

I Remember Her Face

By : Mistress of Word Play

There was a girl I knew from school this poem was written for her. She never overcame the world the world overcame her. Sweet dreams....



Published on
Booksie

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I Remember Her Face

I remember her face as she brushed the wisp of hair back,
the sadness in eyes I had once seen filled with laughter.
I wondered what had changed her to the empty shell,
had she really believed there was a happy ever after?

I wanted to shake her and reach into her lifeless soul,
longed to shout wake up life goes on around you.
But I knew what once was there was done and gone,
she was a sigh escaping, a song which was through.

What things had happened to darken her perspective?
I knew she had felt the pain of loved ones leaving,
Had some distant memory called out her name,
Was this the thing which caused her grieving?

She shook her head had one last drink,
and turned as if she knew the questions in my head.
"This is not my home you see, hasn't been,
will never be", and that is all she said.

I heard that night she went back home,
It must have been one of those desperate times.
No more dreams or heartaches now,
She's forever lost in stardust and tragic rhymes.

I saw her face, stark and cold against my window
Silent angel wrapped in the warmth of snow.
How I envied her and I grieved for her,
she was lost and found in the afterglow.

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Generated: 2015-01-31 06:39:02