

# Crying

*Kristine Wagner*

Every parent who knows anything  
Expects crying after their baby is born

But not like this.

Not as the baby lies still,  
Swaddled in blankets  
Which can never make him warm  
Not while standing next to a tiny blue coffin  
Which matches their son's tiny blue socks

They expected crying  
But not from themselves  
As their relatives sat in rows of pews  
And wiped their eyes

Not as the father tried his best  
To be strong for his wife at the funeral  
But once he went home  
Cried like a baby.

