

The Agony of Grief By Stephanie Ericsson

What is there to say about grief?

Grief is a tidal wave that overtakes you, smashes down upon you with unimaginable force, sweeps you up into its darkness, where you tumble and crash against unidentifiable surfaces, only to be thrown out on an unknown beach, bruised, re-shaped, and unwittingly better for the wear.

Grief means not being able to read more than two sentences at a time. It is walking into rooms with intentions that suddenly vanish. Grief is three-o'clock-in-the-morning sweats that won't stop. It is dreadful Sundays, and Mondays that are: no better. It makes you look for a face in a crowd, knowing full well there is no such face to be found in that crowd. Grief is utter aloneness that razes the rational mind and makes room for the phantasmagoric.

It makes you suddenly get up and leave a meeting in the middle, without saying a word. Grief makes what others think of you moot. It shears away the masks of normal life and forces brutal honesty out of your mouth before propriety can stop you. It shoves away friends- scares away so-called friends, and rewrites your address book for you.

Grief makes you laugh at people who cry over spilled milk right to their faces. It tells the world that you are untouchable at the very moment when touch is the only contact that might reach you. It makes lepers out of upstanding Citizens.

Grief discriminates against no one, it kills- it maims- it cripples. It is the ashes from which the phoenix rises, and the mettle of rebirth. It returns life to the living dead. It teaches that there is nothing absolutely true, or untrue. It assures the living that we know nothing for certain.

It humbles. It shrouds. It blackens. It enlightens. Grief will make a new person out of you if it doesn't kill you in the making.