

## Don't Cry, Someone Might Hear

Amyst

She stands in the middle of an open field like the first star in the sky, her eyes sparkle with the sight of dandelions, she bows to pick them, and it starts to rain, the petals start to wither, the yellow turns to white, and blows away in the wind, their life pours out into her hands, a dark forest grows around her, she spins in circles trying to find a way out, the native faces stare back at her, as they come close with shining eyes, she wants to say those words they want to hear, but her tears won't let her say things, won't let her speak, she hides her eyes hoping this is a dream, but the ground breaks open and she falls in, she falls and grows wings