

ANEURYSM

I am having a feeling aneurysm...
weak spots that stretch to onion skin thin but
luckily snap back before they break.

I am safe, with my sisters,
chatting about my husband's cancer, as I so
often do
When I feel it rising,
The bubble of grief.

The why is my chest so tight
I could be drowning grief,
The something's caught in my throat
I could gag grief,
The dangerously full pressure behind my eyes grief,
The dam spilling out under my eyelids,
voice cranked up an octave squeaking through my
too tight gagging throat grief,
And the running, streaming, burning down my cheeks grief.

The salty, sticky tears and snot grief,
The so many tissues wadded up "Are we out?" switch to
toilet paper grief,
The to hell with it I'm using my t-shirt grief,
The words turning to moans grief,
The wait, I must compose myself and life must go on
grief,
and the thank you for listening grief,
and the no, really, I'm O.K. grief, and
and the how is it going?
Oh, we're fine,
grief.

*Tracy Carter
Sondeen*