



Blog of the Month

January 2019

Grief is Natural

With you,
Everything was warm.
The colours were rich.
Out of the window,
Azure skies, lush summer grass
like Borealis,
The cherry-plum sheets that I lay in with you,
Mugs the colour of the Sahara,
which you give me full of tea.
Then you were gone
And everything went black.
It happened so suddenly
Like a thunderstorm rolling over the ocean's horizon
Powering towards us
I was helpless to help you..
Nothing but ash stretched out in front of me
As I lay motionless on the bathroom floor,
A fire burnt out.
It's tradition to line up, solemn, dressed all in ochre.
The sun had set on our time
Black is only the absence of light;
An abyss of emptiness.
After the funeral,
No longer was I flooded with support
As others gradually turn forward.
I was not prepared
To face the rain alone.
It drenched me cruelly
Millions of tiny pinpricks
It was not blue but grey
The sky cried with me
Why is it that your heart feels like it is ripped through your ribs
Like raindrops that were torn from the clouds
Small exchanges repeat in your conscious
Eternally spitting
My body is searching for a soul

The Association for Palliative Medicine of Great Britain & Ireland

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that has already passed this barren land.
And I am choking, contorted in a cocoon
The physical manifestation of a love lost,
the sound of loneliness.
Now,
Sometimes,
in the heat of the pub,
A friend shouts a joke over the bustle
And my face cracks like the ice of frozen ponds in spring
As I laugh..
Sad birds still sing.
And then
I get up and run
And the guilt washes over my body
A shiver in snow
And my brown eyes weep.
Now I know
Beautiful arcs can only come after the water.
I hope that,
One day,
There will be glittering sunshine at the end of the tunnel
And all I can see is gold..
And then
When it is my time
And the curtains are closing, My palm will curl round yours once more
Fingers on your honey skin
As you lead me into the next...
And the sun will blaze with grace

Poem by Annabel Ariyathurai
4th Year, University of Birmingham



Blog of the Month

Small things

It's the small things.
The teeny, tiny things.
Paint peels away from the window panes; that was always his job.
He was so meticulous, obsessed with being neat
and she couldn't stand the smell; it was just how it was.
Weeds now sprinkle a once blooming vegetable patch
Replacing the tomatoes, beetroots & sugar snap peas that he once cared for.
She always laughed at the way he sang when he watered them,
As if they could hear his gentle encouragement.
Sometimes, I catch her glancing out the window,
Her gaze unfocused for a passing second.
She blinks.
And she returns to me once more
Smiling wistfully and apologising 'Off with the fairies again today – I'm sorry.'
Her emotions escape in those brief moments.
I see her lose him again.
Hurt, anger, disbelief
Flash across her face, temporarily unmasked.
Every agonizing moment resurfaces.
The diagnosis, the never-ending hospital trips,
The worrying waits before doctors discussing – results, scans, and options – appeared.
The steady erosion of him.
Each fragile fleeting glimmer of hope crushed.
Her weary exhaustion, from hours spent at his bedside, traps her anew.
All these small things; these teeny, tiny things invade her.
Remind her of a battle lost and a life that is no more.
They do not conquer her though: only disarm her briefly, when they intrude on her unaware.
She is strong. That isn't just something friends tell her.
She is strong.
She lives for the big things now.
That celebrate the legacy of a life shared together;
Friends, faith, family.
It's the small things she remembers.
It's the big things she lives for.

Poem by Simran Kaur Deol
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