



*The Grey, the Fury,
and the Flood*

Bowed under yet again.

Buried under what could've been ... and should've been ...
now lost forever, leaving only shards of pain.

Moving through this grey ... this fog that never lifts ...
this wrap that pretended to be comfort. A weight that takes my breath.

If it were black ... or white ... I could see it. Name it. Fight it.
It's strange how the stark intensity can sometimes make one more alert.
But this blanket of never-ending grey is a weight too heavy and it hurts.

I cannot lift my head too high to hope for the light, to see the sun,
to even lift my face to God, if perhaps he may see
and smile kindly on me.

If I lift my head too high, will those around me call me arrogant?
Or smug? Or blaspheme my longing for some solace from the chorus
of those in heaven, promising to restore us?

One degree too high and now shame avalanches on me
and I am enclosed once again within the sorrow.

Tumultuous is this pain.
I'm careening over the rocks in this river of tears,
after another and another and yet another current pulls on me

dragging me under the roaring flood.

Bent over in sorrow, arched back by the next wave.

Rounded down and hounded up, prisoner to this cruel force.

It circles and cycles me,

over and over me,

tossing me without mercy

in this grey and fury and flood.

Clawing my way above the waterline and to the shore,

barely erect now, trudging through sorrow,

stumbling in the mud of it,

struggling through the blood of it.

It has undone me.

Wrapped around my feet. My legs. My torso. My heart. It's now a second skin.

Strangling away my voice, rendering me silent.

I can no longer hear my own heart.

Everything in me feels dead. I fear it's won.

It *has* won.

On the wind comes a brief but welcome scent.

One flash of a sweet memory.

One kind word that feels so shimmery, fresh from a secret treasury ...
and awakenings come again.

I turn my face towards ...

My soul begins to unfurl, unwrapping the curl of hope I thought was dead.

I hear some kindness in The Voice that gently asks me:

Where have you come from?, then pausing as I answer,

“I have come from the grey and the fury and the flood.”

It asks me further: *Where are you going ... and may I come?*

In my brief pause, I hear The Voice again: *I see you. I hear you. This is not the whole
of the story of you.*

I see you,

*not as you **should** be,*

*not as **you** would be,*

but perfect, refined through all you've withstood.

Free.

But this new skin, it must remain and grow.

You'll learn to wear it lightly

As it refines and defines and realigns you

And burnishes your heart more brightly.

It will teach you and equip you.

*It **will** fit you.*

*You'll move gracefully ... eventually.
It will shimmer with hope to the next soul lost
in the grey and the fury and the flood.*

I watch as Life is being written on every shard of pain,
every single thing
that's spilled out of this precious bag of mine,
scattered around, seemingly consigned
to loss and sorrow for all time.

I pick through the wreckage and find some remnants of former hopes and joys.
My heart is warmed.
I recognise them, for they are the same.
But wait, they're greatly altered now.
Transformed.

The wind brings back The Voice to me:
*Blessed are those who mourn ...
Who have known the grey and the fury and the flood.*

Deborah Warren

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