

Well what will happen when they break our heart,
To find your love will no longer start;
No one can be so cruel that they would want to hurt,
But sometimes a tear is shed and lost in the dirt.

A tear can be sad to those who it leaves,
When someone dies or in fear bereaves;
Sometimes a tear can come from joy,
When as adults in pain or a child loses a toy.

But what is strongest is that love with in,
And all that strife and the battle to win;
A tear can show hope of the new life to come,
And is gentle and mild and to some seems dumb.

But great is the one who can shed a tear,
When all hope seems lost and is suffering from fear;
He is the one who is strong when weak,
For god shelters his chosen and finds time for the meek.

A tear can be a drop in a storm full of rain,
But only troubles those who are righteous and sane;
For how strong is the power of a single tear,
Which makes stand firm, like a rock brings God so near.

For he'll dry your tear with very much care,
As he quenches our thirst with love beyond compare;
So there is so much love in a tear from your eye,
That others will treat you so kind as will I.

There must be a reason for this trauma and pain,
That would cause but a tear to seem like teeming rain;

I don't know the answer to why one would weep,
But a treasure a tear we might one day do keep.

I think it is a love that I might write this poem,
For from what I have found from where I do roam;
But nothing can touch the heart like a tear,
In thinking that one day our great God will appear.

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