Tear

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Abstract

"This is it," sighed the despondent tear, as he gathered himself and some courage. He balanced his spherical form on the ledge, shivered, and hoped for the gentle touch which would relieve him of his calling. But no, there is so little time...
"This is it," signed the despondent tear, as he gathered himself and some courage.

He balanced his spherical form on the ledge, shivered, and hoped for the gentle touch which would relieve him of his calling.

But no, there is so little time.

Suddenly he tumbled down the satin cheek. The front end led the way, then followed, then led . . . leaving a part of himself behind.

Coming to the edge of his existence he leapt freefall with heart in hand, only to melt away into oblivion on the weave of her shirt.