

Grief

Last night I walked up an unlit road
and when I looked up
saw clouds speed across the moon,
the shape of a moment
that caught me days ago
almost illumined in such turbulence
as those filaments untangled,
lingered for an instant
but rushed on.

In that moment
as if I were a feverish child
a cool hand touched my forehead
sinking like the journey of the horse's hooves
down through snow,
the rhythm they struck
on the frozen planking of the bridge
until I was there
in the wide current again
where I heard something in another's grief
that made me see beyond my own.

*You held me and cried with me
and let me go
and then you moved with me again
until you knew to let me go.*

Then we let each other go.
I was in a rocking place
where nothing was certain
where finally I found a voice

I barely knew was mine.

Then I needed answers to go on,
but what comes back now
is all that's unfinished,
blurred arc
where the angels still murmur
in their unintelligible voices,
where that vapor trails
forms into something,
perhaps the coldness in me now,
then rushes on.