

# 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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