

## Tsunami

Grief comes in waves.  
I didn't see you coming.  
I'd kept guard for three years  
then packed away the sandbags.

My desert island,  
so far from the epicenter of you,  
I didn't think you'd ever  
shake me again.

Your shifting  
should have gone unnoticed,  
your movements  
unannounced,

never again to ripple  
my safe harbour.  
But the news crashed  
through me

like a tsunami,  
tore up my shallow roots,  
shredded the new growth,  
left me like driftwood.

Grief comes in waves,  
hits without warning.  
You can't fight the ocean,  
only try not to drown.

So I will lie here  
till my sodden splinters dry  
and the sand beneath me is solid.  
Even now, I can feel the tsunami receding,

trickling back  
to the rocks tears puddle under,  
to hide in the hollows of me,  
seeping away in streams

to wherever grief goes,  
to be still,  
lap quietly,  
and wait.

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