

Caroline Urbina

The Seven Stages to Grieving a Little Songbird

Little
Songbird,
Tune to life's
disparity. Fly
ing closer to the
clouds mesmeriz
ing our ears with
your chips of
gine. It feels as
though your voi
ce vibrates throu
gh nature ever so
playfully. Sing your
song, and match ou
r eternal love for yo
ur voice and how lo
st glimmering irises
seem without you.
The winds move me
nts are not compara
ble to your chimes, y
our rhythm, and lega
cy left behind for us
to piece back togeth
er and cherish. We
know not how to
cope with missi
ng your radiant
smile, and warm
presence. We can
only manifest your
likeness, but we wo
uld be ab le to ident
ify the co ntrast. Ste
p by step your absen
t shadow lingers in
our mind s actively.
Leaving t ear stained
memori es. For we
did not lo ve you eno
ugh when your voice
sang to us beautiful
harmonie s, of your s
oullfulness. forgive us,
for not prot ecting you
r soul when your hear
t was still
thum ping away.

filled my heart so tenderly. Voice so
contagious that it hurts my chest whenever
I hear it, it all feels so
painful to live without you here. My
vices call, booming my name through narrow
corridors. My shoulder scraping against the walls
of this room brimmed with sorrow. Almond

mezcal is not what I need but

grief craves in my desperate solace. Forced
to live another day without you, but
meant to spend eternity loving you so.

There are no ending credits that play
after you're gone. So, goodnight, you hold
part of my love capsulated in time.

Stilled in time my mind knows not
what to do. Heart magnetized to the
ground but disbelief stiffly leaves my lips.
As I imagine dialing to hear your
tone but scared of the endless ring
that will follow. Why was it your
life that had to be taken? All

that is left are images trailed in
my heart of your smile and laughter
ironed into my memory. It doesn't seem
plausible because you were supposed to live
endlessly, we're you not? Who allowed you
to leave so rapidly like flames extinguished,
leaving flickeeing embers blowing away with time.

My head pounding, lungs enraged and stomach
ached with stress. How much will it
take to bring you back, because I
can't imagine life without you here. Clear
my funds, faith and love—take it
all. Please tell me it's not true,
who do I pay off to take

it back. Your life carried more value,
so I beg, please come back. I
know, my heart is manipulating my appetite
and my mind is weighing me down
against these inconsolable quilted sheets as these
moist cases rub against my dampened cheeks.
Bring me back to when your love