

The Shape Love Takes

Grief is not the door that closes.
It is the room that remains
after someone has left.

It is the empty chair
that still remembers the weight of a body,
the sweater on the hook
that still holds the shape of shoulders,
the song that finds you
before you are ready to hear it.

We think love is measured
by presence.
By hands held.
By voices answering back.
By footsteps crossing the floor.

But grief teaches us
that love was never only
what we could touch.

It was the morning coffee made for two.
The story told a hundred times
and still somehow new.
The instinct to turn and say,
“Did you see that?”
to someone who is no longer there.

Love does not disappear
when the heart is broken.

It sinks deeper.

It becomes the photograph
we cannot throw away,
the recipe written in familiar handwriting,
the words we repeat
because they sounded like home.

It becomes a conversation
with silence.

A hand placed on a grave
not because we believe
the earth will answer,
but because love still needs somewhere
to rest.

Grief is not the place
where love ends.

It is the place
where love learns
how to breathe without a body.

Where a goodbye
becomes a memory.

Where a memory
becomes a blessing.

Where what was once held
in our arms

is carried instead

inside us.

~ Tim Hogue

