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## Selected Poem

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*'How do you*

*Measure grief?'*

I ask my grandmother, as we sit  
beneath the sky-  
the pink peeling away the orange  
in a twilight daze.



*I feel it in my bones-*

*a struggle of memory against patches of skin  
always kept alive-*

*The heart is a private clock,  
and the nose knows what is to come.'*



It's been a year and a half since mamma was taken away,  
and a half since she withered into the ground.

*I have measured this grief against my body-  
A heart beat split into two.*

*The number of days since these hands  
served you food-*

*The number of days since these fingers  
strummed through your hair-*

*The number of days since these eyes  
saw your clothes flutter in the wind-*

*The number of days since this nose  
smelt the assault of dettol against your skin-*

*The number of days since these ears  
heard you haggle with the vendor-*

*The number of days since  
our last meal together went cold-*

*And the number of days since these feet  
went colder.'*



Grief is a measure-  
of the presence of the absence,  
*'the could nots against the would haves-*  
*an act of living, loving, and remembering-*  
*to not forget that Demeter's grief for Persephone*  
*was the absence of summer.'*



And so it sits-  
with a homogenous unease-  
a force, a presence  
*invisible*  
the loss of a mother and a daughter between  
us-  
Grandmother and I,  
its sorrow spun to our bones.