

Some things to read when thinking of Hanna's death

in case
some of them
might become
your friends

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Version 1, September 2026
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PART ONE

From Hanna

Turning to meet it

"I didn't see this coming. I don't want this change, I don't want this thing I have no name for yet. And yet it has chosen me. And it has, most likely, chosen to be with me for the rest of my life. With the limited choice that I have, I would like to choose it back. To say, 'Welcome, this is weird, but maybe we can figure out a way to co-exist. Maybe we can partner up and aspire to thriving lives and vital worlds.'"

From Hanna's essay, "Choosing Back," unpublished

From the *Untethered to Rooted* Podcast

hannaduplessis.com/grief-podcast-2024

Grief is Trustworthy

Grief is trustworthy, and we are resilient.

Grief has a way of scratching you open.

You think you grieve one thing and then you realize you are grieving everything.

In the moment of them leaving a greater sense of loss eclipses my world and the moments that follow. I feel like I am missing all my people across all time and space all at once. And then I come back to the taste of coffee, the warmth of a beloved right next to me. I hear the stillness of now.

Everybody bears their particular losses every time in history, has its collective aches. And then there's also the beauty, the joy, the stillness. A hand close by and the taste of coffee. I hope to open experience and be nourished by it all.

Grief is Not What We Think

I have come to see life as a process, and healing as woven into life. My practice is to learn, every day, to yield to what shows up. To be as present to the terror or pain, wonder, beauty and joy as it moves through, allowing myself to be changed.

Grief is not a monolithic experience that will demolish you, it is a gorgeous part of life.

Making us more whole, more connected to each other. It opens us to aqueducts of sustaining joy.

What Grief Asks of Us

Ross Gay says grief is the metabolization of change, and over time I learned the craft of holding space for deep pain to surface and be met with unconditional acceptance.

The grief of a terminal illness is a crushing weight pushing all the air out of your lungs. It is not something I can bear alone.

My practice in mindfulness helps me notice the story I am in, and often I am able to return to the present.

Grappling with What Cannot Be Accepted—Practices

From "Grappling with Acceptance" | okaythen.net/hanna-creative-mornings

I would like to say that I accept what is happening to me, and by "accept" I mean welcome and embrace. But I can't.

I don't want to die before I'm fifty from suffocation, just like I don't want to live in a world that devalues life.

And here you are too. And I know that in your life there is a litany of losses and anticipated grief. Things that happen that we cannot condone. Things that are happening that devastate you.

And yet here we are. Beautiful human beings sitting here, breathing, the precious gift of life in our hands.

So how do we live, how do we feast on this precious gift amidst the pain, loss and hurt and extend that life-sustaining-force outwards? How do we say yes to the mess and co-create with it?

I don't know, but I do know that I wish to be in practice with you. Let us practice.

Practice noticing when we feign faux acceptance and choose to face the hurt instead.

Practice allowing ourselves all the space to rage and hate, but not get stuck there.

Practice noticing when the conversation fixates on blaming others and instead soften into the discomfort underneath.

Practice holding each other in great care when we feel hopeless and would rather opt out.

Practice bringing the devastation into community where we can co-create new rituals and new ways of caring for each other.

Practice trusting each other to hold us and resting. Resting into life's abundance and generosity.

...

From Hanna's Forty-Day Grief Practice (2021)

After her miscarriage in 2021, Hanna committed to a daily grief practice: twenty minutes of writing each day for forty days. These excerpts come from that practice, which she shared publicly as a way of processing and inviting others into the work of grieving.

On the Impossibility and Necessity of an Open Heart

Sometimes I think it is impossible to live with a genuinely open heart. I fear that if I really feel all the shadow material tucked away, if I walk into the grey storm of heartbreak, I will be devastated by it. But I also have a belief that I can trust the forces and the movements of life. Even when the devastating forces appear, I know that they are not here to build an Eiffel tower, but to pass through the city.

A Promise: Your Grief is Wise

"I'm so scared," she says. "There are bigger things I want to mourn, and yet I fear that if I start to cry, I will never stop."

