



Pathways through Grief

Part of the Grief Information Series from Spicer-Mullikin Family Aftercare Services

TURNING POINT

Dawn does not so much break as it happens.
Dark slides into light so slowly my eyes
Adjust without thought, as faint pink ribbons
Turn to streamers of orange in eastern skies.
So goes my grief with no strident fanfare.
Sadness and grieving have been all I know,
Then, for a brief moment, it is not there.
Imperceptibly then the moments grow,
Until I laugh without guilt. Life's more worthwhile,
I don't feel as compelled to visit the grave.
I can remember some good times and I smile.
There was nothing dramatic and I have
Had no revelation, no special thing.
I just felt a bit better sometime last spring.

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