

My tears ran straight,
falling on a heart so parched by a life of cynicism;
the impact was felt by all who witnessed.
The tear was greedily absorbed,
to be used as a selfish salve for wounds so scarred,
they would never be healed.

My tears ran straight,
falling on a heart so verdant by a life of success,
there was no sound.
This tear was complacently accepted,
the heart confident that there would always be sustenance,
paying no attention to the lessons of life
and so, it's own eventual demise.

My tears ran straight,
falling on a heart fallow from inexperience,
landing like a chime, a sweet song,
fading slowly away in ever increasing circles,
touching all in it's radius.

In this tear lies hope,
for as long as there is tears shed,
there will also be the belief that anything is possible,
healing, happiness and healthy growth,
ever expanding to encompass us all.

Never be ashamed to cry.

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