

Kintsukuroi

1. That there are five stages of grief does not mean you will experience them in order or even at all.
2. The common swift stays airborne for up to ten months every year, pausing only for severe weather. And though it has been nine years since your mother died and twenty-nine since you last saw your father alive, you have hunkered down in the quiet as grief flies the nights,
the weeks, the years. Weaves your days like a golden repair.
3. The gumption. To braid together threads of memory with future plans and present worries into a carefully constructed nest.
4. And what of the swifts that dazzle in aerobatic flight? That pierce the twilight with elfin screams and finally rest in lofts and spires?
5. There is no time to lollygag. The bargaining continues. And acceptance? Well, that requires some other kind of act.