Home

Their love for him implanted in my heart and their grief became my grief, their loss became my loss as I sat present in the fullness of the ache that spread around the room like the shots of tequila ritualizing the loss that could not be softened by any amount of alcohol.

He reached for me then honoring me as the source of his comfort. I could feel my heart expanding further than even I would have believed possible just yesterday.

His grief continues in waves of loss and he shows it freely with not one shred of shame or discomfort. He is open in his suffering then I open in his suffering and

Together We Are Opened.

Something so fine and precious is born through the sadness that sequences through the long night and day. I am acutely aware that it is within these moments that seed blossomed to full bloom. It’s as if all the love that was housed in his friend who passed was passed into me, and he became midwife to the vastness of the lovingness that is in me in him who’s watering eyes my heart now swims in.

I will not tell him yet that his tears might be the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. that this is the moment when me shifted to we and my heart committed of it’s own volition.

Instead, I will softly hold silence until he finds his own way through his grief to arrive here where Home awaits him.

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