By: Mistress of Word Play

For a very special poet friend.



Published on **Booksie**

booksie.com/Mistress of Word Play

Copyright © Mistress of Word Play, 2014 **Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

Would that it be so easy to wipe that tear from your eye, and breathe new life into your weary soul. I fear the times you journey to the mystic kingdom, have taken their bitter toll.

Come rest here take shelter, lay down your weary head. Watch the stars, share dreams with sleep, take comfort from your bed.

I too have felt the pierce, of a thousand darts rending me. I too have awakened in the night, realizing the futility.

Yet though you think no one cares, they do.

If I could I would,
dry that tear for you.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-04-19 03:21:35