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Taste of Grief

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Poetry

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When my grandfather died,
the house became alive.
Grief in the shape of
dumplings piling onto the
kitchen counter, soup
boiled over the stove for
hours upon hearing that
my grandfather had to be
rushed to the hospital.
Easily, condolences
decorated the front of
our doors, sofa, chairs.
Our way of doing things
was to hold sorrow in the
corners of our teeth. Only
children were allowed
to suffer openly. Inside
these four walls, small
talk and chatter of good
memories and moments.
Weeks melted into months,
Mother and I tended
to our unhealed wounds.
Our grief like plums,
sat underneath our
tongues, growing more sour
and sweet with time.
Even when the talk of the
town became something else,
I could not let go so with
little fanfare. I shrunk and
pruned, folded into myself.

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None declared.

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