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## Grief

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To: grassrootsgardensdirector@gmail.com

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Grief

..I tried to put you in a compartment  
But ..  
you would not go  
Instead down my cheek  
You began to flow.

Flow like the tears of a mother  
Who is tired of losing her son  
they ARE all our sons  
When it is said and done.

Every time a bullet flies  
It lands upon my chest  
every mother's sleepless night  
Invades our rest.

You know  
the kind of night  
Where sleep gives way to tears  
What now can a community do  
When night turns into years?

I tried to put you in a compartment  
So a job I could complete  
But ..  
you refused to yield  
So I warred with defeat.

How successful can you feel  
Watching young black boys die?  
How successful can you feel  
With no answers to the question why?

Why are mother's crying  
why do black boys die each day  
Why Lord don't you hear my cry  
And take this pain away?

I tried to put you in a compartment  
In a compartment you would not go  
Instead you spoke of things  
.. you thought I should know.

Things like grief consuming  
In what compartment should it fit?  
Like a cup filled to overflowing  
In what compartment should I put it?

I have no healing words  
No catchy things to say  
I am trying to hold back tears

That will not go away .

I tried to put you into a compartment  
to fulfill obligations of the day  
But you oh grief  
would not go away.

Sit in me ! I heard you scream  
Stop trying to deny  
you are tired of murders  
You want to scream and cry.

Cry for the mourning families  
for grieving communities too  
Cry for the hidden brokenness  
That has been pushed down by you.

No more room for compartments  
No room for a plastered on smile  
Ok grief I yield to you  
If but only for a while.

I will allow myself to sit in you  
acknowledge you are real  
I will not put you in a compartment  
To you today I yield.

I will release the tears  
years put away  
I will not walk in the fear  
Of you being revealed today.

I will give you space  
To no compartment will you be contained  
I will sit in you boldly  
No image to maintain.

Today I will mourn  
today I will cry  
tomorrow I'll walk  
And will not deny.

from compartments  
I will set you free !  
Realize you have become  
Part of the strength in me.

Gerldine Wilson

