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What is Death?

What does death even mean?

Does death mean that her soul leaves her body,

or that her body is no more?

Does death mean that she becomes part of everything you

do and everything you are?

Does death mean a recognition of how she helped shape you

into who you became?

Does death mean an acknowledgement of

the impact she had on the world, and how nothing is the same?

Does death mean a realization of

how your world is shattered,

even though

she made your world the way it is?

What does death even mean?

Is death an unbecoming,

or is it a rebecoming?

Is death a burying of everything you knew to be true,

or is it an excavating of

everything you realize to be true?

Is death only a horrible thing filled with pain,

or can death be discovering a chest full of love?

Is death burying a coffin,

or is it discovering a capsule?

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Is death letting go of love,

or is it rediscovering love?

Is death everything you hoped would never be,

or is it the love that you hoped would always be with you?

Is death only some horrible thing that should never happen,

or is death another form of love breathing with us on our journey?

Is death a false dichotomy?

Is death both?

What does death even mean?

Did she really fully die?

Or is her love now an invisible heart that is beating here?

When someone dies, What actually dies?

Is it their physical body

that is no more?

Is it their soul that left

and became one with the sky?

Is it the curve of their smile

that became the curve of the rainbow after the storm?

Is it the light of their eyes

that became the warmth of the sun?

Is it the corners of their eyes

that became the miracle of how the clouds know when the earth needs tears to rain? Page | 85 Rudolph

When someone dies, Are they truly gone?

Or are they just now a part of the wind,

a part of the heartbeat of life that remains, a part of the soul of all of us, a part of the heart that continues to beat, a part of the love that carries us through?

When someone dies,
Are they truly gone,
Or have they become anew?
Something new
That we call grief
That we could really say:

This is love

Lauren Rudolph is a candidate in a Bachelor of Arts in Psychology at York University in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. She is passionate about helping people enhance their wellbeing, illuminate the light within themselves even amidst darkness, and discover the anchor within themselves even amidst any storm swirling around them. She is passionate about helping people actualize the inherent power within themselves to use darkness as opportunities, to heal, and to live the lives they want to live. She has been writing poetry for over a decade. Her poetry explores themes of love and loss, the parallels between love and grief, the connections between grief and gratitude, the power of nature, finding light amidst darkness, using challenges as opportunities, concepts of health, wellbeing and healing, the value of connecting to one's own body, and the importance of emotions.