

*I'm feeling a bit different today
and I wonder if I'm healing.
I've read about healing
from those who know grief.
But how many of them
have lost what I lost.
How many of them still do not sleep,
or eat or play as they did before.
But today I heard the birds sing,
and wondered where they
had been hiding for so long.
Then it dawned on me that
I have been the one hiding.
My Sorrow has imprisoned me.
Maybe it's time to escape,
time to rediscover the laughter
and replace some of the tears.
Maybe it's time to say yes
to life's opportunities.
I'm not sure that I can do this.
I still feel totally alone,
in the midst of family and friends.
I'm still scared when I think
of facing life's trials without her.
She had absolutely no fear
and showed me such courage.
I don't know if I'm up to it.
But if I can again enjoy
the song of my backyard birds,
maybe my life can return to me
if I work harder at it.
I think that I might want to try.
Maybe the good sleep will return
and food can again taste good.
Maybe the days of aimlessness
can be replaced with purpose.
I think the bird's song was a sign.
It's time to say hello again to who I was and who I can again be.*