

one tangible tear  
January 26, 2021

one drop of rain on a window pane;  
a descending streak of opaque vision.  
a tear on the cheek of an old person  
is the same; no less, no more.

the elderly don't cry out loud,  
they don't sob.  
they internalize,  
silently,  
privately,  
with one tangible tear,  
only one tangible tear.

they stare off into the distance,  
while looking at my past  
through cataracts.

come visit me.

is it time for my meal?  
is it time for my medicine?

is it my... time?

my hand in my lap  
keeping time  
to a song in my head.

i was wondering about the...  
oh, i forget.  
where was i?  
where am i?

Listen. There. There!  
The music is playing.  
I remember that tune! I remember our song!  
We danced along.  
I remember the night I first spent with you.  
I remember.  
I remember THAT, I do.

the music stopped.  
where was I?  
staring off in the distance  
while looking back.