Mascara Tears

Heather N. Walsh
Gettysburg College, walshe01@cnav.gettysburg.edu
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Author Bio
Heather Walsh is from NE Philadelphia and currently lives in Hatfield, PA. She's an English major. Enough said. She's like to dedicate this work to the one who inspires her time and time again. Thank you honey.

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Mascara Tears

Mascara tears of eighteen years,
Blear this graceless face.

Cardinal corners of the earth,
And I behold no space.

Boundless like horizon,
Yet stricter than is known.

Existing but not living,
Form and standard pose.

There is no black or white,
Though ten thousand shades of grey.

No sunrise over mountains,
To start a brand new day--

Simply constant like the ocean,
We float until we break.

All so individual,
And each is just as fake.

Another wasted page,
And so they call it art.

The purest things we know,
Are deep within our hearts.

We all jump off the deep end,
And maybe some will swim,

Or float against the
Breaking waves and let them suck us in.

No matter what the method,
We all stand in this mass.

Trapped inside our longings,
And each is just as vast,

Still I need you to see me.
I know a daunting task.

Dissolve away my sugar
And tear this melted mask.

Throw it in the ocean and
We’ll stand east of the bay,

And kiss away our solitude
If not just for today.

We’ll find that bright tomorrow,
Gauge the distance to run, and,

Fall on our knees gasping
Before the rising sun.

We’ll stumble in the darkness,
Probing like the blind.

We only seem to grasp
What we seek to find.

While some find what
They seek, others just make due.

I’ll only chase tomorrow
At the heels of you.

We’ll run until we fall
Or fail or stop or break,

Cause even if we’re trying,
We can’t be half as fake.

I’ll let the sunshine burn me
And dry mascara tears.

I’ll chase you forever,
For years and years and years.

You bring this life to me,
The greatest gift of all.

You let me fly at the sun
And catch me as I fall.

And all I’ll ever ask of you
Is catch me as I fall...