

Hot Tears

Trying not to cry hot tears.
Could this be the worst day of the year?
That small hope invading my despair.
If I make it through today,
tomorrow has to be better.
Sitting on the back porch to escape the world,
hot tears dripping from my chin.
Two dogs in the yard next door
watch me with wide eyes, sitting silently
in their porch swing, swaying slowly.
In my own swing, I match their serious, gentle sway.
They look confused when I start to laugh.