

# The Voice I Hear (Imuildaeren's Song)

By : Mistress of Word Play

This is a poem I wrote for a friend of mine here on Booksie. She is 14 years old and lives in Scotland. If you haven't been to her page yet please go there. She has some wonderful pictures and stories to tell. Thank you for being my friend. Susan



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A voice it drifts across the hazy tarnished skies  
floating demurely carried by some mystic breeze.  
I am struck by those surreal visions of dark eyes  
and by that sound no one hears, eyes no one sees.

Oft times come those elusive daydreams or illusions  
torn perhaps from some other time, some other place  
I am confused not sure if real or maybe delusion  
she appears so unexpected, a girl with painted face.

She sings to me of yesterday and lore now forgot  
of kings and queens those stories lost along the way.  
She tells of wars and glorious battles we have fought  
on through the long and dreary hours of another day.

A gentle voice it floats lightly, softly and ever so gently  
it kisses my ears with friendship and wonderful things  
How it carries across her ancient land and over the sea  
arriving here where I listen joyfully as her heart sings.

My dear friend I know you do not look like the girl in this picture, but in my eyes you are as beautiful and regal as she is.

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