Grief Knows

Grief knows every shadow,
a simple stalling of the sun behind a harmless cloud
gray corners of rooms without the radiance of affection
dusk on the day of a loved one’s death
a disilluminating love that fails to become an expected soul mate.

Grief, unlike the wind of change, settles dead end like a chilling draft
in the dim pockets of life
and takes up personal acquaintance with darkness.