

The Aftermath

I smell your salty tears
Like a breeze off some distant shoreline
Where your fragile heart sits breaking

The droplets fall from your eyes
Wet vulnerability splashing against my skin
Little bursts of your hurt that I've been allowed to share

I hear you choke on the sob in your throat
Your mouth is pressed against my shoulder as
My fingertips whisper comfort across the back of your neck

It's all there in those stormy-blue eyes
The aftermath of their careless judgments
If they could see what I see now, they would have held their tongues.

I smell your salty tears
Like a breeze off some distant shoreline
As it softly carries your heart into my awaiting arms.