

Poetry and Prose

Chapel of Tears

by Domagoj Kutle, MSPE

You cried.
Tears streamed down your pretty face,
and I was there—
guilty,
helpless,
silent.

Nothing could be said.
Nothing could be done.
You had decided—
for yourself,
for the better.

And those tears—
they weren't for you.
You cried for me,
because you knew
I had no soul left to save.

Thank you.
I couldn't have chosen better for myself,
nor could I have been a worse choice for you.
Let it rain.

Let it all out. Ω