I THOUGHT I HAD SHED ALL MY TEARS

I thought I had shed all my tears,

a lifetime of tears,

drops rivuletting canyons in once smoothe skin,

cascading into deltas and emptying into a sea of sorrow,

now parched and dried like

my once choking and burning throat.

I thought I had shed all my tears,

a lifetime of tears,

sobs of shock and pain muffled in pillows,

deep shaking heaves trying to catch breath,

threatening to suffocate.

I thought I had shed all my tears,

a lifetime of tears,

of hurt and hurting, of remorse for the done and undone,

the betrayal of and by those close,

the final separation from loved ones, land,

and what is most cherished,

of sleepless nights and

prayers like drops of blood for the sick and dying,

of births that never were.

of fading health and dreams.

I thought I had shed all my tears,

a lifetime of tears,

screams and cries of anger, fear, and anguish over

the corruption, consumption, and killing fields of

Earth and all that is in it,

billions of years extinguishing

in the embers and ashes of truth and justice,

communities and trust shattered,

innocent suffering,

sacredness violated, sorrow unbounded,

lamenting echoing lamenting, looping and looping and looping,

grief unbearable, unconsolable, overwhelming, numbing,

dried, vacant eyes staring stoically into the void,

filled with harpies advertising, urging, encouraging

to eat, drink, and be merry. But

how can I sing while mourning in

this strange, foreign land?

I thought I had shed all my tears,

a lifetime of tears, no more left to be wiped away.

I woke up in the middle of the night,

anxiously awaiting dawn, but

the heavens were weeping, lightning

and street lamps the only light,

cloud-bursting, four winds swirling,

thundering, torrents and storms of tears,

piercing the soil and bouncing off asphalt,

quenching the drought-thirsty trees losing

autumn muted colored leaves,

trying to cleanse, to refresh, to renew, to regenerate

the parched planet and also

piercing my soul, drilling into

unbeknown, untapped fossilized tears that melted, trickled,

moistened eyelids, then gushed,

flowing, cleansing and renewing.

No rainbow but deep gratitude and stillness and

a new Covenant with a new day and

All that is in it.

Then I calmly reached for a box of Kleenex.

ejhs

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