

## Colanders

It's not so much that the pain becomes less significant or less prominent even....

It's just that it changes (they say)....  
Rather than concentrating itself in one area -  
like twisted daggers stabbing into our core and cracking us  
open

...leaving us naked,  
exposed,  
and broken...

The pain instead disperses itself across the entire corpus  
like little pinpricks in the sky...

allowing sadness  
to seep through  
in a veil of  
synchronized  
movements...

(we are colanders in robes of angst)...and this (they say) is  
progress...transformation

As if grief well-behaved is no longer grief but something entirely new.