

## Summer Ghazal

My loss of you crept up unexpectedly, like a huge wave knocking feet out from under,  
Stuffing nostrils with sand; salt water choking screaming throat, insuring that I feel  
loss.

Skin chafed from wringing hands. Sallow regret rivets marking face from salty tears.  
Why surprise with your silent goodbye? Oh, to shed this old skin and peel loss!

Enter God's house, the place of comfort and solace. Prostrate, humble, searching  
All of us together, broken souls and healers one and all. Praying we kneel loss.

Scabs start to form. Skin shows hints of burgeoning rosy glow. It becomes easier to  
breathe deeply without gasping for air. Universe screams it is possible to heal loss.

At the beach again, the seagulls sing, Luanne, shape up, get moving, get over  
yourself! Make good use of your limbs, your voice, your heart. Losing LIFE is the  
only real loss!

*Luanne Pumo Jaconia, CSSW, began her career in child protective services, and currently facilitates parenting workshops. She and her husband are parents of two; hands-on grandparents of three. Her poems often reflect the difficult and exhilarating experiences that happen within families as they grow. Luanne began submitting poetry at 70.*



**The Pangolin Review; Issue 6, 8 September 2018**