

# Stillness Curing, Memories Soring

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On knowing pains  
Slain, vanished not a cell, dot, items turned  
Yearned for to gain  
Plain fact, where, how, when, how not, why, why not  
On what to feel  
Stillness curing but memories soring  
Ding, swipe, glance, breeze  
Is to find ending pending beginning

Of lost to hold  
Folded is seed of pain, doom no further  
A new shoot grows  
Flows from seed of love, joyous heaven praise  
Strain of lost stays  
Grace suffice, the loss is real, better  
The shoot grandeur  
Cherish memories, joyous in lament.

## Device

A new line uses a syllable that sounds similar to the last syllable of the previous, e.g. pains – strain, soring – ding, grandeur – cherish. Not really an Anadiplosis. Aposiopesis and enjambment are attempted.

# **The writing of Stillness Curing, Memories Soring**

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Sadness, sorrow, and all negative feelings and emotional dispositions are part of the universal human language of expression. The same can be said about happiness, joy, gladness, and elation. In 1993, the composer wrote "Lament for the Living" for oboe and cello. This was a period when communal conflicts were being fanned and escalating into multinational tensions, and the power of politics was at a loss as to what to do. In short, news channels overwhelmed the human senses of loss of lives, when the feelings of loss that prolonged as long as the living is alive were worse than death.

Two decades since "Lament for the Living", and during the intervening years, the sense of individuals lamenting loss has not changed. Some will argue that it has increased in any kind of measurement (numbers, duration, depravity accountability, etc.).

"Lament for the Joyous" gives a view, like looking through a keyhole, of the struggle of lament, moving on, and finding release in a sense of joy. Whether that is possible is perhaps not a question to ask, since those of us with the capacity to write and read this kind of subject do so with the spare mental strength that those suffering from loss rarely have.

The poem describes how the loved ones might have vanished or been killed. Worse in the suffering of the living is when the body cannot be found. To maintain their presence and memory, their belongings are left as they were the last time they were there. The yearning for them to return is dashed further when their items remain untouched, unturned.

Such a yearning increases, in the contradictory need to continue to want to know and not wanting to know, that more lack of, or bad, news takes us beyond our capacity to cope. We long for their presence, we feel them in the stillness of the hour. Doing so increases our longing for them. Pain grows. We will look and long for any hints of news, the ringtone from our mobile phone; we swipe every message to seek hints. The glance from passers-by seems to tell us something; even how our skin responds to the breezes makes us feel: this time, it is different. And continues it is the lamenting, what looks like an end is in fact lamenting afresh: we are yet to begin.

We might realise that spending our lives feeling lost and going through pain is a wholesome responsibility to ourselves and to those who are lost. It says something about when we cease thinking 24x7 about the loved ones lost, then we forget them. Such is not what we want to do, lest our dearest. However, the living death is destroying the living individual. The aim and the act do nothing positive for the one lamenting. To spend time with the loved ones, yes, to do so in such a manner, when time and place have bound us, going backwards by a vain hope of staying alive with them as when they were last alive.

No words or actions can deal with the lost. It is an unsolvable problem. A problem solved is the one to return. But that does not happen. A persisting bereavement worsens another life in the course of loss.

"How to move on?" is an unthinkable idea since it suggests the one suffering to forget the loved one lost. The strain of feeling the loss of loved ones will continue straining on, but the same love that binds blossoms into a new shoot. The grace of God, described as more than enough for us to deal with such bereavement, is the grace that Jesus saved all of us through his death and then his resurrection. (In the Bible, 2 Corinthians 12:9) The more the bereavement is real, the stronger the grace is. To find release finds grace and discovers the joy that is possible in lament.

## Website

<http://allegretto.top/>