

### Stone Tears

You steer toward the harbor of our talk  
as a ship pushes through fog,  
the hope of safe passage, a beacon;  
the cargo heavy in your hold.

Your eyes carry your grief  
like stone tears,  
their swell too sudden to restrain,  
too weighty to let fall.

To release them would cost you  
all that remains  
of connection.

Like ballast,  
the dead weight of your loss  
balances, restrains,  
holds you to measured meter.  
With it, you move  
slow as the tide,  
ebbing and flowing  
with your own rhythms.

I watch your approach  
as I stand on shores lapped  
by these same waves. Like you,  
I found this uncharted coast  
in the black vessel  
of mourning,  
my only service now  
to stand  
and wait.

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