

# 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?