

# Does the Body Ever Get Familiar with Grief?

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*-For Oby, Albert, Quadri, and everyone who left us too early*

Does the body ever get familiar with grief?  
This sinking, this drowning  
Going underwater and unable to find an anchor

Does one ever get used to sorrow?  
The smile on the face of a stranger  
The singsong laughter of a passer-by  
A look that reminds of exactly  
How much you loved life

Is there a day when one finally forgets?  
This broken-down edifice  
The ruin of what use would have been a magnificent temple  
How you were wrested from us  
The cold embrace of death  
clamping her ugly hands around you

Do the memories ever fade?  
Another birthday comes along  
The memories resurge again

and threatens to choke  
The what-ifs besiege our facade of healing

We would try to banish the tears  
Console ourselves with thoughts of a life well lived  
Make rings of joy around memories that grate  
Turn away lest the world see our hurting soul

Would this body ever get familiar with grief?  
We learn to live past the hurt  
The good ones never see the light of day  
The world remains a place too cold for angels  
\*“It’s too cold outside for angels to fly”  
\*From Ed Sheeran’s A Team- It’s too cold outside for angels to fly

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