The Five Stages of Grief

By Kate Cantrell | 1 November 2019

In the 1960s when Elizabeth Kübler-Ross was writing *On Death and Dying* NASA was preparing to fly an eagle to the moon.

This was before Chernobyl before *The Challenger* exploded before Lindy looked down the barrel of a gun and said without knowing why it was a dingo stole her baby.

In clamping jaws we sleep restlessly while the cult of the mourning rise early to dress their wounds. And to worship Cassini's sacred loop.

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In the 1980s

when Elizabeth Kübler-Ross was building a healing centre to administer hope and other drugs, her husband divorced her because she claimed to speak to the dead.

Her black-veil brides are calling but you refuse to answer asking instead what if Reactor 4 shut down for maintenance and the O-ring closed and the Chamberlains, exhausted, turned back at the rock and hired a van instead of a tent?

Between parallel ribs in red desert sand one woman buries her defence.

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In the 1990s

when Elizabeth Kübler-Ross was dying our daughters locked arms and sang *red rover red rover send someone over* and eventually she came. Perhaps this is why she gave us numbers instead of names—

she was a triplet—

and three sisters never take

the path of least resistance.

A biography of Earth confirms

light cannot escape a black hole.

I suppose what I'm trying to say is

grief is a lemniscate

that turns on itself.

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Kate Cantrell grew up in Brisbane in the 1990s. Her short stories, poems, and essays have been published in several magazines and journals, including Overland, N Your Darlings, Swamp, and The Lifted Brow. She writes regularly for Times Higher Education, and her journalism has appeared in Bradt Travel Guides, The Sunday The Independent on Sunday. She teaches Creative Writing and English Literature at the University of Southern Queensland.

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