

Pioneer Stoicism

Sally T. Taylor

There was not gold within our home for tears.
The sorrow locked in hidden cache was not
For foreign eyes. Self-pity could not be bought
Or bartered from this store. And through the years

This solid coin has rattled in our ears
Of stoic values. Then, we all were taught
To hoard our cries. Dear pain and grief were caught
And placed as treasures in a heart of spears.

But now that currency is old. The rate
No longer justifies our fiscal clutch.
That breaking in our eyes is not disgrace!

We'll let our inner treasury abate,
Dispense our wealth with those we truly touch,
And let them see the tears upon our face.

Sally T. Taylor is an assistant professor of English composition at Brigham Young University where she teaches creative writing.