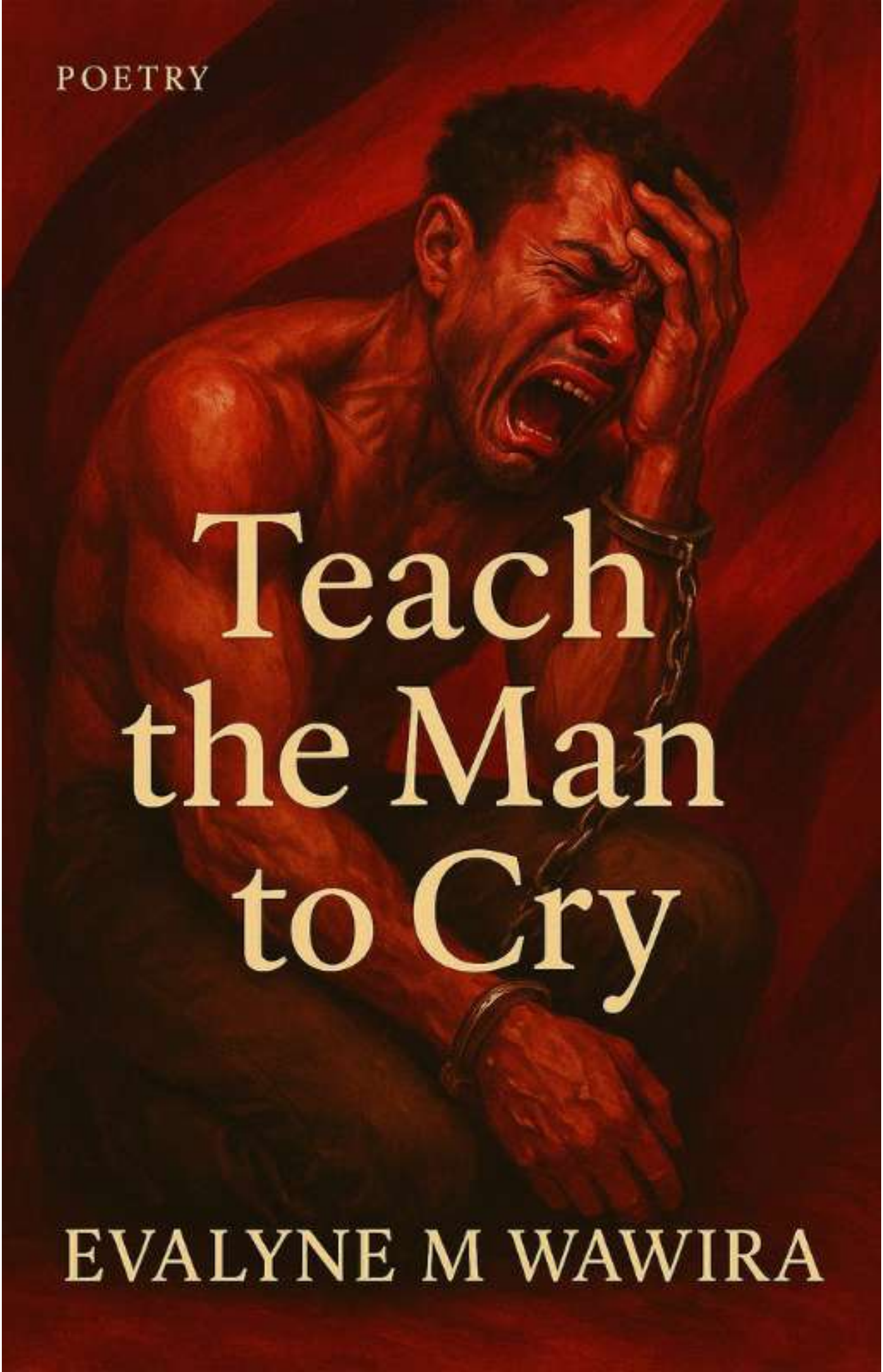
POETRY



Teach the Man to Cry

EVALYNE M WAWIRA

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Author: EVALYNE M WAWIRA

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Acknowledgement

First and foremost, I thank God-the source of all inspiration, strength, and healing.

To my family, thank you for your unwavering support, encouragement, and love. Y our belief in me gave me the courage to speak my truth.

To my friends and mentors, your words, your silences, your presence-each shape d this journey in ways I cannot fully express.

To every soul who has ever wrestled with vulnerability and dared to feel-this book is for you. You are not alone.

Finally, to the process itself-painful, messy, yet transformative-I am no longer just trusting it. I am a trustee to it.

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PREFACE

Why this Ebook, why the advocacy for Teach The MAn To Cry?

In just a snippet, allow me to give you a little background.

some years back and even to date, i have witnessed men made less of a person. Taught to stay strong even when the walls are cracking down. But honestly, we forget that they have feelings to. The too matter and they need the subtle care just as everyone.

