

Teardrops

A single teardrop—
For a peach-tree switch
That stung my legs,
And for the dear heart
Who wielded it.

A rivulet of regret—
For time in academia, Completing the courses
But not knowing
I did not know.

A brook—
Tumbling over boulders
For lives I failed to touch,
For hearts whose pulse I never felt.

A once-in-a-lifetime deluge— For the love I
should have given, And received,
But didn't.

An ocean of briny tears— Stretching beyond
the horizon Into the Unknown.

