

Bitterness... Tears

Abigail

I laid my grief on a boat
And sent it far away
And asked the wind
To carry it on.
I look at the flower
Which is unique
Through its kind ,
Which dreams a
Dream of sun
Into an eternal night.

I needed to see a hope
Light in your eyes,
A hope of love,
A hope for me.
Leaving me by dying
Makes me feeling much
Lonelier than ever been before.

In my sleep I see them rising
In my dream : the forest of grief.

Suddenly, it became dark .
A cold , freezing air
Was shroud in me: I was shaking.
Then I let my warm blood
To flow over me,
Over my whole body
(to warm up) .