

Poem for Elizabeth Smart

"There is never anywhere to cry."

--- *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*

Nowhere to cry? Maybe it's generational;
There are lots of places
these days:

Eighteen new cineplexes. The hollowed backs
of instabanks. Patsy Cline on CD. Did you hear
the sprinklet holes in phone receivers are

for soaking up tears? So too, the cells
in cell phones. Try www.cry.com. A bend in
Nova Scotia called Marshy Hope. See
how sobbable
the world is? There are opportunities

all over. I know, you meant
a different world, too tiny to
contain your grief. You meant a lack
of privacy. Inadequate walls

Cross border-guards. I've felt sad
in train stations ever since I read
your book. Did your parents say
'stop bawling, or you'll get something
to bawl for' to you, too? The bawl

was always in your court, so
you had yourself one long, exquisite
cry which was

really a poem no one
read until later. Irony and
Tragedy compared tear ducts, found a
shared ancestry. Everyone

in stations rushing to trains,
staving off tears. You earned yourself
a good cry. You did.