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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