

My father says men don't cry
that emotions make weak
in this world only the strong survive
so work with confidence and pride

But from an early age I could see
a difference in our philosophy
yearning to love and have someone love me
an emotion of weakness I would have to hide
so afraid what they would see
If I revealed the core part of me

To live by his philosophy
I buried myself in a facade
never allowing anyone to touch or see
what really lies inside of me

What do you see in the mirror of your eyes
that lurks just beyond your disguise
at first glance and when things are clearest
the disgust of protecting a facade
knowing that you're a fraud
so afraid to let them see
the core part of me

What is it that you have worked so hard to hide
afraid that they will see inside
carrying heavy armour to defend
leaving yourself without a friend
All to protect a lie
isn't that enough to make you cry

Men don't cry screams the voice within
the cycle begins yet again
so afraid to let them see
that all I want is to love and have someone love me.

Edward J. Brown