

I Don't Try to Lift What Cannot Be Lifted

Where do I begin?

I go to the Gods with my tears,
my fears, the rather rational ones.

Anyone who is not worried for humanity,
doesn't understand our genuine peril.

We didn't listen to the scientists.
They warned us,
and warn us,
and still warn us.

How can we deal with grief on a daily basis,
new grief that is pasted to old grief from days earlier?

How can we bear this?

My hands are so small,
they can't lift much,
not even the heavy tea kettle of fragile, hot glass,
and certainly not this.

I drop my grief,
it crashes to the ground in splintering fragments all around me.
It burns, the splattering liquid made of my tears....

It was...

I pause,
gathering the means of cleansing, one fragment at a time,
to dispose of, as safely as I can.

One fragment at a time,
one death at a time,
one grief at a time.

I clean, and it is all I can do.
The Gods hear my tears,

the ancestors hear my tears,
and feel so helpless.

I know they feel helpless.
They love, and care, and pray from afar,
in that land to which we all will go someday.

These tears, they water the earth!
I apologise to them who come after us,
what a mess we have left you!

January 31, 2021:
In which Joan notes she didn't drop the heavy, hot kettle!
She only tested its weight, while full of cool water,
and found her hand inadequate to the lifting.
She hopes a stainless steel kettle (now on order),
capacity of only .8 liters (27 ounces) will be safely manageable.

I don't try to lift what cannot be lifted.
It is too heavy, all this sorrow. Hands of Netjer will take it.....
Meanwhile, one day at a time, one tear at a time.....

-----Joan Lansberry, January 31, 2021