



*Grief's River Song*

Grief

Is a song

We sing to God

And He sings back

To us.

An aching sonnet

A haunting duet.

A *right* joining in

With His heart for the world.

A deep running river,

Its colour changing,

Its nuance flowing,

The flow of grief,

Shrinking, growing.

Sometimes lonely, icy and blue.

Like a vein from the brutal Alps.

Sometimes a deep red, dark and sticky

Like Egypt's ancient curse.

And always, always,

We are scared

We are *so* scared

Of drowning.

So we keep far away from it  
Stay away from the shore of it  
Terrified that if we dip-slip into it  
We might never come out of it  
We might struggle, to no avail,  
We might sink in grief, and drown.

But grief is not the greatest  
Force that there is  
Grief is not the longest road  
To traverse  
Grief is not the darkness  
It is made out to be  
It's just another body  
Of water.

So I,  
I am learning  
To swim *and* to sing  
And I find comfort  
In the sacred, prayerful aspects, of grief's  
River Song.  
And we choose  
To keep singing  
Our tears.

And we choose  
To keep swimming  
Along.  
For we do not swim alone,  
As we choose  
To keep sharing  
God's song.

**Miriam Dale**