

## **"Hoarded Tears"**

**by Boomer Anderson**

That knock  
That awful knock

Strange how a simple collection of boards  
Just tapped upon  
Can conjure the sound of doom

You have waited for it for years  
Have heard it in your dreams  
Played and replayed it a million times  
Yet when it finally comes  
It is as new and as startling  
As a razor in the dark

The tapping is sharp, insistent  
Professional and polished  
Like the person making it  
You could look through the peephole  
But why?  
You know what awaits on your porch  
Having already seen it

Never one, always two  
Protocol demands it  
Their uniforms starched and pressed and perfect  
Buttons and shoes polished to a Hollywood sheen

And the faces  
Not so different from your child's  
But they avoid your eyes  
And they look so very serious  
You want to poke them, make them laugh  
But this is no time for laughter

The words they have for you  
Aren't written down  
No need, since they've been said so many times before  
"The secretary has asked me to express..."

For a moment  
You push it all away, remembering  
It is a perfect morning, and the robins are trilling

And he brings something to you in his hands  
His face alive with wonder  
He holds his palms up to you  
A blue egg, perfect, just there  
"Mommy, look!"

Gravity reaches up  
And pulls you to the floor  
You want to scream  
But don't know how yet  
That will come later  
For now, at least  
The tears you've been hoarding for years  
Are finally set free.