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A Dropped Tear

"You just went to bed and of your own accord
Decided to bring this poor little thing to world?
Or maybe like two drunks—out of your minds
Created this nasty cord which me to you binds?

Wish the second flood had ruined your cottage
Or Death visited you two, paying his homage,
Wish you two were drowned in that bed of mire,
Answer me this question: why did you me sire?"

A dropped tear was the only answer I then got,
And since then I always wondered why I could not
Forget about the haunting memory of that tear,
Today, alas, the secret its heinous head did rear:

My girl was shouting, wishing in my grave,
And since this morning for my dying I crave:
Not because my girlie almost beat me to death;
I realized how a tear could choke one's breath.

–Amir Gholamifard*

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