



Your Grief For What You've Lost Holds A Mirror

Your grief for what you've lost
holds a mirror
Up to where you're bravely
working.
Expecting the worst, you look
and instead,
Here's the joyful face you've
been wanting to see.
Your hand opens and closes and
opens and closes.
If it were always a fist or always
stretched open,
You would be paralyzed.
Your deepest presence is in
every small contracting and
expanding
The two as beautifully balanced
and coordinated
As bird wings.



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