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Category: Poetry

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## **What Is Grief?**

Grief is a cold pit in your throat, dread in the corners of your head,  
Was it a dream? A mistake?  
It's unrelenting, never ceasing  
Nothing's wrong, there is nothing to mend.  
Grief has no place in a heart filled with denial.

Grief is anger, white-hot and burning,  
Or ice-cold and sharp,  
Like winter glass.  
How dare they continue while your world has stopped completely?  
Grief stokes the flame and the inevitable burnout of the heart.

Grief is an impossible negotiator  
Plead and bargain 'till you run out of air  
You're blinded by what you miss the most  
All you want is a bit more time, a chance to make things better  
Grief makes the heart beg for the impossible.

Grief is depression, so cold and heavy,  
A monster, carving deep black wounds into the heart  
What will you do, how can you go on?  
It feels as if your lungs are lead, thoughts static.  
Grief drowns the heart in a dark, cold sea.

Grief ends with time, or so you're told  
As time passes on, the Denial leaves with the breeze  
And brings Anger, a harsh storm that destroys until it blows over,  
Leaving you to Bargain the shards of yourself that remain.  
When Depression steals the air of your lungs and the beat of your heart,  
Acceptance will arrive with the sunrise, and bring a new day of healing.