

The Human Condition

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Artist's statement:

This poem about grief reflects the Journal's mission of supporting work in the area of health and well-being. It is a reminder to the reader (whether healer, sufferer, or observer) that recovery from grief is an individual process and that awareness of this universal condition does not necessarily ease the pain. Isolation is a frequent characteristic of bereavement and often simply being present is the most valuable response a friend, family member, or practitioner can provide.

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Something universal
Pangs of separation, a sea
of grief so vast it will be years
before we glimpse the other shore

How many times, centuries, millennia
has this been expressed?
Little solace in the particular,
in the moment
Knowing
that others have experienced
this darkness.

The light of hope,
That human light that glimmers
under the crack of the closed door
(tomorrow, perhaps ever so slightly ajar)

Some knock and leave.
Thank you to those
who tarry outside, whispering,
“We know you're in there.”

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