


cambridge.org/pax

Ellen Zhang, A.B. 

Harvard Medical School, Boston, MA, USA

## Poetry

**Cite this article:** Zhang E (2020). Taste of Grief. *Palliative and Supportive Care* **18**, 625. <https://doi.org/10.1017/S1478951520000917>

Received: 26 July 2020

Revised: 7 August 2020

Accepted: 23 August 2020

### Author for correspondence:

Ellen Zhang, Harvard Medical School, Boston, MA, USA. E-mail: [ellen\\_zhang@hms.harvard.edu](mailto:ellen_zhang@hms.harvard.edu)

When my grandfather died,  
the house became alive.  
Grief in the shape of  
dumplings piling onto the  
kitchen counter, soup  
boiled over the stove for  
hours upon hearing that  
my grandfather had to be  
rushed to the hospital.  
Easily, condolences  
decorated the front of  
our doors, sofa, chairs.  
Our way of doing things  
was to hold sorrow in the  
corners of our teeth. Only  
children were allowed  
to suffer openly. Inside  
these four walls, small  
talk and chatter of good  
memories and moments.  
Weeks melted into months,  
Mother and I tended  
to our unhealed wounds.  
Our grief like plums,  
sat underneath our  
tongues, growing more sour  
and sweet with time.  
Even when the talk of the  
town became something else,  
I could not let go so with  
little fanfare. I shrunk and  
pruned, folded into myself.

### Conflicts of Interest

None declared.

### Funding Statement

This research received no specific grant from any funding agency, commercial, or not-for-profit sectors.