



GRIEF IS LIKE A RIVER

My grief is like a river,
I have to let it flow,
but I myself determine
just where the banks will go.

Some days the current takes me
in waves of guilt and pain,
but there are always quiet pools
where I can rest again.

I crash on rocks of anger;
my faith seems faint indeed,
but there are other swimmers
who know that what I need

Are loving hands to hold me
when the waters are too swift,
and someone kind to listen
when I just seem to drift.

Grief's river is a process
of relinquishing the past.
By swimming in hope's channels,
I'll reach the shore at last.

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