



Moments of Grief

Poetry in times of grief

by Teri Petz

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Written Works

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Preface

Dear reader,

I know how hard it is to lose a loved one. Just like you, I have had my share of losses. I have realized that no matter if you lose a family member or a friend, it hurts. They say that grief has many faces and phases from numbing pain to anger, denial and the list goes on. I am giving you some of the poems I wrote about losing loved ones, and trying to talk to them years after they are gone. I want you to know that whatever you may be experiencing it is all normal. I want you to know that many of us have been there before, even if it feels like you are all alone. I would like to encourage you to write about your grief, to reach out to others and talk about it with someone you trust.

Whatever you do, don't isolate your self.

It just makes things harder.

These poems are from my poetry book, *A Piece Of Her Heart*.

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A Piece Of Her Heart

(To Dawn Davis after losing her daughter Lisa.)

There are days you miss her so much,
you feel like crying all day.
Her memories are etched in your mind
since the moment you first
held her in your loving arms.
How could you let go of all that?
You can't.
She was literally a part of you.
Your flesh, your genes and your blood.
Now her body has stopped living
and her spirit has moved on
but she will live on forever in your heart.
You can feel her presence every time
you see a beautiful flower or
a butterfly fluttering in the warm sun.
You can hear her voice
in every breeze and wind.
You can find a piece of her
when you find a heart shaped rock
walking on the river bank.

A True Friend

(To Louise)

Someone once said:
"You are lucky
if by the time
you die you can say
you had one true friend."
Ever since that time
I wondered what a true
friend meant.
A true friend to me means
someone who will listen
with open ears and hear me
even when he or she disagrees.
Someone with whom
I can be my self,
not having to censor
my words and thoughts.
Someone who is compassionate
when I cry so we can
laugh after the tears.
A friend is someone who is self aware,
who means what they say

and say what they mean.
A friend is someone
whos words are nourishing
or they make me think
but are never harsh to hurt.
You are a true friend because
I see all these qualities in you.

After The End

When you feel
you have lost everything
you can only gain.
When you have been
through the worst
things can only get better.
When darkness surrounds you
remember, there will be a time
when you will see the light.
When you are on the end of the rope
there will be a hand to hold on to.

After The Snow

It snowed a few days ago and it was quiet.
The unwanted sounds were muffled
and the snowfall was mesmerizing.
The landscape brightened up the day after,
and the sunshine made it glisten and sparkle.
Soon patches of the snow melted,
it exposed the darkness of the winter land
and with every hour of sunshine
more of the brightness disappeared.
But then it snowed again,
the dark patches turned bright
and people's spirits were bright too.
As I watched people smile
I thought: it is the same with us
as it is with the land.
Some days the dark thoughts come up
and if we cover them with bright ones
eventually it will be a brighter day
and sooner or later the brightness stays.
So next time you think dark thoughts
just sprinkle them with a dust of snow
and see how they change.

Angels 1

There are angels among us.
They wipe our tears when we cry,
hold our hands when we are lonely,
sing a song when we are sad,
carry us around when we are tired.

They heal us with their touch
when we are ill and move us
when we are paralyzed.
They whisper soft words in our ears
when we are in need of love.

There are angels among us.
Sometimes when we are busy
we don't see them or hear them
but when we sit quietly
we recognize them in a good friend.

Angels 3

When we cry the angels cry with us,
when we laugh the whole
world will laugh with us.
When we are caring
the whole world will care
and when we are in need
someone is right there to help.
When we are strong we help
others to be strong,
when we are weak someone
picks us up and carries us around.

Connections

Sometimes I feel your presence
thinking you are looking over me
sending me your sweet smiles.
Sometimes in my loneliness
I recall how it felt being with you
when I was little, when you guarded me
with your protecting arms.
It was the most comfortable shelter
and made me feel protected from everything.
Now you live on in my memories and dreams.

Contemplating 1

I was contemplating quietly;
the light streamed through
the colored stained glass
and felt like God's glory.

I felt the warmth of that September day
fill my body with a pleasant feeling;
and heard the wooden beams
release a dull crackling sound.

