

“time heals all wounds”

tell me, did the seconds tend to you?
did the minutes wash out the agony?
did those 24 hours remove the debris of your trauma?

tick tock

i can hear your stitches becoming undone

i suppose months didn't know how to sew

your grief must have been the one wound time couldn't treat

you see time has no master
it works continuously

but grief
grief occurs in intervals

it knows nothing of being linear

it's the unfinished essay sitting on your desk,
waiting for a conclusion to be written

it's the dust settling on the shelf you said you'd clean

it's the 1000 piece puzzle you have yet to put together

it's the unfolded laundry sitting on your bed

creases have formed
and your grief has sunk further than your empty laundry basket

time may have softened the blow
but the pain is still there

**THE ESSAY IS STILL UNFINISHED
THE DUST IS STILL SETTLING
THE PUZZLE HASN'T BEEN COMPLETED
THE LAUNDRY HASN'T BEEN FOLDED**

and time is still moving forward *without you*

so when you use the equation of time over grief

know that you won't always

find the slope of your healing