Epilogue

If the waves of grief wash upon the shores of you, take comfort in these words. Make friends with sorrow; sit upon these sands with your pain and anguish, hand in hand, for she has stories to tell you. Let the cracked warmth of her voice roll across your oceans, curl in its swells and crash against the rocks that line your mourning. There is music to be heard. There are songs to be sung. There comes a melody carried on a bright gull’s wing.

Draw solace from the words of this book. Know that you are not alone, for every soul who has contributed to this collection knows that distant, keening littoral. We have all visited that bleak, rain-sodden expanse and felt the soft sand sucking at our feet as we stood staring out into the abyss. We have been there, too.

This complex convocation of different words, experiences and bereavements has joined together in an ardent cry of solidarity and loss. Through death, music offers us a hand in the darkness. We walk forward, together.