

Men Do Cry

I heard quite often "men don't cry"
Though no one ever told me why.
So when I fell and skinned a knee
No one came by to comfort me.

And when some bully boy at school
Would pull a prank so mean and cruel
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip
"It doesn't hurt" and bite my lip.

So as I grew to reasoned years
I learned to stifle any tears.
Though "Be a big boy" it began
Quite soon I learned to "Be a man."

And I could play the stoic role
While storm and tempest wracked my soul.
No pain nor setback could there be
Could wrest one single tear from me.

Then one long night I stood nearby
And hopelessly watched my son die.
And quickly found to my surprise
That all that tearless talk was lies.

And still I cry and have no shame
I cannot play that "big boy" game.
And openly without remorse
I let sorrow take its course.

So those of you who can't abide
A man you've seen who's often cried
Reach out to him with all your heart
As one whose life's been torn apart.

For men do cry when they can see
Their loss of immortality
And tears will come in endless streams
When mindless fate destroys their dreams.

—Unknown