Never Let Them See You Cry

Bury your tears in the yard with everything else you hope might grow. Let the green stalks rise to meet the sharp edge of your pruning shears. Peace is what you seek right now. Pay no attention to the back-and-forth of the grackles in their noisy he said/she said conversation. What do they know about the stone in your heart? What do they know about the open throats of tulips choked by rot underneath?

Inside, dinner is on the table as the afternoon drifts into dusk. Your family awaits your return. Let them wait. Let your soft animal self breathe. Now, take the shears and clip forsythia branches for the dining room table. Make the room dumb with beauty—let no one be the wiser.