

Caroline Urbina

The Seven Stages to Grieving a Little Songbird

Little
Songbird.
Tune to life's
doppler, draw-
ing closer to the
clouds mesmeriz-
ing our ears with
your chips of
glass, as well as
though your voi-
ce vibrates throu-
gh nature ever so
playfully. Sing your
song, and we know yo-
ur eternal love for yo-
ur voice and how lo-
st glimmering irises
seen within you.
The winds move-
nts are not compara-
ble to your chimes, y
our rhythm, and lega-
cy. You were made for us
to piece back togeth-
er and cherish. We
know not how to
cope with your
loss, your radiant
smile, and warm
presence. We can
only manifest your
liking, and we wo-
uld be ab- le to ident-
ify the co- ntrast. Ste-
p by step your ab-
sence lingers in
our mind and
Leaving t- ear stained
memori- es. For we
did not lo- ve you end-
ugh when you
sang to us- beautiful
harmonie s, of your s-
oufulness. for- give us,
not prot- t was still
r soul when your hear- away.
thum ping

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 flickering 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