

Did you know
c r y i n g is six letters trying
To hold together
A few gauzy tears from
Some small cruelty
And the wrenching of a soul
From its body when its body
Is no longer a home?

I know

What it looks like when agony
Wrings out a body
When pain twists someone
Into an unfamiliar, frightening shape.

I heard mortal fear
Once
And then after
I hear it again
In so many mouths
It jolts me awake
Once
And then after,
Again
and again.

I know

All of this
Again and again
All of this
Compacts
Into these five letters:
g r i e f—

I am here.