I promise you, your grief is wise. You can trust your system to offer what you can handle in this moment, and then the next, and then the next. You can trust life to offer you support in ways you cannot imagine from here.

Grief is a Comb

Grief is a comb. As it moves through you, it reveals what is no longer true. Grief is a current. It surfaces questions that must be asked. Pain serves to sharpen my life.

Change is part of any healthy living system. Octavia Butler says, "God is change." Change is the pattern of life. But change can be difficult. Change can feel so destabilizing.

What Helps in Grief — Gratitude for Care

After dropping off notes to friends grieving a death, Hanna reflected on what had helped her through her own loss:

Thank you for saying, "I am so, so sorry for this loss."

Thank you for sending me a text, communicating your care.

Thank you for responding to something I wrote, helping me see that we're in this together.

Thank you for arriving at my door with vegetables from your garden and a book about grief.

Thank you for writing a poem, whose words became a bridge for my held-back grief to walk out of my body and into the sky.

Thank you for being clear about your capacity. I loved the voice note in which you said, "I want to be there for you AND in this moment, I actually have the capacity to follow through."

Thank you for leaving me alone. For taking a beat before you sent the request to go for a walk. For saying, "no need to respond."

Thank you for showing up and for cleaning my hallway.

Thank you for your care package that gave me things (soap, candle, incense) to help me slow down and take care.

Thank you for bearing witness. For saying "yes, I want to hear" when I asked if I can share parts of this journey with you.

And even in the things that didn't feel so great...

When you said, "But look at the bright side..." it felt to me as if you wanted to skip this sad track, play a happy tune, and I felt the old pressure of putting my smile back on so that everything can feel okay for the both of us.

Or when you said, "I think you need meds," It would be more helpful if you said, "I see you struggle. I care for you, wanna talk?"

This morning when I wrote my card to my friends, I doubted if those were the "right" words to use. But looking back at all your love, I trust that, even if they were a little rough edged, they might feel my love.

Thank you for checking in on me. Even in awkward ways.

On Working with Discomfort

After the physical therapist looks me over I ask, "What do you think is wrong with my back?"

She replies, "I am not sure if providing you with a diagnosis is helpful. I see too many people come in with their story of 'oh my back this and that.' For me, it feels more useful to listen for the discomfort that is present and work to shift it."

It matters that we inhabit our discomfort and find ways to express it (like dancing, drawing, writing, or singing). Making something with our grief helps us take "this thing that happened" and give it shape. In giving it form we re-experience it, not only as subject (or victim), but also as maker. In the re-experiencing we are given another try to have it soak in, to let it give up its poison, to discover deeper meanings or messages and be changed by it all. To become more connected as community.

But this forming of it can also become a trap. If we tell our story over and over, we can get stuck in that story.

When the Walls Close In

Sometimes these thoughts can come so close that I no longer have a grasp on what is real and what is not. There have been times when this clamor persisted for weeks. It persists to the point where it feels unbearable and the thought "it would be better not to live at all than to live like this," presents itself.

I want to pause here. For a long time.

And also, I want to tell what happened after the writing. When the walls close in on me, it's best to get out. And so I embarked on a walk with my partner whose presence became a sky into which I could release some of what confounded my soul, a lake reflecting the light that exists in my world.

We paused to look at bees.

My Mother's Gift

I know by now that this is the time when I need to stop whatever I am doing (or not doing) and reach out. I call my mother. As a rule, I don't like showing my hardship to my family, because it is hard enough for us to be apart from one another. But I need her. Her love for me, the kindness and compassion in her voice reaches right through my numbness and resurrects a part of me. I begin to breathe deeply again. As I breathe, my tears flow.

My mom knows how to navigate the labyrinth of despair. Intuitively her hand grabs mine and with words steeped in her stubborn belief in life and God and all things good, she walks me towards the light. She instructs me to put down the world's worries, to remember instead that I am one bit in the body of God. My job is to do the work I've been called to do and allow the wisdom in it all to guide me. She reminds me that this heartbreak is not mine alone to bear, that I can feel it, allow it to break me open, but then let it go.

