

Grief/ These waves

These waves

These waves crashing like the wake of a ferry boat

And then calm quiet stillness - normalcy

Nothing - forgetting

And then guilt

They always ask "were you close?"

As though the way I answer is a test

A test to rate how much sympathy I deserve

Or

A test to determine how sad and fucked up I am allowed to feel

And then these waves

These waves that make me feel like I need to explain my entire family history

All the trauma, all the heartache, the pain

all the shame and the loss, the doubt

And then the love, the healing

The joy and the pride

These waves

These waves that make me wonder

Don't they know that I missed out on it all?

All the closeness

And don't they know about the schools?

About all of it? The land? The animals? The camas meadows?

Do they know these waves feel like a knife

In an old familiar wound

A wound I've known long before this life of mine

These waves

These waves crashing against me

At first they push me closer

But then these waves pull me further and further away