

Grief Walks With You
by Rob O'Flanagan

Grief is always walking with you.
Snub it, still it stays close,
following at a distance,
or undercover.

Say hello, it says hello back,
comes along side, a hand
on the shoulder.
'I'm here for you. Are you
here for me?'

Run, hide.
Curse it as a foe.
Drink it to a blur.
Say, 'No, no, I'm
fantastic. I'm good.'

Or bring it in close,
listen to it groan.
Give it time, it will tell
you what is missing,
share the love locked
up in it.