

Denise Levertov
To speak of sorrow
works upon it moves it
from its crouched place
barring the way to and
from the soul's hall.

Undressing (Rumi)
Learn the alchemy true human beings know.
The moment you accept what
troubles you've been given,
the door will open.
Welcome difficulty, as a familiar comrade.
Joke with torment brought by the Friend.
Sorrows are the rags of old clothes
and jackets that serve to cover,
and then are taken off.
That undressing, and the naked body underneath,
is the sweetness that comes after grief.

The Uses of Sorrow
(In my sleep I dreamed this poem)
Someone I loved once gave me
a box full of darkness.

It took me years to understand
that this, too, was a gift.

Oliver, Mary. Thirst: Poems (p. 52). Beacon Press. Kindle Edition.

Rashani
The Unbroken

There is a brokenness
out of which comes the unbroken,
a shatteredness
out of which blooms the unshatterable.
There is a sorrow
beyond all grief which leads to joy
and a fragility
out of whose depths emerges strength.

There is a hollow space
too vast for words
through which we pass with each loss,
out of whose darkness
we are sanctioned into being.

There is a cry deeper than all sound
whose serrated edges cut the heart
as we break open to the place inside
which is unbreakable and whole,
while learning to sing.