



A Compassionate Tear

Today, it will have been a week;
I'm standing here in disbelief.
Ten thousand tongues could never speak
Soft words that would bring me relief.
A month, it will have been today;
My tears still flow quite readily.
A deep-seated love they portray
As they purge old regrets from me.

One year, it will have been today;
I let my deep emotions flow.
Acts undone, words I didn't say,
Haunt me now in their ebb and flow.
Tomorrow comes; my past flown by;
I have learned to laugh in my pain.
But now, standing here I still cry,
Embrace departed love again.

It shall not always be like this;
One day soon I shall join him there.
I shall remember our first kiss . . .
A recall beyond all compare.

Henry W. Gurley