Later that day she texts: "Don't waste a good heart break. Let it wash you clean, let it give birth to something."

It could be that opening ourselves to our personal and collective pain is the passage towards the birth of a larger consciousness. What I am learning is that the pain in the world is huge, it is real, it can seem overwhelming, but it is not the only story. We are multitudes, we can distribute this pain and have it become something that unites us. We are strong, we can bear it with each other's support. We are vast. There is a kindness, a love and a steadfast peace inside this world that can hold, like the ocean, this deep wounding. It lives inside ourselves and we can access it, it lives inside us collectively and we can share it.

Becoming a Home of Unconditional Belonging

My grief practice is shaping a new-year's focus for me. I want to become the home of unconditional belonging I wish to dwell in and extend it to others. To not judge. To not be so arrogant as to believe that I know what is right for another. To accept where the world is just as it is. To accept the joy and discomfort I feel while being in this reality and body. To be in touch with myself so I know what it is I experience and communicate it, to ask for what I need. To know that being here is all gift and miracle and I don't know for how long. To focus on what has been given to me: my life and the people in my life. To put my attention on what I can become, where I can love more, what I can experience, what I can create and co-create with others, what I can offer and receive.

So when you see me perseverating over the largeness of this work or the little hands on deck, tap me on my shoulder and remind me "to make of myself a light." And when you see me express anger or weep for a loss of life—an unborn child or the suffering of another—to the best of your ability, just be with me in the loss.

Thank you, I am grateful to not be alone in this.

PART TWO

From the poets

"I have come to have a deep faith in grief, have come to see the way its moods call us back to soul. It is, in fact, one of the voices of the soul, asking us to face life's most difficult but essential teaching: everything is a gift, and nothing lasts. This is a painful truth. To accept this fact is to live on life's terms and not try to deny the simple truth of loss, what the Buddhists call impermanence. When we acknowledge grief, we acknowledge that everything we love, we will lose. No exceptions."

Francis Weller, *The Wild Edge of Sorrow*

"Establishing a relationship with grief, developing practices that keep us steady in times of distress, and staying present in our adult selves are among the central tasks in our apprenticeship with sorrow. This is the hard work of maturation. ...In the language of soul, this is the work of becoming an elder. An elder is able to touch grief deftly and is able to craft sorrow into something nourishing for the community. Teacher and grief specialist Stephen Jenkinson says, 'Hold your sorrow to a degree of eloquence, whereby everyone around you will be fed by your efforts to do so.' Becoming skillful at digesting our grief makes us a source of reassurance and stability for the wider community."

Francis Weller, *The Wild Edge of Sorrow*

"I want to write rage but all that comes is sadness. We have been sad long enough to make this earth either weep or grow fertile. I am an anachronism, a sport, like the bee that was never meant to fly. Science said so. I am not supposed to exist. I carry death around in my body like a condemnation. But I do live. The bee flies. There must be some way to integrate death into living, neither ignoring it nor giving in to it."

Audre Lorde, *The Cancer Journals*

'Tis a fearful thing
to love what death can touch.
A fearful thing
to love, to hope, to dream, to be—
to be,
and oh, to lose.
A thing for fools, this,
and a holy thing,
a holy thing to love.
For your life has lived in me,
your laugh once lifted me,
your word was gift to me.
To remember this brings painful joy.
'Tis a human thing, love,
a holy thing, to love
what death has touched.

Author uncertain. Possibly Rabbi Chaim Stern,
possibly Yehudah HaLevi, possibly someone else

Selections by Gregory Orr, from Concerning the Book That is the Body of the Beloved.

Orr refers to “the Book” to represent the sum of all expressions of the experience of life through poem and song and story, now and through history (that’s the short way to say it). Marc and Hanna often read from this book aloud together.

Ripeness of summer,
Yet autumn is here.

