

Stephen Covell, Silent Eyes

The little girl had small hands
But big eyes
She had wheels in motion

She fought the good fight
One tiny blow at a time
A battlefield laid out in cotton

There was always skinned knees
Troubled hair
A question asked just to question

If one day
You could go back to that place
Would you like what you've become

As she grew up
And times got tough
Inside sand castles that she once made

She built a high wall
And kept look outs
Determined not to fall again

But what the guards couldn't find
Lay behind
A tired lonely girl's eyes

They were still big
But now silent
Sure questions now weren't worth the pain

I wish I could be there
To see her smile again
She's got so much to offer

Until then, I'll look back
And see a little girl
Building castles made of sand
She's beautiful as the day is long