

The quiet rush of one break is all we really know,
Shortly followed by mercurial madness.
Is there shame in graceful acceptance?
Acceptance of what we cannot control?
Surely not as much as submissive defeat.
It seems as if nothing is more revealing than that of the bathroom floor,
When our sorrows flood from our innate need to present as if nothing is wrong,
Even when we know things could never be worse.
It once seemed that trivial matters were all that plagued me,
Until I found what true pain was.
It soon occurred to me that I had long been precariously waiting to fall apart,
Haunted more so by the fear itself rather than accepting the downfall.
I was midnight and worry was the hand of a clock.
There for twelve hours, I thought that maybe I was free,
Until the clock struck twelve and the hand hit me again.
Everytime the bell tolled, it all came flooding back.
Some things, I wish I could hold onto forever,
But I have learned that holding on can be more painful than letting go.
Some things are meant to be an impermanent glimpse of light,
Beautiful more so in the memory that they leave.
Time as they say heals most wounds,
And it isn't until the prospect of impermanence that you realize how rare such a light is.

I wrote this poem about one of my best friends who means everything to me, and about what I felt when she was diagnosed with cancer. This poem is about all of the people who have brought so much into my life, and is dedicated to the people who I have lost and have feared losing. There is a certain predictability about mortality in our lives that can slightly ease the pain of loss, and that is that no one is immune to the transience of life. However, this poem is also about the uncertainty of life, and how though this uncertainty can be beautiful, it can also be calamitous.