

4 a.m.

4 a.m.

By : ManipStar

A poem of longing

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4 a.m.

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At 4 a.m.

I woke my love

And thought right then - of you

It warmed my soul to do so

I guess a smile

Played on my lips

As i turned in the dark

In those quiet, silent hours

Distance cannot

Stop this - my love

The feelings that grow

Please hear this call my lover

At 4 a.m.

You filled my world

And there in the darkness

My heart made a place for you

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