

SEEDS OF TEARS

I read once, that God keeps our tears.
He preserves them, in a bottle, over the years.
They said every tree on earth, has its seed.
Believe in the principle of the seed,
for there are seeds to trees, and seeds of tears.
This compelled me to sow a few seeds of tears,
that I may bring a in a few sheaves.
In prayer, I know, I've shed many tears,
that I may bring a few sheaves.
Often, I wonder about my labors of tears.
Shall I have an harvest from my tears?

There's a thought, that often fills my eyes with tears,
about my innocent daughter who will turn fourteen;
one that make me drench many pillows with showers of tears.
I wait on God in my sea of tears.
I swim in the current of my own tears.
Shall I regain strength in my tears,
or cry my eyes till, I fear?
When my soul is cast-down, if my mind fear,
before the "Throne of God" I appear;
my painful supplications, I hope He hears.
When I am caged in my own walls of fear,
conceiving inside of me,
a fervent prayer and a stream of tears.
Only He can see, those hidden springs of tears!

Indeed before His Throne is the voice of one's tears;
cause the strength of a prayer, is in the Life of one's tears.
Tears that can clean one's heart pure.
I heard that: "man shall not cry", or shed tears;
is that "status quo" enough to stop your tears?
The healing dam, and behind it, is
a Niagara of hot tears,
and a harvest of peace, waiting on that wet stream!
Oh ye of little grace.
You can't say you don't know the way to tis.
Discover the way, in these holy tears;
that you may become a vessel and source of grace.

Silent sobbing prayers of men who feel,
in their cells who shed tears and weep;
these mightier, than the terror of men who killed,
men who were giants of the streets.
They shook communities and cities,
men who brought to families tears and fear
who are convicted of crimes, and sentenced for years,
in their own minds impressed their gangster peers,
and will not openly weep.
But they hid silent, sobbing prayers, in their dark pits;
I know because they had so told me!
They have found in their zeal,
that the answers to prayers in the mystery of tears!

Achievements of one's passion invoke tears,
 like the musical notes, composed on Bethoven's sheets.
 When the athlete performance reaches its zenith;
 she chants a song of tears,
 of one "nirvana" only she feels.
 Behold the dried kernels of tears,
 that brought no tangible fruits, throughout the years.
 The secret prayer of a lone prisoner in the pit;
 Unlike the "Pauline intercessions" on papyrus sheets,
 that blew an eternal song at heaven's feet.
 Listen to the number of children's voice snuffed;
 not the hearing of laughing hyenas glee.

About the African child-soldier deeds of tears,
 of tears, in the middle of the dark forest deep;
 Their tears rolled off the green leaves,
 which some used as plates to eat.
 Tears ran continuously, thru the centuries,
 Like jets clean, and feed the roots of the native green trees.
 But the noise of the whips even in ships,
 and echoed over the Atlantic,
 whose wave carried old black patriachs and "fils",
 on the fleets to the other side like sardines.

One's pet moans are heard for feeds and treats;
 even it is satisfied of its belly's needs.
 I scream in my soul: hypocrites, hypocrites!
 even the Lord shed tears of blood, over his lips,
 His own tears allowed His soul to hit the deep!
 Thoughts and therapy followed genuine tears,
 healing is riding on the wings of tears.
 Comfort of a woman, hid in her sweet tears.
 She who knows joy, swallow her own tears,
 she who shed tears, reaps a harvest of peace.

I read that God shall wipe away all our tears;
 if He wipes them free,
 how can He bottle these tears still?
 We'll never fully understand, why we have tears;
 just as we know not, why earth has seven seas.
 But I am still talking about tears.
 I know Eternity, even relief are coded in these tears.
 True love in the deepest of hearts incite tears.
 Ask a woman in love to explain her abundance of tears;
 even, when in that "white dress", she wears a veil of tears,
 Oh Lord, her best friend, may be a tear,
 running thru the mascara between her eyelids!

SEEDS OF TEARS (Continued)

A toddler's suckling bottle will whistle,
 thru the means of tears.
 Perfect, precious tears;
 priceless pearl of tears!
 Even he knows the power of tears,
 because a "A child shall lead" thee.
 A prisoner learned from the least of these,
 when the Parole Board, or judge won't hear;
 he cried out to the Judge of all, who sees,
 appeal his case to the Lover of Justice!
 The helpless, bed-ridden sick, finds faith in his burning tears;
 expectantly, he ask healing of the priest.
 One's heart rest after a "tear party";
 Oh goodness is a resource of tears!

Be not afraid to weep,
 as a toddler who shed real tears.
 Don't cause your fear of tears,
 as a prisoner rob you of perfect peace.
 If you befriended tears,
 as a woman treasured tears,
 you'll find your peace.
 When you wait on your knees.
 Wait till the breaking dawn with tears!

There are doors to key,
 and trees of seeds,
 locks to gates and fields of weeds.
 But there were fears to tears;
 kiss to bliss, and joy for peace.
 And perfect Love casts out all fears.
 When burdens offered at the Cross' feet.
 Your struggles and mine are real!
 Blessed is he who prays on his knees, with tears.
 Beautiful eyes, shed tears, in the night of needs.
 And the beholder of these eyes,
 was a woman wearing red, and her bright eyes.
 The eyes of a child, a prisoner, and orphan,
 have the seeds of tears!

Penned for those, whose hidden tears are bottled up, up there.

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