Fruit fat on the trees,
But already the leaves
Brown and curl at their edges.

Fruit and seed in the heart
Of the fruit—apple or pear.
Already something
Preparing to rot and die,
And something inside
Ready to live again.

* * *

I’ve known grief.
I don’t Take it lightly. Know how
It gnaws your bones hollow
So you’re afraid to stand up,
Afraid the lightest wind will
Knock you over, blow you away.
But maybe the wind is supposed
To blow right through you;
Maybe you’re a tree in winter
And your poem translates
That cold wind into song.

* * *

Tears and laughter—
Weighing them out,
One against the other.
Sobs and love-sighs:
Trying to separate them,
Putting each in the scales.
What a job! The Book's
No help. Clarification,
Catharsis, coherence:
Every poem in the Book
Aspires to these ideals,
But to no avail.
It's all there, but
Hopelessly jumbled
And muddled.
Tossed in the same sack.
You want to sort it out
And come to some conclusion
And instead
You're tossed in, too.

* * *

Sometimes happy, sometimes sad.
Or the old parable my wife
Likes to tell: "Good luck,
Bad luck? Who knows?"
We're deep in the mystery of it
And it's deep in us.
Loss behind. The unknown
Ahead. Lifting up
The light of the poem
Like a lantern. Stepping out
Bravely into the dark.

* * *

All that sorrow.
You filled the sink
With your tears.
Filled the tub, even.
And it seemed then
You could change
The ocean,
Could add to it.

Pull the plug.
No more blubbing.
Tears don't bring
The beloved back.
Try words.
Maybe they'll work.

Since time began,
Two schools of thought:
Weeping and words,
Sorrow and song.

Words begin in weeping,
But they're transfigured
Somehow. They have
Grief still inside them,
But outside they shine

* * *

The river has a single song,
Which is itself.
The tree has a song.
The bird also.
The heart knows all
These songs
And a million of its own.
Neither the river
Nor the bird can write.
The tree moves
Its branches against
The sky all day
As if it's thinking
About inventing
Its own alphabet,
But nothing comes of it.
So it's still up to us.
We're supposed to bring
Them into the Book,
Make a place for them in our poems.

* * *

Not the loss alone,
But what comes after.
If it ended completely
At loss, the rest
Wouldn't matter.

But you go on.
And the world also.

And words, words
In a poem or song:
Aren't they a stream
On which your feelings
Float?

Aren't they also
The banks of that stream
And you yourself the flowing?

For Grief

John O'Donohue

When you lose someone you love,
Your life becomes strange,
The ground beneath you becomes fragile,
Your thoughts make your eyes unsure;
And some dead echo drags your voice down
Where words have no confidence
Your heart has grown heavy with loss;
And though this loss has wounded others too,
No one knows what has been taken from you
When the silence of absence deepens.

Flickers of guilt kindle regret
For all that was left unsaid or undone.

There are days when you wake up happy;
Again inside the fullness of life,
Until the moment breaks
And you are thrown back
Onto the black tide of loss.
Days when you have your heart back,
You are able to function well
Until in the middle of work or encounter,
Suddenly with no warning,
You are ambushed by grief.

It becomes hard to trust yourself.
All you can depend on now is that
Sorrow will remain faithful to itself.
More than you, it knows its way
And will find the right time
To pull and pull the rope of grief
Until that coiled hill of tears
Has reduced to its last drop.

Gradually, you will learn acquaintance
With the invisible form of your departed;
And when the work of grief is done,
The wound of loss will heal
And you will have learned
To wean your eyes
From that gap in the air
And be able to enter the hearth
In your soul where your loved one
Has awaited your return
All the time.

On the Death of the Beloved

John O'Donohue, from *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Though we need to weep your loss,
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts
Where no storm or night or pain can reach you.

Your love was like the dawn
Brightening over our lives,
Awakening beneath the dark
A further adventure of color.

The sound of your voice
Found for us
A new music
That brightened everything.

