

An Evening of Tears

By Glenn Currier

It was an evening of tears.
Not of pain or sadness
but those that arise unbidden and unexpected
after witnessing a hardened woman
who finds a sliver of grace
to forgive herself and another.

Tears of gratitude
from the sudden awareness
of undeserved goodness
given freely.

This flow welled up
from something so deep within me
it belies masculinity, logic,
or the thick and high walls
cast up from hurt.

Tears that pierce scar tissue
wrapped around the soul
from pain or the fear of it
from abuse and the remembrance of it.
These are powerful tears
more mighty than the brutality
and shameless arrogance
I witness on the evening news.

Oh how full I felt
from this unabashed weeping
as if I had been visited by angels,
innocence,
or something that can only be called
divine.

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