



Sorrow

by iPriority

*The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.
– Kahlil Gibran*

The slow pronunciation of the word 'sorrow' bellows out of the mouth, it's as if the utterance of the word alone were tears overflowing from bloodshot eyes only to pause like a syllable on the height of the cheek. O, what slowness of thought and movement overcomes us when sorrow finds home in our hearts. I have felt sorrow's bomb explode on a calm day, during a normal routine when a sound, a movement, a voice, an expression, a location, a name, or a color triggers memories that trigger memories that are punched out of sorrow's hole from where they were housed. And I stammer to regain composure so as not to look vulnerable at the checkout counter.

When we are sad we sometimes say, "I am blue." I might also say: I am a groan; I am humid; I am mold; I am an alleyway. Better yet, I lie motionless in a moldy alleyway on a humid night, groaning. What is it to you, this sorrow, and this lingering disease of loss, discouragement, and disappointment? *What is it to you?*

Whatever it is, whatever its source, an eternal hope burns below the ashes. The ashes may be too thick right now, but that hope will ignite once the wind picks up. Sorrow and, it's opposite, joy are like the inhale and exhale of life's journey: they need one another. Without sorrow, joy would lack the depth of its character. It wouldn't have the base of sorrow to build from, the base from which life's lessons and appreciation find root.

It is easy to wonder what lesson one learns from losing a loved one. Or what, if anything, there is to appreciate. For me, I've learned what my choices are in the midst of tragedy. Do I lie down and die or do I reach out and love? Do I grow more despondent toward life and God because what I want has been taken away from me or do I learn to appreciate the months or years someone who is no longer alive blessed me? Do I appreciate the phone call from a caring friend, the laughter of a child, the mountains, and ocean, and flowers? Even though I try, it is still so hard.

I am blue.

I am the sky; I am a baby boy's blanket; I am fresh blueberries. This is the blue I prefer to be.

I am trying every week, everyday; I am trying to plant joy where sorrow's bomb detonated. It is said, "suffering produces perseverance; and perseverance, character; and character, hope." Hope burns below the ashes, waiting for the wind to ignite it. Keep trying to remind yourself of that.

It seems to me that we can never give up longing and wishing while we are alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger for them. – George Eliot