

Sheila Nicholls, Patience

Patience

a silent virtue

i don't want to hurt you

reflex to old imprinting

your eyes are squinting

and it seems

i'm not what you wanted me to be

now i know i'm not what i said that i was

i just wanted this to be true

im not sure where i went

but you deserve someone more innocent

i searched for reasons to it

four seasons through it

you came quite unexpected

so unprotected

and it seems i'm not what you wanted me to be

now i know i'm not what i said that i was

i just wanted this to be true

im not sure where i went

but you deserve someone more innocent

i'll just prove to myself

that i cannot be trusted

maybe i'm too much like my father

and if you knew him you would know he's still searching for his mother

and every other but mine

whatever is still searching in him

is still searching in me

cuz i'm still looking for here

albeit vicariously

we spoke with such conviction

imprisoned freedom