

She's Crying, Again

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She's crying again as she has
done so many times before.
Each teardrop represents a fountain
of challenges that she has faced.

She's crying again, but she does not
let her children see the water well up in her eyes.
Instead they hear the lowness of her voice,
they see the slowness of her movement,
they see the distant stare in her eyes.

She's crying from the hurt of past love affairs
which she hoped would have lead her to the
altar; but instead they left her with feelings of despair.
Dreaming of lighthearted carefree times, crying
for their return. Crying, because age keeps stretching
out it' hand to her. Leaving her with feelings of so
many things in her life undone, and regrets of choosing the
road less traveled.

She wants to break down, and tell a friend exactly how
she feels, but decides "I won't bother them"; it's just her foolish
pride. The emptiness she feels is a longing for her to be loved
and cared for, but she does not give in, for fear that it will make her
feel weak.

She's crying again while telling herself inside
"I've been through much worse, I'll be fine."
Turning within asking herself why?
Why? can't I.

She wants to isolate herself from the world,
but she knows that, that maybe the worst thing that
she could do.

And so she prays and asks God for sweet strengthening
Quiet Time.