

# Wading

by Jackie Parslow

I had a dream about someone I know,  
which is often the case,  
she was crying,  
and she rarely does

She let down her walls and  
I walked right in and saw,  
the depths of her tears,  
there wasn't a shallow end,  
to be seen

I waded gently through  
her sorrow and pain,  
in a way nobody was ever  
allowed,

Through feeling her life story,  
I understood mine, more,  
I felt like an empty vessel,  
deprived of many secrets,  
of my own

