



Yes, I cried when Mufasa died  
in the Lion King. Yes,

my feelings are sandbags tied  
to my solar plexus. Yes, I

cry. Often, sometimes  
with violence, my whole

being quaking. Yes, they  
tell us tears weaken us.

Yes, I am stainless steel.  
Yes, they are wrong. Yes,

I weep, ridding my skin  
of toxins. Yes, I am

the ocean, a body  
of salt & grief. Yes, I

cry. Yes, my eyes are flames.  
Yes, I weep fire,

but my cheeks  
never burn.