It dawned on me how long it was
since I have been in a church.
I was a child the last time I felt this way,
wondering about God and man's will.

Always wanting to know
why he lets us suffer
and why he lets us grow up
without love and all alone.

I saw the ten year old innocent girl
for a moment as she sat in the pew
with devotion on her sad face
and my cleansing tears started to flow.

Contrast

Don't be afraid to feel the pain
feel it and then you can feel happiness too.
Don't hide in the darkness in fear,
peace does not live there.
Come out here enjoy the light
where you can flourish like a flower.
Come and see the beauty of the world.
I'm out here in the bright sun and I feel.
I feel the love, the abundance, I even feel the fear
but fear and pain are not here to stay
because they don't survive the rays of love.

Farewell

(In memory of Joe Pekter)

When my sun goes down
it will reflect my life.

My mind will wonder
if I completed my
mission this time.
My heart will wonder
if it was good;
my feet will wonder
if they walked the miles.

When my moon comes up
I will shine on top of the water
I will be the light of peace.
I will dive into the ocean
of abundant love
and I will see the light.

When my sun goes down
it will reflect my life.

From Afar

It hurts me too;
I feel your loneliness
and also mine.
I know what
it feels like
when nobody
talks to you
looks at you
or smiles at you
and you long for
someone to approach you
with tenderness
but nobody takes
the time in this
busy world.
I know what
it feels like
to feel like
a hungry beggar
longing for love
and you think
that maybe
the next person
will have mercy
on you and hug you

and you almost reach
their hands but they
run away before
they could glance at you
because it is easier that way.
I reach my hands at you
from afar hoping
that our hands will meet
and the distance will
not prevent us from
embracing each other in love.

Good Wishes

I wish you smooth sailing
when the water gets rough,
I wish you a shooting star
when you have given up on hope.

I wish you answers
to all your questions and dreams,
I wish you a fulfilling life.

I wish you happiness
when you feel defeated
and strength when you are weak.

I wish you guidance
when you feel lost
and love to always fill your heart.

Her Hands

Her hands are old and frail with thinning skin
that bruise and break open easily
but they always worked hard
and did whatever was required of them.
They cooked many sumptuous meals,
baked breads, cookies, and cakes.
Washed dirty clothes for the family,
planted flowers, trees and veggies.
They cleaned toilets, bathrooms and floors.
They held her children and grandchildren,
caressed people when they were upset,
they held the hand that needed to be held
and consoled the lonely ones who were all alone.
They arranged beautiful flowers,
knitted warm clothes for the winter,

wrote and typed letters and love notes.
They built hopes, visions and dreams,
they touched your hands and touched your heart
and once you held them you never want to let them go.
So hold them tight now that they are old and frail,
keep them warm when they get cold.
Give them the loving care they deserve
and hold them,
hold them,
hold them, until she is ready to go.

Keep Going

(To a friend in need)

Don't give up on the bumpy roads;
they all take you somewhere beautiful.
Don't give up when sadness surrounds you,
feel it and you may feel joy after.
Don't give up when things are not working,
just rest and you will find the way.
Don't give up when you feel isolated,
love diminishes the miles between us.
Don't give up on hope, just look at
the sky on a clear night.
Though we may look at the stars
at different times, the same stars
are shining on us all.
Don't give up when you feel lonely
because I will always be there,
even if only in my thoughts.

Light Being

(Inspired by the art of Cat Charissage)

She rises out of the crescent of the moon.
She floats between the sun and moon
and spreads rays of light to Earth.
Her light has the power to heal,
to nourish and to give life.
It sparkles in your eyes when you see it
and warms you when you are near it.
Just open your eyes to see
and open your arms to receive.
Her light will saturate every cell in you
and will energize you beyond belief.
You will radiate from her beams
and will feel blessed by her light.

Just open your eyes to see
and open your arms to receive.

Mended Heart

I came to you with my
wounded, broken heart
and you put it gently
in your hands and embraced it
with your loving glow.
You healed the scars
and mended the broken pieces.
Now it feels much more whole.

