

Untitled Grief

I will give you a title for a poem, you said,

It is this:

“Grief for anticipated but as yet unrealised loss”.

It is a very long title, I said,

(surprised by your offering),

And what are the losses? I asked

People we love, now moving away, you said

And people we love getting old.

It is about us too, I thought. We are getting older

And one day there will be one of us here and not the other.

Already we hardly know ourselves

Nothing is as it was

But life is all love and loss

It is all loving and letting go

And love is soft ground where grief may grow.