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Subject: Joy comes in the Mourning

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My heart
Once I thought it was whole
I knew it had four chambers
Muscles pumping blood

Now I know my heart
Is more
Many chambered
Dividing with each of
My life's loves:
Chambers for parents, siblings,
My husband, my friends,
Chambers for my children.

I wonder
What my heart looks like now.
Do the chambers darken at death?
As my parents die,
One by one,
Now my daughter.

Is my heart now
A Victorian house
Draped in black
Keeping the sun out?

It seems so wrong
To keep places of love,
Even in my heart,
Dark, silent, mournful, drear.
Surely their lives
Demand more than that
From me.

Mornings are the dawn.
The end of night.
I choose to focus on
My memories of love.

May my mourning
Brings the dawn
Returning laughter,
Light and Joy
To the darkened chambers
Healing to my
Broken heart.