

the ONE where I Cried

by Guru Mani H

I cried and cried and cried. Once the tears started to flow, I couldn't do anything to stop them. It was like a dam had burst, and all the water that had been building up behind it for *so* long, gushed out – spilling relentlessly all over the place. Months and months of tears that would *never* flow [no matter how I tried to trigger them], now all pouring forth at once. A tidal wave of emotion spewing out from the depths of my heart.

I couldn't cry, even though I *desperately* needed to.

The wailing and howling broke the silence of the night. One phone call, and everything changed. A tragic event that no-one saw coming, that happened to others [on the TV news], but never to us. It was *never* going to happen to us. No chance to say goodbye. Unanswered questions. Pain. Fear. Anger. Grief unimaginable.

I bit my lip to the point of bleeding, in an attempt to stop blubbering in public.

Every time we met, I could hold it together for a while, but the second I said goodbye and drove off in the car, the tears exploded; the bottle that had been shaken up over the previous few hours, couldn't contain the pressure any more. *I* could not forgive myself for *my* failure in that relationship; even though *they* had forgiven me, and we were working on rebuilding. The pain turned into tears whenever I'd been with them, and also in those quiet alone moments when I thought of them [especially in the dark of night].

I was told not to cry by my dad; it's "not what boys do."

Why do I always cry at movies? My partner watches...and nothing. Me; I get triggered by all sorts of things. A scene plays out in front of me, and I well up inside. Sometimes,

it's a single tear drop in the corner of my eye; I blink and rub, and it's gone. But, let's be honest...usually, if my emotions are touched by what I see [and hear] in the film, then the tears flow. I used to try and hide it, but not any more. It's part of who I am, and I've become comfortable with it, even if others who see me are sometimes not.

I held back the tears, as I didn't have the time to fall apart; at least not then.

The stress, worry and fear had pushed and pulled me from every side relentlessly for simply ages. It felt like it would *never* end. Ever. I knew that a good cry would probably help relieve the internal soul-tension, but I was too numb inside. Layer by layer, little by little, things got better. Not perfect, but certainly less intense. It was *then* that the tears started to flow; tears of relief. Relief that it was over. Relief that I'd survived to face another day. Relief that I felt slightly human for the first time in SO long.

I didn't cry, because my soul felt nothing.

This was the last time I would ever see them. It was the end. *I* knew it, and so did they. It was *me* who had all the emotions. *I* was the one who would be left behind. I would feel the loss. They wouldn't. It was the middle of the night. There was a deathly silence all around. Except for me. Quietly sobbing. I knew this was better for them. For me it absolutely wasn't. I wanted to be there for them. I wanted to be the final voice they'd ever hear. I wanted them not to feel alone. But *I* did. And who was there for me? My face was washed in my own tears. But I didn't wipe them away.

I sobbed in the past; a lot...but not any more.

It was all normal, and then, just like that, it wasn't. They were gone, no longer a part of my life. They had *their* life, but it *wasn't with me*. I was punched hard in the stomach, and wept like a baby...more like howling really. I surprised myself. I'd never been like that before, but the loss was too much for me to cope with. I knew that nothing would *ever* be the same again. They lit up my life for a season, but now the light had been

forever extinguished. I tried to hold it together, for those around me, but I couldn't. I fell apart. I sat in a corner, surrounded by piles of tear-soaked tissues.

Only babies cry, and I'm *not* one.

I seem to burst into tears at any time of day, for absolutely no reason. I mean, I'm not upset about anything – not that I can think of anyway; but I'm shopping...and BAM – tears; I'm driving...and AGAIN – the sobbing starts. Maybe it's simply my time of life, or perhaps I've bottled up so much grief over the years, that my soul can't cope any more – it's full of pain, so the weeping is the release valve. I don't know *why*, and I never know *when*, simply *what* – crying; and lots of it!

I wept, but nothing changed; it was all too late.