
THE TEARS OF A WOMAN

The tears of a woman
How precious they are
Every tear drop tells a story
Every now and then she cries tears of joy
But for the most part, the tears of a woman
Contain deep sorrows and disappointments of her life

As she cries herself to sleep
Her pain is unseen but heard only
By the dark of the night
She cries about what has happened to her
And what has remained unseen
By those who should know better
How precious, the tears of a woman

If only she knew, that her tears
Are a gift where she gets to let go
With one tear she can let go of expectations
With another she can let go of the whip
The one she uses to lash herself for not meeting standards

If only she knew
That every tear is there to wash away the shame
And let her empty the bucket of pain
The one that sits deep in her heart
Waiting for her to notice
That the tears of a woman change every season
And they remain a gift that only she can give.

By Unami Magwenzi

