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What Stage of Grief

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What Stage of Grief

By Miceala Morano

Gasolines a body into flame with its tears?
Sends birds flying into windows, slick red feathers
rust-burnished in the light? I made this torch of me
to keep myself warm, to prove that matter
cannot be destroyed. What stage of grief
is burning? I think you are still here with me.
Tell me there's a way from pieces to peace.
if i burn long enough do I become
a beacon of light, guiding you back home?
In case of emergency, do not touch the glass.
Allow me to break alone. In case there is a light in me
that dares to go out, tell me the fire was necessary.
Show me the new growth. Forgive me all that comes
After. Forgive me all the ways I failed, your candle
going dark in broad daylight. I wish I could
turn off the sun to bring you back.