

Complicated Grief

Hail Mary, Mother of Sorrow
soft, measured breath, Hail Mary.
Once again I ask for your comfort,
I seek your protection,
a share of your grace.
Hail Mary, spare me from myself against myself;
remind me of the depth of love.

I know loss;
I walk with the shadow of love.
I know that the darker the shadow,
the brighter the source
the greater the light.
This should be cause for rejoicing,
but I am the shadow;
the voice of the final note
of a song that was not mine.

Complicated grief belongs to me;
Complicated grief belongs to those who promise
to speak for other who can not.
In witness of suffering and silence,
we speak words of permission to die.
Complicated grief belongs to those who do the impossible;
heroes of trust belong to complicated grief.

Protect my broken heart from well meaning reassurances;
preserve my sadness against superficial cures.
Hear my lament, I ask no more and no less.
Keep me whole in a world intolerant of sorrow;
Let me own my feelings. Hail Mary,
hold me as tenderly as I my broken heart.

Hail Mary, Holy Lady always with me...
Look! See the Angel with storm cloud wings
revealing bright moon light for a quick moment
at four in the morning on a sleepless night.

Let each moment transform in its own time.
Send me a promise of peace.