# The colour of grief

All these new thoughts about grief walk the old pathways.

The idea, for example, the every particular eases the clarity

of remembrance. That the snail, pearling a lonely path,

scribbles some wondrous undecipherable graffito is,

by her presence, a reminder of that first world of undivided light.

Or the notion,

because there are no two things

that have *exactly* the same colour,

the white stripe of the zebra is not

the same white flight of an egret;

then it follows that no word

can adequately particular a hue’s colour.

And confounded by yellow’s sunniness, red’s road rage

the blue paths’ perpetual sadness, we *mis*-conclude

the hew of a word is an elegy to what it signifies

assuming grief has no colour.

We talked about it into the night.

After a while I understood

talking this way eventually

everything, and every colour, dissolves.

*War, tree, hair, love, woman, you* and *I*, all become

a particular, personal, frequency of light; seen unseen.

There was a man; I remember how holding his hand,

he described memories as flickering films while the sun set.

A dissolving that has become a longing, like grief,

because like desire, it is also full of endless vistas.

I remember so much:

the way his brown eyes could light a dark room,

what he dreamed and lately how he left this world.

In that rare moment,

when his body’s light subsumed all colours,

such tender leaving became the colour of grief.