

Grief

It came slowly, the shaking, first
the fingers then hands taking a
life of their own; up down across
no sense or rhythm to the movement.

Jaw dropping mouth opening seeking
words which do not appear, phrases
that run away from her and the foot
stamping trying to start the speech
to voice the torment.

Eyes now frantic searching looking
for denial seeking affirmation that
all is well, hands finding face
elicit a heart rending howl that
emanates from the very core of
the soul.

Hands cover eyes that have no tears
blasted dry by the horror enfolding
in her mind, realisation of nothing
but the truth to be accepted brings
crashing pain of a rupture in the
heart; allowing the anguish to finally
release the bitter salty tears of grief

Tears to wash the realisation over
every pore of her being dropping
upon her heart as a thief robbing
the rhythm and tearing flesh like
a disturbed thief.

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