

When the Tears Come

When the tears come, most times I know not why.

When I ask her, there is no reply.

Frustrated I keep asking, why do you cry?

The tears keep coming, oh my.

She is only three, going on four.

As cute as button, this girl almost four.

Crying for nothing as far as I can tell.

And getting no answer is almost like hell.

Waking from her nap sometimes she cries for no reason.

I know not why, there must be tears for some reason.

Is there a hidden message, Great grandpa is missing.

So, I keep on insisting, why do you cry?

I cuddle her, hold her, and carefully listen.

Why my dear child, why do you cry?

There comes a time when deep inside,

The frustration is so deep, even I could cry.

Is she fighting demons she had in a dream?

Something not understood, was it something mean?

Most of the times it doesn't really last long.

But to me it's eternity, or so it seems.

Eventually the tears will stop and she'll look too me,
For love and protection, that much is clear.
She gives me something special, this girl almost four.
And still I do not know what the tears were for?

The role of grandparents today are like no other.
We help raise our grandchildren, to help one another.
The bond we create is strong and true.
We pray, the future for them, is bright too.

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