

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



OUR TEARS

There are tears of joy
And tears of sadness.
Tears of loss,
And those of gladness.

The tears of joy
Mark those rare times,
When love redeems,
When life's bell chimes.

The tears of joy
Are thankful streams,
Our Dreams come true -
That's how it seems.

They make the time
Stand very still,
So we may savor
Our own will.

Now tears of sorrow
Are much less rare,
Life disappoints -
And hearts do tear.

The loss of friends,
The loss in trying,
When all alone -
When love is dying.

Tears of sorrow
Offer some relief,
The body's salve
For hearts in grief.

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We wish to savor
The happy tears,
We wish they'd last
For all our years.

Somehow we know
That's not our fate,
When life does ebb
Tears fill our pate.

For all the wonder
God sends our way,
Tears of sadness
Oft End our days.

What's the meaning
Of this cruel turn?
What is here
For us to learn?

It's ironic
So very odd,
When we are saddest
We beckon God.

While tears of joy
Make self our focus,
Tears of loss
Make God our locus.

It's in defeat
We learn the most,
In sorrow's tears
We take our post.

This passing world
Not for mere pleasure,
It's tearful times
Do take our measure.

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Think of Lincoln
The loss of sons,
An epic war
The tears of guns.

But through the sorrow
Through so much pain,
He freed the slaves
Tears of joy regain.

Think of Jesus
Whether God or man,
He preached forgiveness
Gave all one can.

She bathed His feet
With her own tears,
In tears our own
He assuages fears.

For we Believers
Do believe,
That after death
Joy's tears relieve.

So when you cry
Your tears of sorrow,
Hold in thought
Salvation's morrow.

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