



IF I COULD NOT CRY

If I could not cry... I would be a river, needing to flow.

If I could not cry... I would be the moon, smiling so big that the world
cannot see.

If I could not cry... I would be a bird in a cage, wanting to fly.

If I could not cry... I would be a garden, waiting for water.

If I could not cry... I would be a volcano, angry and ready to explode.

If I could not cry... I would be the wind against a barn, not able to push
past.

If I could not cry... I would be an underground crystal, secret and hidden.

But I am not a tree,

or a river,

or the moon,

or a bird,

or a garden,

or a volcano,

or the wind,

or a crystal.

I am me.