

# 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.

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