Grieving

First emptiness
and energy too intense to move, rooting me.
Then pain,
the kind where you double over in the middle
unsure if you will ever stand again.
Then the reaching, methodical and steady,
the plodding animal hoping
for the logic in detail to naturally reveal itself
and paint a picture somehow rosy
to cover the uncertainty.
Then the stuffing that will surely quiet
the hollow aching in my belly
for certainty was not forthcoming
and reason has gone out the window.
Now the dizzy wheeling
unsure where to go or what to do
I simply spin in place
but this is no Sufi turning.
More like a top run wild or a centrifuge
where instead of grounding in a single thread
all my parts are separating.
Six months in and this is where I am,
each phase born of the other
and frequently repeating.
Right now I am lost in a frantic frenzy
bouncing off of everything.
People don’t know how to help me
and the only peace I ever find
is sitting meditation
which I can’t sustain, even knowing it a friend.

Cannot befriend myself. 
Instead, I seem to cling to the dizzy,
disconnected state where
I make wrong turns and bad decisions
and cannot stomach others’ presence
sometimes even for a minute.
The only ground I’ve found for all my efforts
whether running toward or swiftly away
has been a knowing I will never find
that which I seek,
redemption through understanding.
With your leaving all possibility of that
left with you and instead
you have given me a gift
so beyond my ability to take in
I founder and balk
and wonder at your trusting me
with such a huge responsibility:
to accept what is for its “is-ness” only
and to acknowledge your right to your decision
though it grieves me sorely.
Never able to say your taking your life
the right thing, nor either that it was wrong.
Living with this “is-ness” only,
holding my not knowing
without judging either way,
is the hardest work I have ever done
and without a doubt the most worthy.

Kristen Spexarth
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