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The distance of a tear cannot be measured in terms of feet and...

Mark Krolikowski
St. John Fisher University

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The distance of a tear cannot be measured in terms of feet and...

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The distance of a tear cannot be measured in terms of feet and yards, of distance wrought and mileage spent in a seeming kindless heart; Nor can you equate your agony and feeling of self-doubt, to a running rivulet of water, and one pearly, salty drop."

Cover Page Footnote

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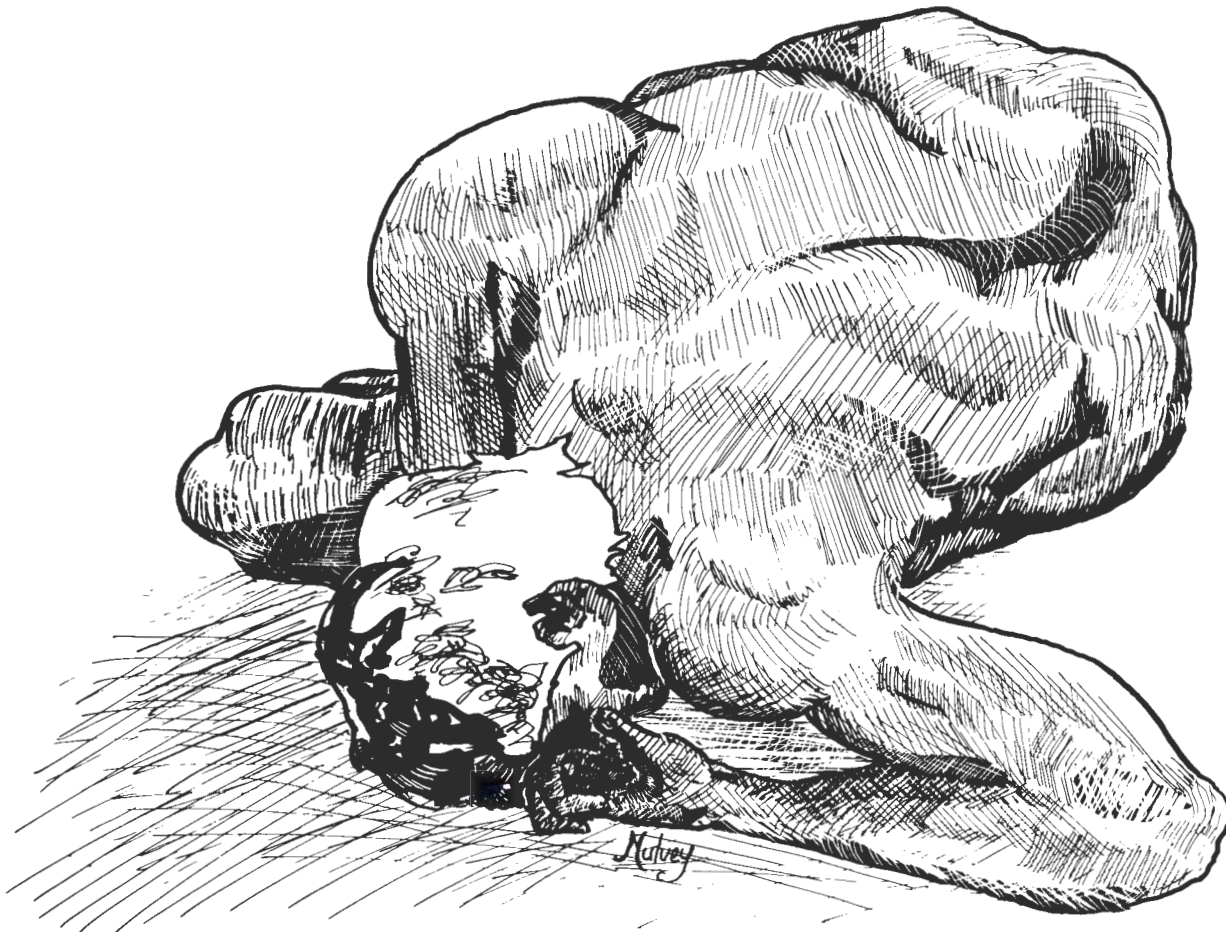
The distance of a tear cannot be measured in terms of feet and yards, of distance wrought and mileage spent in a seeming kindless heart; Nor can you equate your agony and feeling of self-doubt, to a running rivulet of water, and one pearly, salty drop.

They tell me the world's a circus, and the people only clowns, buffoons to laugh and mimic, the empty seated crowds; With love but a game to be played upon the stage, I wonder why we play? for it seems we always get slighted and the game becomes insane.

Right now I see you crying the warm soft tears of years, spent searching for the answers, to a dead dark broken dream; And if those lines of water should lay wet upon your lips, I'll kiss the streams with fire, and they'll evaporate in mist.

For you see the world's an ocean love and your eye one tiny lake, and the distance of a tear cannot be measured in terms of emotion we've spent, but by the very same token that we have suffered so great, today our fate's been altered, for as we stand both hand in hand, our love will bind us together.

— Mark Krolikowski



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