

Sometimes I Can't Shake This Sadness

Sometimes I can't shake this sadness in spite of all my training.
I can't seem to wish myself into happiness,
Whitewash it with a positive affirmation
or two or twenty.
I cannot kill the thoughts that shatter me,
throw a pretty sofa cover on a raggedy and misshapen couch.
So,
my sadness and I sit uncomfortably together
on worn-out springs.

Annoyance builds like a volcano when others want to name this grief depression,
as if it is a medical condition like a stubbed toe,
or an open wound
easily sutured with needle and thread.
Pop a pill or two and surely that will cure loneliness, because
sadness is nothing more than a chemical imbalance, after all.

Well-meaning loved ones ask me,
"why are you sad?"
not recognizing the question requires justification.

No one has ever asked me to qualify my happiness.

And,
when did we become so intolerant of grief anyway?

Grief is an HIV positive leper.
It is a schizophrenic everyone wants to avoid
throw token compassion across the fence
but, not in my backyard, no.

So, my grief and I,
we hold our own counsel.
Shut the door, dim the lights,
And hold ourselves gently through the long night.