

stoodley pike

grief arrives and for some
never leaves
I'm not good at grieving
don't know how
despite the many I've lost

but I do remember
storing memories
in treasured objects
habits and places

apparently you walked here
perhaps we came together
it matters not
this landscape you loved
hiking a pleasure we shared

you were a towering presence
all my life
hard to ignore
as much a part of me
as this monument
to this place
visible for miles around

perhaps part of grief
is mourning the space
left behind
you are not here to ask
not here to call with news
not here to hold me
in your best dad hug

I want you to know
I remember what matters
like sun on my skin
you waken my senses
I celebrate you
in the living of my honest life

your ashes flew from me
so fast on the wind
which felt fitting
you never held me back
let me take
which ever path I chose
no matter how baffling
you let me go

I've already let you go
don't need your ashes
on a shelf
to remember you by
my life too full
to let grief linger

memories solid
as any stone folly
ever present
a welcome
yet never empty
space