

Grief Has No Welcome Garment

by Philip F. Clark

Grief has no welcome garment;
it picks through its broken toys --
the horse with its ragged tail, the headless
doll, the dollhouse of empty rooms,
the constant falling across what is broken.
It tries on various clothes: patience,
anger, commiseration -- but they drop,
looming on the floor.

It tastes its milk of suicide, bitter
in the mouth. It feeds on the eventual.
It takes in its hands stopped clocks,
urging their single hours, trying
to unwind the undone. It falters, halts,
hangs in mid-sentence the awful 'Why?'
its tone-deaf question, and aimless walking.
Twice burned, it buries its graves.