Whatever you enfolded in your gaze
Quickened in the joy of its being;
You placed smiles like flowers
On the alter of the heart.
Your mind always sparkled
With wonder at things.

Though your days here were brief,
Your spirit was alive, awake, complete.

We look toward each other no longer
From the old distance of our names;
Now you dwell inside the rhythm of breath,
As close to us as we are to ourselves.

Though we cannot see you with outward eyes,
We know our soul's gaze is upon your face,
Smiling back at us from within everything
To which we bring our best refinement.

Let us not look for you only in memory,
Where we would grow lonely without you.
You would want us to find you in presence,
Beside us when beauty brightens,
When kindness glows
And music echoes eternal tones.

When orchids brighten the earth,
Darkest winter has turned to spring;
May this dare grief flower with hope
In every heart that loves you.

May you continue to inspire us:
To enter each day with a generous heart.
To serve the call of courage and love
Until we see your beautiful face again
In that land where there is no more separation,
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,
And where we will never lose you again.

Shared by Seth Payne

The prayer of trust

Teilhard de Chardin

Above all, trust in the slow work of God.
We are quite naturally impatient in everything
to reach the end without delay.
We should like to skip the intermediate stages.
We are impatient of being on the way to something
unknown, something new.
And yet it is the law of all progress
that it is made by passing through
some stages of instability—
and that it may take a very long time.

And so I think it is with you;
your ideas mature gradually—let them grow,
let them shape themselves, without undue haste.
Don't try to force them on,
as though you could be today what time
(that is to say, grace and circumstances
acting on your own good will)
will make of you tomorrow.

Only God could say what this new spirit
gradually forming within you will be.
Give Our Lord the benefit of believing
that his hand is leading you,
and accept the anxiety of feeling yourself
in suspense and incomplete.

There is a brokenness
out of which comes the unbroken
A shatteredness
out of which blooms the unshatterable
There is a sorrow
beyond all grief which leads to joy
And a fragility
out of whose depths emerges strength
There is a hollow space
too vast for words
Through which we pass with each loss
out of whose darkness
we are sanctioned into being
There is a cry deeper than all sound
whose serrated edges cut the heart
as we break open
to the place inside us
which is unbreakable and whole.
All the while learning to sing.

Rashani

Guest House

Rumi

This being human is a guest house
Every morning a new arrival.
A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.
Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out for some new delight.
The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.
Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

Beannacht / “Blessing”

John O’Donohue

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance
to balance you.
And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets into you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green,
and azure blue
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach* of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.
And so may a slow
wind work these words
of love around you,
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.

* currach = Irish boat / canoe

Let this darkness be a bell tower

Rainer Maria Rilke

translation by Joanna Macy and Anita Barrows

Quiet friend who has come so far,
feel how your breathing makes more space around you.
Let this darkness be a bell tower
and you the bell. As you ring,

what batters you becomes your strength.
Move back and forth into the change.
What is it like, such intensity of pain?
If the drink is bitter, turn yourself to wine.

In this uncontainable night,
be the mystery at the crossroads of your senses,
the meaning discovered there.

And if the world has ceased to hear you,
say to the silent earth: I flow.
To the rushing water, speak: I am.

sonnets to Orpheus ii, 29

It's possible I am pushing through solid rock
in flintlike layers, as the ore lies, alone;
I am such a long way in I see no way through,
and no space: everything is close to my face,
and everything close to my face is stone.

I don't have much knowledge yet in grief
so this massive darkness makes me small.
You be the master: make yourself fierce, break in:
then your great transforming will happen to me,
and my great grief cry will happen to you.

Rainer Maria Rilke
Translated by Robert Bly

Alone

Jack Gilbert

I never thought Michiko would come back
after she died. But if she did, I knew
it would be as a lady in a long white dress.
It is strange that she has returned
as somebody's dalmatian. I meet
the man walking her on a leash
almost every week. He says good morning
and I stoop down to calm her. He said
once that she was never like that with
other people. Sometimes she is tethered
on their lawn when I go by. If nobody
is around, I sit on the grass. When she
finally quiets, she puts her head in my lap
and we watch each other's eyes as I whisper
in her soft ears. She cares nothing about
the mystery. She likes it best when
I touch her head and tell her small
things about my days and our friends.
That makes her happy the way it always did.