Thank you for filling it with joy,
thank you for touching my heart.

attered to me.
I also felt connected to all aspects of nature.
Nature was always my sanctuary
since the time I was very young.
That night was sacred to me because
I felt very connected, blessed and alive.

Mother's Memory

For years you only lived in my dreams
but I honor you on this day.
The earth where you rest is covered in flowers
and the sun shines on it with its glory.

I greet you with flowers
here in the distance;
your smile is reflected in them.

I bow my head
as I light a candle
while the church bells at home
are ringing for you.

My Father's Memory

When I was born

the proud fire of youth
was burning in your eyes,
you were full of life,
hopes and dreams.
When I started to walk
you were my rock
and made sure I didn't fall.
When I grew I used to sleep
with my head in your arms
dreaming sweet dreams.
Then the fire disappeared
from your eyes
and you were surrounded
by a dark cloud
that followed you
to your grave.
Now you only live
in my memories
sometimes in the
summer of youth
and other times
on the hazy
evanescence of autumn.

No Hiding

The body remembers
and feels the sensations
the mind buried deep
in the long lost memories
down the old overgrown
paths of long ago.
A touch, a sound, a smell
a look can reactivate it
to a tense overwhelming
rush of energy so intense
it has to be stopped
from growing into
volcanic convulsion
of exploding raw fire.

Please Talk To Me

Please talk to me mother.
Were you lonely when you died?
Did you miss me like I missed you?
Was it easy to say goodbye?
Please tell me what the other side is like.

Is it really pure love and light?
Do angels really guide you on your way?
Is it really as peaceful as they say it is?
Do you think of me from time to time
like I think of you? Are you proud of me?
I would like it if you would talk to me.
Mother, please give me a sign.

Rising

(To a friend in need)

May you come out of the dark
and find your shining light.
May you find peace
because it is there in your heart.
May you find your purpose in life
to stop the search
and may you find love
to always fill your heart.
May you find strength
for the journey ahead
and the support you need.
May you be the best you can be.

Sharing Feelings

When you share your true feelings
you connect in a meaningful way.
When you allow yourself to be vulnerable
you remove the walls between you and me.

I will see the true you for the first time
and you will experience yourself truthfully.
Nothing will matter when we feel real,
fear vanishes and only love grows this way.

The Flame Of Hope

When the flame of hope
is barely burning or
extinguished inside you
come to me and I will revive it.

When it is revived

and burns strongly
our flame will warm
other people too.

And more and more people
will join and it will burn
with a stronger beam
until it nourishes every heart

and cleanse us from
the doubts of fear
and we will all live in peace
with replenished strength.

The Tears We Never Cry

The quiet, lonely moments are the hardest,
those that seem like hours and the hours
that seem like weeks and weeks that seem to move
into the sleepy, mysterious fog of eternity.

The unspoken words are the hardest,
those we carry like a heavy burden,
the words that move with the speed of light
and hit us without any mercy.

The unprocessed feelings are the hardest,
those that destroy us like lightning
and return to us like a boomerang
just to hurt us again and again and again.

The tears we never cry are the worst kinds,
the ones whirling inside us giving us grief,
burning our eyes and if we don't pay attention
they pour down like falling rain.

The dreams we don't dare to dream
are the most unpleasant ones because
no matter how hard we try to push them down
they surface like lava and burn us in unpredictable ways.

Thinking Of You

When hardship torments me I think of you.
When the weight of the whole world
is upon my shoulders, I look at the sky
and see your smile in the clouds or the stars.

When my heart feels broken
because of the distance from my loved ones
I admire your flowers
and their scent helps me feel good.
When I shiver from cold late at night
I make a tea with your blessed herbs
and soon I feel warm and cozy.
Then I think of you again
and feel gratitude for all the gifts
you shower me with every day.

