

The Ship of Grief with a Hull of Ash and Caffeine

it took not a journey, but a demise
that caused my pieces to fray
unlike the ship of Theseus
that came before me
it was the loss of you — the root of my decay

a piece of me cannot help but cry
when the air is laden with brew
the traces of cigarette smoke
that used to trail it
make me instinctively manifest you

a piece of me hates the television
i can't bear to put it on
because what if i pass your favorite channel,
a game show or news cast,
or hear your favorite song?

a piece of me roams the super market
oblivious to my ache
that i have a cart full of items
only you would request
my woes masked as a mistake

a piece of me battles with a book
each word nostalgic of a time
where we'd use the sunset
to illumine our reading
and laugh between each line

a piece of me finds the spring time cruel
april, a dreadful reminder
of how the sky can glint
and flowers can dance
but the circle of life no kinder

a piece of me drives with the windows down
on the hummingbird, no less
because if reincarnation exists
you'd come back as the wind
emancipated, vast, and boundless

a piece of me knows faith is a vessel
that propels us to believe
but your strength alone
was enough to convince us
that you could never leave

a piece of me is afraid of the love
that comes from my grieving heart
for if i give what is left
and their departure is next
they too will take a part

a piece of me fails to fear death
or whatever waits beyond
for it's my only hope to see you again
an opportunity, a chance
a way to mend our bond

you would show me your valleys and mountains
the ones you dreamt of before
oh how you must roam them!
with pride in your laborious stride
and that smile I adore

the planks of the ship that rotted with wear
were replaced, better and new
contrary to the pieces of me
that have not been fixed
have i become what i've gone through?

should i throw away these spoiled pieces
that i've come to know so well
to build back better
stronger, bolder
in a way that no one can tell?

or should i fall victim to the comfort
of a grief grounded in pain
let the pieces settle
and succumb like a petal
who's never seen the rain?

i have an answer to the philosopher's query
if i am different or the same
with pieces new and old
hurt and unscathed
i believe the roots of my core remain

for it is the core you had created
roots grafted for me alone
able to withstand your absence
and emptiness that followed
but with a sail still to be flown

i've embraced this dichotomy of life
that Theseus did not ponder
all because you existed
and held my pieces together
enough for my ship to wander

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