

Little tears

Tear drops fall softly,
Against the window panes,
The little boy stares,
Earnestly.

Rooted bare feet,
Suspended in time and space,
He leans into his palms,
Elbows on the window sill.

Gently the drops gather,
Together a small stream,
Barefaced they run down the pain,
Away.

Sweet relief in the breeze,
Swaying and drifting,
Everywhere together,
Tear drops fall.

Throughout the storm clouds passing,
A patter of pane,
The wind woes and sooths,
And comforts.

Tonight, a feather touched,
His mind reaches for,
The unseen benefit of cloud nine,
Of deep sleep and promise.

Tears like rain drops,
Nourishes anew,
Both the soul and nature,
Receive the gift of growth.

By
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