In Blackwater Woods

Mary Oliver

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars
of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,
the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders
of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its
name is, is
nameless now.
Every year
everything
I have ever learned
in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side
is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.
To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.

Camino

David Whyte

The way forward, the way between things,
the way already walked before you,
the path disappearing and re-appearing even
as the ground gave way beneath you,
the grief apparent only in the moment
of forgetting, then the river, the mountain,
the lifting song of the Sky Lark inviting
you over the rain filled pass when your legs
had given up, and after,
it would be dusk and the half-lit villages
in evening light; other people's homes
glimpsed through lighted windows
and inside, other people's lives; your own home
you had left crowding your memory
as you looked to see a child playing
or a mother moving from one side of
a room to another, your eyes wet
with the keen cold wind of Navarre.

But your loss brought you here to walk
under one name and one name only,
and to find the guise under which all loss can live;
remember you were given that name every day
along the way, remember you were greeted as such,
and you needed no other name, other people
seemed to know you even before you gave up
being a shadow on the road and came into the light,
even before you sat down with them,
broke bread and drank wine,
wiped the wind-tears from your eyes;
pilgrim they called you again. Pilgrim.

An invocation for presence

John O'Donohue

From A Blessing, Eternal Echoes: Celtic Reflections on Our Yearning to Belong

May you awaken to the mystery of being here and enter the quiet immensity of your own presence.

May you have joy and peace in the temple of your senses.

May you receive great encouragement when new frontiers beckon.

May you respond to the call of your gift and find the courage to follow its path.

May the flame of anger free you from falsity.

May warmth of heart keep your presence aflame and may anxiety never linger about you.

May your outer dignity mirror an inner dignity of soul.

May you take time to celebrate the quiet miracles that seek no attention.

May you be consoled in the secret symmetry of your soul.

May you experience each day as a sacred gift woven around the heart of wonder.

Sleeping In The Forest

Mary Oliver

I thought the earth remembered me, she
took me back so tenderly, arranging
her dark skirts, her pockets
full of lichens and seeds. I slept
as never before, a stone
on the riverbed, nothing
between me and the white fire of the stars
but my thoughts, and they floated
light as moths among the branches
of the perfect trees. All night
I heard the small kingdoms breathing
around me, the insects, and the birds
who do their work in the darkness. All night
I rose and fell, as if in water, grappling
with a luminous doom. By morning
I had vanished at least a dozen times
into something better.

Shared by Luzanne Horn

We Shake With Joy

Mary Oliver

We shake with joy, we shake with grief.

What a time they have, these two

Housed as they are in the same body.

Shared by Walid Khoury

Long Afternoon At The Edge Of Little Sister Pond
Mary Oliver

As for life,
I'm humbled,
I'm without words
sufficient to say

how it has been hard as flint,
and soft as a spring pond,
both of these
and over and over,

and long pale afternoons besides,
and so many mysteries
beautiful as eggs in a nest,
still unhatched

though warm and watched over
by something I have never seen –
a tree angel, perhaps,
or a ghost of holiness.

Every day I walk out into the world
to be dazzled, then to be reflective.
It suffices, it is all comfort –
along with human love,

dog love, water love, little-serpent love,
sunburst love, or love for that smallest of birds
flying among the scarlet flowers.
There is hardly time to think about

stopping, and lying down at last
to the long afterlife, to the tenderness
yet to come, when
time will brim over the singular pond, and become forever,

and we will pretend to melt away into the leaves.
As for death,
I can't wait to be the hummingbird,
can you?

Shared by Erika Johnson

When Great Trees Fall

Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.
When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.
When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.
Great souls die and

our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of
dark, cold
caves.
And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

Sources

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