

Stages of recovery in simile

by [Mary M. Brown](#) in the [February 8, 2011](#) issue

After the sorrow, the anger
rises like dust, a mite
with its own life, its own mighty
spirit, its power so buoyant
and light that it's borne in the air
like war.

After the mourning, the poem
forms like mold, its green
spores a wonder, its story damp
and slow, ancient, growing,
moving through the quiet world
like fear.

After the shock, an energy
gathers, a secret battery
charged, and whatever we know
for sure has been used
up arises from some holy ground
like food.