

# Dakrua, The Waiting

there are clouds on rwd horizons,  
clouds carrying rain  
as my eyes face the sky,  
raindrops stain my face  
and blend with tears  
flowing copiously from inside

a question bleeds in my heart  
how could I be loved  
if, for you, I've only been able to be nothing  
the nothing of wrath  
that obscures the senses  
and puts out the lights of love  
with its icy blows

the rain has stopped  
clouds go away  
a ray of light hits me making me blind

after all, the sky always clears up,  
and as the clouds vanish from the sky  
they go away from my heart  
tired of suffering  
and still waiting for a sunray