

A Good Cry

A good cry
in the backyard.
Steady rain whispers softly
on this lonely afternoon.

Cool tears fall,
matching a flow spilling
from the scalloped edges
of the birdbath.

Sun breaking through clouds
does not slow the rain.
Tears catch the glinting sun, sending
shards of light to sting my eyes.

I run under a tree.
The shadow welcomes me
with her cool arms.
The birdbath still weeps.

The covering of darkness
holds me so tightly it hurts.
I cannot escape
a good cry.