

Rebecca Martin, Learning

(R. Martin)

On her way home she starts to cry
This feeling, though fleeting
Gets worse each time
It can't be blamed
For trying

A gentle warning
Pay no mind
All her wanting
Was met with silence.
She can't be blamed
For trying.

In a bedroom
Of pine and grizzle
It's her home now
It's home now
Home

Strength is a weakness sometimes
I'd comfort her if I could
But I don't know how
You can't be blamed
For trying