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## It's Complicated (Grief)

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## It's Complicated (Grief)

### Cover Page Footnote

For D, Gone too young, Dearly loved, Forever missed.

It is taking too long.

Isn't time supposed to heal?

It is two years overdue,

my yearning for your presence, your voice, for you.

It is supposed to be a healthy side effect,

a separation response

to be grieving your loss.

Now it is just a heavy coat that I cannot take off.

Those ungrieved were unloved.

Were you loved too much?

Or not enough?

I always wonder.

My memories wander,

often triggered by your favourite Ace of Base song on the radio,

your woody CK perfume scent lingering around the house

or your colourful Liverpool fridge magnets.

I see both of us playing hide and seek in the garden often,

back to the childhood days when we were happy,

hear you chuckle as I try to catch you

while you slow down your roller skates.

I stand to take all of you in.  
A beauty beyond measure  
so fair, so warm,  
living, breathing and free.

Could you hold my hand and steady me once again?  
Did you leave me a note or a how-to manual on the instructions of life?  
Could I have altered the course of things?  
Could I have saved you?

I would like to remember you in your ballet shoes,  
standing gracefully 'en pointe'  
and block out your dancer's heel  
which ravaged your talent.

I hope I will heal someday.  
It might take a little while longer than others,  
but it will begin and end with you  
that much I do know.