

“Healing Comes in Waves”

They told me grief was like an ocean

I pictured the days I spent at the beach...

The joy from jumping in the waves

Breezy, cleansing, exciting, & inviting

The refreshing water

Blue, calm, clear, & fresh

The relaxing sound

Serene, inspiring, consistent, & faint

Eating the fruit and sandwiches my mom brought in coolers

Blissful, happy, joyful, & relaxing

The games I played with my friends

Friendly, grand, energizing, & boundless

The sunshine on my skin

Dreamy, gentle, peaceful, & constant

I pictured all the things I knew to be true of the ocean

I forgot all the things it also is...

All the things that healing is

The aching of my chest when I felt my heart physically break

Deep, heavy, crashing, & humbling

It's the nights I spent crying myself to sleep

Consuming, sleepless, restless, & exhausting

The anxiety attacks that I couldn't control

Shaking, disorienting, unpredictable, & frantic

The constant wondering of why I wasn't good enough

Unyielding, raging, intense, & confusing

The waiting for them to come back

Aching, crying, distant, & secluded

Trying to figure out how to make it stop

Unconquerable, desperate, vast & endless

I am here in this ocean of grief

The waves constantly hitting me

knocking me down

leaving me unable to come up for air

I'm lost

I'm drowning

I'm sinking

But the water is quiet

the feeling is healing

and hurt is forgiving

Maybe it is true that with the waves comes healing