

"Grief"

by Alissa Vezikov

*Grieve,
Dear child
Every time you lose
A bit of purity, ever so mild
And a drop of innocence*

*Mourn of your sorrows,
My darling
Every time you break in two
By the pressure, smirking and snarling
At imperfection*

*Lay awake,
My sisters and brothers,
Fear the loss of fragility
Of hope and peace and every other
Being stolen from under you*

*Lament,
My dears,
For the small hand that has held onto you,
Gripping with a spear
Removing beauty slowly*

*And for the children,
Not yet lost in deceit
Not yet drowning in disgrace-
Hold onto your innocent heat;
And never, never let go*

*But for those that have forgotten,
Or never have been told-
Mourn, my beloved*

*For the innocence you no longer hold
Grieve*