I have seen men commit suicide, other's abusing drugs, breaking their marriages, and etc. I really cannot blame them for that. Do you know why? It's because they have no where and no one to express their emotions to.

we all end up manupulating their character as men. We tend to assume that it's okay for a man to be wrecked at the end of the day He is a man.

About the Author

Evalyne M Wawira is a Kenyan poet and storyteller whose work explores the depth of human emotion, vulnerability, and healing. With a distinctive voice that fuses raw honesty and lyrical beauty, Evalyne uses poetry as a mirror-reflecting both the ache and the awakening of the s oul. Her debut collection, Teach the Man to Cry, is a powerful testament to the strength fou nd in softness and the liberation born of truth.

A lover of language and its transformative power, Evalyne draws inspiration from everyday e xperiences, personal journeys, and the complexities of identity. Her writing challenges societa l expectations and invites readers to unlearn, reimagine, and rebuild. Through her work, she h opes to create spaces where silence can speak and emotions can breathe.

INTRODUCTION

They told us to stand tall,
To clench the jaw,
To wear our strength like Armor,
And silence like a sacred vow.
But silence is not strength; it's a cage.

This book is a quiet rebellion.
A whisper where once there was a shout.
For the boy who was taught,
That softness was a wound.
For the man who buried his grief,
And called it just "living is for us all,"
The broken and the Teach the Man to Cry is not a story of tears alone,
But of unwavering the threads we've been taught to hold tight,
Vulnerability is not weakness;
It's the language of soul's truth.

These pages are not simply words;
They are rivers of feelings,
Brimming with what we've long forgotten to say.
Let them spill-
Let them show the strength in being broken,
And the beauty in becoming whole.

CHAPTER 1

THE SILENCE

There is a silence that sits in a man's chest,
Not peace,
Not calm,
But the kind that chokes.

It is the silence taught to boys in stern looks,
In Swallowed sobs,
In "be a man " before they even learn what it means.

A silence that says-
Don't cry. Don't feel. Don't speak.
It grows in bedrooms where father never say " I love you,"
In playgrounds where scraped knees are mocked,
In churches where boys pray but don't dare confess that their hearts are tired.

This silence walks like a man upright,
Composed, but inside?
He's crumbling cathedral,
Echoing with unsaid prayers,
But no one hears him,
Because he learned to laugh louder than his loneliness.

THE WEIGHT OF SILENCE

There is a sound to silence
That the only broken hear-
Like a scream caught mid-breath
A cry pressed under tongue
A prayer Swallowed
So the world won't see you bleed.

I was taught that men wear silence like Armor
A badge of strength
Stitched with clenched jaws
And Swallowed truths.
We don't speak of fear of night spent wrestling shadows
That wear out father's face

But silence is not weightless
It settles in the chest
Brick by brick
Until breathing feels like betrayal
And speaking is war

I've seen boys bury their voices so deep
They forgot the shape of their own names
Become echoes of what they could've said
If someone has listened
Without asking them to be stones
Their is a cost to quiet
And we -
We are overdrafted souls
Paying interest on things
We never got to scream
But today
I loosen my jaws
Crack open this vault of hurt
Let the silence fall of me
Like rusted chains

ECHOES BETWEEN THE LINES

Some words are too heavy to speak, So they hide-
Between commas,
Inside the silence after "I'm okay "
You heard them anyway
In the way my voice broke,
In the pause I couldn't cover.
Not every pain needs shouting
Not every tear falls loud
Some stories breathe softly,
Between the spaces we don't know how to fill
I am learning to listen
To the quiet places,
To the echoes between lines,
To the man inside me
Who is still trying to speak.

CHAPTER 2

THE BREAK

(for the man who held it too long)
They told him
"Be a man "
So he wore silence like Armor
Swallowed pain like dry bread
And turned his heart into stone
Because soft things were dangerous

He laughed in loud rooms
And broke in questions
He held back storms behind his eyes
Because crying was for the weak
And he couldn't afford to look broken

And in the break
He found breath
He found softness
He found himself

CRACK IN THE ARMOR

He wore pride like a jacket -
Heavy, but fit
He spoke in short answers
Smiled with tight lips
And laughed just enough
To hide the ache

Everyday
He patched the holes with silence
Held the door for others
But locked his own heart

But the Cracks come -
Not too loud
Not sudden
Just little moment
That chipped at the mask

A child asking
"Baba ,why don't you cry?"
A song on the radio
That knew too much
The way a hug lasted too long
And almost made him feel

He brushed them off
Tighten the straps
But deep down
Something was leaking
Truth, maybe
Pain memory
The Armor didn't shatter
It whispered
It softned
And in those small Cracks
Light began to find

THE FRAGMENT OF THE UNSPOKEN

There are things he never said
Words that hung like smoke
In the air between us
Vanishing before they could take shape
He spoke with his hands
In gestures, in touches
In eyes that begged to say more
But were muted by time
Some truths were buried in the ground
Planted under the weight of Silence
Roots too tangled to ever surface
And yet ,they still spoke -
In the way he walked into a room
In the quiet of his voice when did it speak
In the way his chest rose
As if to hold back on ocean of things he could let out
I caught the Fragments
Those broken pieces of meaning
We never fully shared
Each one a story
Unfinished

