A Second Opinion

Pale Forest

Her eyes were red, here dress was torn
the wind blew on the hilltop
She raised her head an wached with scorn
the sky and felt her heart stop
For though it was a pretty sight
and should have brought her glee
She cursed the sky of all her might
and all because of me

As she launched herself into mid air
she must have seen below
My fingers through your golden hair
and granted us true love

She stood beside my bed last night
Her slender hand upon my chest
The tears had washed all anger from her sight
her heart had found its final rest
She gently gazed with eyes so bright
into my spirit's nest
to tell me no one lost the fight
though we both tried our best

As she launched herself into mid air
she must have seen below
My fingers through your golden hair
and granted us true love

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