

Great Grief

Casey

Oh God, so great is grief that grants the means to be inspired
Breathing life again to empathy that I thought had expired
And if my malaise capitulates the lingering emphatic ache, could I succumb to joy again?
Or at least find some relief in familiar pain?

Either way, if I'm to raise my voice again I should celebrate
And take some comfort in knowing that the slow introspection
That I felt in isolation has left me with an elucidated sense of self

And I know that it may not be enough to satiate the phantom ache that I carry in my timbre
But it softly shakes the taut embrace that doubt had once maintained
May flora bloom from every wound that I've volunteered to display

After all, don't I deserve to be happy too?

'Cause there's a bouquet for every misery
An embellishment to all my weaknesses
I'm jubilant in my undoing; you say it should hurt but I don't feel it

So I propose that if I'm able to articulate my woes in communion with an assembly who can relate
Is my pain not a price I should be willing to pay? (Don't I deserve to be happy too?)
What is the worth of a misery if not experienced in jovial company?
There is catharsis to be found in the comfort afforded by our generous despair (Don't I deserve to be happy too?)
So celebrate with me

'Cause there's a bouquet for every misery
An embellishment for all our weaknesses
Be jubilant in our undoing; does it really hurt if you don't feel it now?