i'd laugh hard enough to cough him back out, alive and warm atop my right hand. though deep down i know if he had another chance

at life, he'd still gamble it away on late noons full of strangled throats that's why i haven't told anyone about how the deal i made caused him to fall into a dark tunnel, whereupon, instead of being the bigger person, i compressed him into a single point until he disappeared from view completely

which leads me to question that if grief cannot be seen by the naked eye, how do i know it's really there? it's taken pretty bubbles blown in my direction to notice how grief bends around me, being pulled into me so strongly that nothing, not even light, life, or answers can escape.

no one told me grief's measured by the knotted increments that remain,
like overlapping labyrinths depressed onto melted elements — grief, in essence,
fashioned into a city of bismuth crystals, so tantalisingly intricate i wanna pull
apart its components, atom by atom, just so i can fucking feel something again

but that's not the way things are done around here. apparently the point is
to let grief cool rapidly, let it oxidise before brighter days can crystallise, let it
reach a chill low enough to pause hearts until springtime. when the cycle repeats,
i finally understand why our relationship will always be alive but never truly living

alive, but thawed only by the process of ironed school shirts, american conspiracy theories,
and the promise to give this home-wrecker hell until my father's legacy is either avenged
or i accept that his love was just a record scratch on a vinyl from 1995. i heard somewhere
life won't always be ten shades of grey — i wouldn't know tho, since i'm not there yet