

Long Since Forgotten, The Language Of Nature

I found her writing poems. Things she can't forget.
Blistering her hands. Favorite past time.
Try to grasp a dream. Let go of the pen.
Oh how they let you down. It's not what matters now.
She tries to make it on her own.
She does not know just where to turn.
She takes what's left and starts all over.
It takes all she has to get anywhere. Pages drift away.
She cannot be seen. T.V. steals her time.
Lock them all away. In a box under her bed.
Kept there all this time. Pretending to be far away from the inside.
Some day your eyes will see her again, but not today.
It won't be today.