

Tears of a Father

*I cried when she was born, so tiny and helpless, in life's early morn
I cried when I held her, my child to nourish and protect.
I cried for God's help, when she was deathly ill
I cried my gratitude when her recovery was sure.
I cried happy tears when love overflowed my eyes
I cried a father's love, when kissing her off to sleep.
I cried bitter tears when faced with a divorce.
I cried with rage at the loss of my child.
I cried each time my child was taken away
I cried each time a judge said, "I don't care."
I cried when a visit ended, each time a little death
I cried when she stopped coming, her choice, my greatest loss.
I cried at her high school graduation, uninvited, unseen
I cried when remembering all the good times we shared
I cried when awakened to the fact that my child no longer cared.
I cried when a stranger's kid reminded me of my own
I cried at the questions that raised sorrowful memories
I cried at movies showing loving dads and kids
I cried at all the photographs, wondering 'what's she look like now?'
I cried for no apparent reason, just because I felt the loss
I cried to think, she chooses not to call.
I cried for seven years, over memories turned to gall.
My heart is stone, now crying's done, calloused and scarred, feeling numb
I haven't cried in days.*

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