

Natalie Walker, Circles

This chapter is over
He's not coming home
Her heart in her throat
She falls to the floor

She shuns every memory
Every letter and call
Just to get through each second
She is slowly shutting off

Where is her sweet revenge
Who will she blame
Where is her freedom now
How can she reclaim it

He wipes the sweat from her face
As she moans in pain
A tiny and helpless life
Comes as if to say

Here is your sweetest gift
Take this moment it is safe
Its true pure and beautiful
In return for all of your pain

Eyes wide and heart warm
She sees him in her face
If you watch the way the world gives back
In circles you will trace