CHAPTER 3

THE BECOMING

I was born with silence Stitched to my tongue
Taught to Swallow a storm like secrets
To wear strength like a mask that cracked only in the dark

But something sacred stirred
In the quiet ache between heart beats
In the trembling hands that reached for meaning without shame

I am not what they told me to be -
Not stone, not steel
Not clenched fist of expectations
I am breath and breaking
A river that remember it source

Each tear is a revolution
Each word a small resurrection
This is not weakness This is becoming

I stand in the wreckage of old selves
Gathering pieces not to fix but to build
Call it healing
Call it holy
Call it mine

BUILT FROM THE BROKEN THINGS

I am not a masterpiece -
I am a mosaic
Sharp edges, soft light
Held together by grace and grit
They only saw the Cracks
Not the hands that held me while I fell a part
Not the quiet courage of rising again

I carry names of every pain that shaped me
Songs of every silence
I had to survive

But i never asked to be perfect
I asked to be real

So let them see me-
Stitched in lines
Bruised and bloomny

This is how i live now:
Built from the broken things
And still Becoming

RISING FROM THE REWRITE

They wrote me in ink I didn't choose
Lines etched with silence
Chapters filled with borrowed shame

I played the part
Wore the mask
Read the script
Until the words betrayed me

But one day
My voice cracked the page
I tore out the pages that never saw me and started again
With trembling hands and truth -heavy ink

This time
I wrote in fire and forgiveness
In scars and second chances
Every line a rebellion
Every stanza a return

I am not who i was
I am who I choose to become
Call it rebirth
Call it resistance
I am rising from the Rewrite

CHAPTER 4

TEACH THE MAN TO CRY

No one taught him
What to do with sadness
They showed him how to throw a punch
How to hold it in
How to walk it off

But never
How to sit with it
Never how
To say
"That hurt"
"I am not okay"

So he learned
To nod through storms
To laugh with a cracked voice
To carry silence
Like a second skin

But the heart
Gets tired of pretending

One night
.

He let the question speak
A tear came-
Shy
Unsure
But honest
And in that moment
He was not less of a man
He was more More

than the myths
More than the masks

He was Becoming

BREAKING THE MAN CODE

There were never rules
He never signed up for-
Spoken in locker rooms
Echoed at dinner tables
Carved into silence
By men who flinched at feeling

Don't cry
Don't break
Don't talk too much
And never, ever need

He followed them at first
Tucked his softness
Behind a grin
Made anger his Armor
Turned love into labour.

But codes crack

It started small
A voice shaking mid -sentence
His hands not hiding
The hurt fast enough

And when the tears came
He let them
He didn't apologize
He didn't run
He stayed
In the shatter
Learning that "breaking was a kinda of building too

The real men
Do cry
And that's not weakness
That's truth.

CRYING LIKE IT'S REVOLUTION

I cry like it's rebellion-
Like every teardrop is a mololov
Hurled at the silence that Swallowed my voice
Like salt in my sorrow
Can corrode the steel bars of shame

Lery like my ancestors are matching
Like their unshed tears
Are finally flooding through me
Cracking the concrete of colonized chest
That were taught to be tombs not temples

I cry loud
Not because I'm weak
But because I'm nolonger
Willing to bleed quietly

Carying is my chaos
My call to arms
My protest in a world
That softness sin
And my stillness surrender
I cry like it's revolution
Because healing is war
And i am done
Being the battle field.

Back Page - Teach the Man to Cry

About the Book

Teach the Man to Cry is not just a poetry collect
ion—it is a reclamation. In these pages, Evalyne M Wawira dares to strip away the armor men are taught to wear, offering a lyrical journey through vulnerability, healing, and radical honesty. Written with fierce softness, each poem peels back layers of silence to reveal the humanity beneath strength.

With a voice both tender and unflinching, Evalyne explores identity, pain, intimacy, and rebirth. Rooted in personal truth and cultural nuance, this collection challenges stereotypes and invites readers of all genders to witness the power of emotional freedom.

About the Author

Evalyne M Wawira is a poet, performer, and truth-teller whose work blurs the lines between spoken word and written verse. With a background in storytelling and a love for language that breathes, she weaves English and Sheng to echo the rhythms of lived experience. Teach the Man to Cry is her debut poetry collection.

What does it mean to be whole in a world that punishes *feeling*?

In *Teach the Man to Cry*, Evalyne M Wawira opens the floodgates of silence, crafting a bold, lyrical rebellion against emotional repression. These poems pulse with truth—raw, defiant, tender—inviting readers into a space where masculinity is not a cage, but a canvas.

This debut collection is a journey through the ruins and rise of vulnerability. With a voice shaped by rhythm, rooted in both English and Sheng, Evalyne writes with the clarity of pain and the grace of healing. *Teach the Man to Cry* is an offering to anyone who has ever swallowed their tears just to survive.

This is not just poetry.
This is permission.
This is power.
This release.

EVALYNE M WAWIRA