

The Loss

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In the end, it's all allowed.

It is all okay.

It is all true.

My peace,

My pain,

My life,

My death,

My feathers,

My falling bones,

Can this all exist in the same realm?

Over and over

I wrestle with the same question,

I long for resolve,

And yet

I don't know.

What is left of an individual?

Realization hits,

When sorrow and

Loss occurs all over again.

So I wake up and then

I am reminded of life,

The sun tickles my nose

(now read each line in the opposite order, bottom to top)