

Weeping Quietly

By Glenn Currier

As I turn the corner and look into the room
there before a great sun-filled window
he is seated on the floor
his figure clothed in white
made spare
by his fetal posture.
He weeps quietly.

Empty of things
the room is white and bright
no shadows but the one cast by the small mound
of his quaking body.
He weeps quietly.

He has lost something precious
and irreplaceable
But even in his grief
he is wrapped in gentleness
with a knowing
as peaceful as a windless lake
that mirrors the heavens
He weeps quietly.

I enter the room
breathe the shallow breath
of an untroubled heart.
My lungs expand softly
with the air of compassion
and then release the remnants of shadow
from the tiny tears
in my soul.

I weep quietly
in peace.

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