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# **God Doesn't Demand Perpetual Grief**

by Anthony J. Sanchez III

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# God Doesn't Demand Perpetual Grief



**Anthony J. Sanchez III**

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**God Doesn't Demand  
Perpetual Grief**

Poems written from the heart.

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## **Yesterday's Clothes**

“They built me a room at the back of the house.  
The light is polite, but the clocks forget to chime.  
My stories, they say, are wearing yesterday's clothes,  
I suppress the wars, I never mention to anyone.  
I was the axle once.  
Wheels spun because my wrists remembered the grease.  
Once my voice could steady a frightened child.  
Or quiet a room with a single raised brow.  
Now the children orbit newer suns.  
Screens that blink faster than my pulse.  
Now when the young pass my door,  
They carry the scent of hurry.  
I have become the photograph they mean to frame.  
But they never quite find the right wall.  
My name is a footnote they skim,  
On the way to tomorrow's appointments.  
Yet in the marrow of this thinning bone,  
A small fire keeps its appointment with oxygen.  
I sit. I breathe. I remember!  
The comfort of my wife's head on my chest.  
The nights the world was only moonlight and fireflies.  
Let them forget the dates, the medals, the anecdotes.  
Let them misplace the sound of my laugh.  
Something stubborn outruns even their forgetting.  
I still rise from my lonely bed before the birds.  
I still set two cups on the table.  
Its a habit older than grief.  
One day they'll open a drawer.  
A ticket stub from a concert.  
A band that no longer plays.  
A note in my aged hand.

Words of my last goodbye.  
They may find a matchbook from a café that no longer exists.  
They'll turn it over, puzzled, strike a match.  
And for one unguarded second feel the heat.  
A full life that refused to go gentle into anyone's good night.  
Until then, I keep the fire small, so it will not frighten them.  
And large enough that I never have to sit in the dark alone.  
So with respect, and a shared nod to my long endless sleep.  
Pay me no mind, for my time is nearly over.  
Live long. Love fiercely. Waste nothing. Enjoy life."

*I wrote this poem a few years ago as a raw, immediate response to my beautiful wife's death from insidious, unrelenting cancer. It was written in the depths of loss, grief, mourning and my guilt that she left without taking me with her. Today, I wrote a second version based on five years of reflection, with hope for the future that will follow. These two poems are for my wife of 56 years. The first came in the raw hours of missing her. The second, after walking the shadowed mile alone, trusting in God's promise of our reunion for Eternity.*

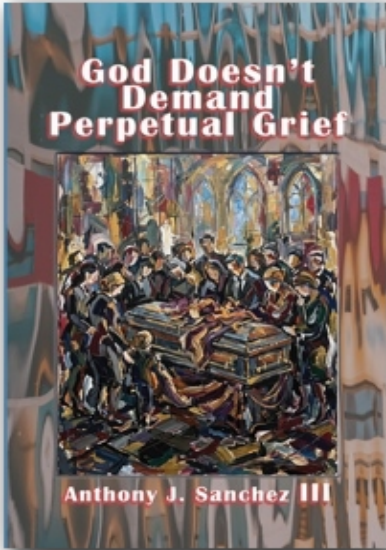
## **Ode To Barbara Ann**

"I never deserved,  
someone as sweet as you.  
I was the cloud.  
You were the sun.  
I was the rain.  
You were the rainbow.  
I was the storm.  
You were the calm.  
God blessed me with you,  
so that I could glimpse Heaven.  
Then He took you away.  
To show me Hell.  
But if I pay for my sins.  
He promised me,  
I'll see you once again."

*This follow-up poem honors the evolution of my grief, showing how time and faith can refine pain into something luminous without erasing the original truth.*

## **Barbara Ann**

"I never deserved someone sweet as you.  
I was the cloud that dimmed the day,  
You were the sun that broke through.  
I was the storm that darkened the sky.  
You were the rainbow that shone true.  
I was the one who made you cry.  
You were the calm that carried me through.  
God lent me your light for all those years.  
A glimpse of heaven wrapped in your smile.  
He called you home to heal what cancer stole.  
Leaving me to walk with a shattered soul.  
Yet in mercy, He whispered through the grief:  
"Be good, my son, and faithful remain."  
"One day the veil will part like dawn."  
"And I'll place her hand in yours again."



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