

# MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side  
of our profession and our lives*

*Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor*

## Grief

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It is not easy to be  
the one who remains, who remembers.  
Like the pain of a missing limb,  
a seeker without a lodestar  
smells despair rooted in the  
rebarbative mold of death.

Emptiness envelops;  
entropy rules and  
inanimation prevails. Moving  
becomes a series of staying  
in place. Brownian motion  
accomplishes nothing.

Well-intentioned gestures grate;  
the touch of a friend  
abrades the flesh.  
Breathing becomes a task;  
the feldspar  
and quartz of grief  
hinder breath.

Mourning is unbecoming,  
an indulgence.  
Take a page from Yeats's

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grave, casting “a cold eye  
on life, on death.....  
Traveler, pass by.”

How to reassemble life  
from salvaged parts of  
immortal dreams?  
The scent of hope swirls  
in the metamorphosis of time  
to smooth the jagged contours.

No tectonic shifts reverberate.  
Tincture of time and liminal events  
chisel apertures of light  
through the dark chasm.

While what was lost  
is ever present,  
we can transcend, maybe conquer,  
the existential pain. A stream  
of strength forging the way,  
animation returns.  
Eventually.