

Jeremiah's Grotto, Month Of May

Your eyes are swelling from too much weeping,
darkened circles reveal that you care,
recollection is too disturbing,
letting love go is holding you there,
do you ever sleep at night, even in the pouring rain,
do you ever sleep at night, even in the month of may,
in a moments weakness, she answers the phone,
expectations she hopes that he's there,
it's been too long now, since he's been gone...
a mother's worries show that she cares