

Poetry by Papi

TEARS IN MY TEARS

Papi – May 17, 2011

Child ... do not stain these tears by thinking to dry your eye
Think neither to stop their flow ... nor wonder ... why you cry
These have come from far and near and travailed to be set free
They are just forerunners and firstborn - for others will come from me

You called them tears of toxicity - to burn the face now and not then
They are merely the gift of grace to tell you of changes I've made within
I have mixed them with your faith - and it is I - that have caused them to flow
From the silent depth the inner man – reborn - has come to know

These tears are mine anointed ones, touch them not with carnal thought
Their purity is as manna sent for – waited for – fashioned and taught
Swirled in dregs of sorrow - distilled in victory they have found their role
They bring understanding to your heart - to your mind - and to your soul

In my tears that speak of hearing and seeing – and of promises made and kept
In my tears cried this day - and in this way – there is wonder of just who has wept
Now they have reached my mouth and I find the covenant of healing there within
In my tears now I taste the voice – I wonder no longer where He my Being has been