

Grief

I know what grief is, mourning down the aisles, peering through the veil. I am its adept, a natural, billowing gracefully by. Grief's symbolic language flows fluently through me.

Grief is having to buy only black dresses and gauzed hats, polished boots gleaming like the glint of the coffin's plate. Grief is a silent, trudging progress toward a new realisation, a new you.

Pause over the items, hover and reflect, as if they were the body itself. Shed a tear. Acknowledge the sympathy of the shop assistant and pass on by. Grief is beyond society, economy. It moves in its own time, with our usual measures, unbound by material or financial considerations. But don't go over the top in despondency. The usual constraints will soon resume afterwards; money will always catch up with you, sooner or later; be sparing. Besides, what you buy now only has to last a few weeks.

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