**Grief Acknowledged**

When you died, it felt as if the whole world stopped spinning,

like every day normality was underwater, dampened, out of sync with itself.

When you died, it felt like everything should have stopped functioning,

like shops and websites and deliveries and schools should have responded to my grief with signs and prayers plastered everywhere.

When you died, it felt like news presenters should have worn black,

and EastEnders should have been replaced by tributes of you, of us, of our family for everyone to hear.

When you died, it felt like the streets should have been lined with rows and rows of mourners,

bowing their heads as I walked past, holding their silent vigil.

When you died, it felt like the small things were too insignificant, that the bigger picture should be my focus,

but, my darling, I know now that the small things were in fact, everything.

When you died, you couldn’t give me those things. You couldn’t give me a world that stopped when I did.

Instead, Queen Elizabeth, in her last act of service,

gave me a country in mourning,

the gift of candles lit and prayers offered,

of queues and bank holidays and muffled bells,

of roads closed and normality on hold,

of resurrection hope and love reunited.

the gift of grief acknowledged.