

The Promise of Tears

by Sandra Felt

Earthquakes all around,
Fears splashing like tidal waves
Fast encroaching on my personal garden.
Tears come, then some more,
And more and more,
Pulling me down into my protective cocoon.
Shaking, hiding,
Downtrodden, alone again.
Will this last forever?
Hope evaporated.
Oh, where did it go?
Can't find my garden,
My anchor, my safety,
My me.
But look! There through the blur of tears
And the fog of sniffles,
The sun returns,
Rising again all peachy and orange,
Bringing light again to my darkness,
Life again to dawn,
Peace to my soul.
And bringing me back home.