

# *Mourning Many Ways*

She stood crying  
Tears filling her eyes  
Falling on her cheeks  
I sit dry-eyed reciting prayers and psalms.

Do I not mourn?  
Are there no tears in me?  
Do I grieve less than she?

Mourning has no formula  
Statutes may be written  
But no one can command tears  
No imperative can order the broken heart  
Or even establish for whom to mourn or when.

Some hold straight and stoic  
Some are broken when the shovel is turned as the ark is lowered  
Some turn inwards behind closed doors to contain  
The unknown limits of loss.

Differently we mourn  
Silently or out loud  
Reciting the Kaddish full-throated, whispered  
Awaiting the power or memory  
To begin its transformation.