We Remember Our Veterans

We honour and remember our veterans today.
They fought wars, sacrificed their lives
for a peaceful future, for our freedom.
We lay a wreath to show respect
and bow our heads with grace.
We think of our fathers, uncles,
grandfathers, who fought long ago
and think of the men and women
who protected us in the not so distant past.
We hear their stories, we think of their struggles
and the sacrifices they made.
We let them know how much their sacrifices mean to us.
We let them know they are our heroes and
we appreciate them and think of them
not just today but every day.

When Our Loved One Dies

(In memory of a dear friend,
Dr. Ilona Faludi-Simon)

When our loved one dies
we not only lose a friend
but we also lose a piece of our heart.
It gives us gripping pain and loss.
It puts us into a deep aching grief.
It wakes us up in the middle of the night
with tears rolling down our face like a river.
When our loved one dies
we realize how precious every moment is
and we learn to recognize what is important.
We wish we spent more time
on finding treasures for the soul.
We find out how important it is
to nurture and protect the soul.

We realize that love and admiration
is as important as water and food is.
So...live your life honouring the connections
with beautiful people and beautiful places
and have enough of everything
to nourish your body and soul.

Will be with you

Don't miss me when I am gone.
I will be in the breeze
that caresses your face and hair.
I will be in the scent and beauty
of every flower, in the leaf
of every tree and in every blade of grass.
I will be in the warmth of the sun,
the brightness of the moon
and the sparkle of the stars.
I will be in the song of every bird
and the flutter of every butterfly.
I will be in the bright hues
of every sunset
and in the glistening white snow.
I will be in the sparkling fire
and the change of the seasons.
Don't miss me when I am gone.
Just close your eyes,
reach out your hand and I will be there

Your Poem

When you feel like talking
to your departed loved one,
write a poem, write a letter,
write about your pain,
your anger, about your sadness,
about what ever you feel.
Some of these will be
for your eyes only,

others will be to share.
Some will be inspiration
for people going through
similar experiences as you.

Epilogue

I hope you enjoyed reading these poems about loss, connection and support. I hope you found some comfort in them.

Please let me know if any of it resonated with you.

If you would like to read more of my poems you can buy my book at Analog books in Lethbridge, on Amazon in print or Kobo and most online retailers in an e-book format.

For my final words I would like to share some thoughts that entered my mind in a poetry circle my dear friend, Cat Charissage hosted in October 2019. We had a wonderful evening of poetry presented by Kerry Morrison and Kerry asked us:

“What inspirational messages are important to the world now?”

“There is a sufficiency in the world for man's need but not for man's greed.”

Mahatma Gandhi.”

Be kind to everyone and everything
including the planet.

Heal your self, heal others and heal Mother Earth.

If you don't have to do something, don't do it.

If it is simple, don't complicate it.

Go with the seasons.

You can't change them.

Be grateful for the beauty.

There is so much of it.

Everywhere.

Be truthful, be honest,

work hard when you have to
and rest when you need to rest.

Find your ancient medicine.

Connect with your animal totem
and with your spiritual guides.

Be with your spirit.

Love your self and the people who deserve it.
Know how precious you are.

Teri Petz Bio

Teri Petz wears many hats and has even more interests. She was fascinated by poetry since she was a little girl, before she could read. In school she realized that writing was easy for her and she had a natural flow when she wrote. Being a nature child/woman she likes to take long walks and explore the rivers, lakes, mountains and the Canadian Prairies. She is often inspired to write and in those moments she says the Muse has bitten her.

Teri self published her poetry book, “A Piece Of Her Heart” in 2020. The book is available on Kobo and Amazon. Amazon has both e-book and paper version.

Her poem, “A Thousand Tears was published in 2020 in the anthology, Women Scream.

She participates in a small women’s poetry group led by Cat Charissage monthly. Teri organizes and is the MC of Owl Poetry, an open mic event held monthly at the Owl Acoustic Lounge in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

She is involved in Photography, Videography and creates home décor products to keep the creative juices flowing and loves to write poetry. She considers poetry to be the language of the heart.

<https://worksofbeauty.ca>

<https://instagram.com/tellitlikeitispoets>

<https://facebook.com/LethbridgePoetry>

<https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLdp1ptQS5I0bpMEonpNK83pDvmYM66iz>