

Wondering falling

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poem

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0 - Finding The One

I love your poems so nice and sweet
With the hint of what I would dream of night and day,
I hang on to what I know,
And yet I wait night and day to hope and see what the next day will bring.

I wait night and day,
Say, 'life will go on,'
Not in my heart,
Empty and helpless,
Eyes dwell in the storm that comes everyday.

Life comes strong on what I want to know is true,
Yet now I see that the blue eyed boy near the pool of blue is no longer there,
No longer near me with hope of talking to him once more.

Life is strong and yet coming fast of what I want to know
To know what is life,
What we people need to understand,
To hold on to,
To never let it slip through our hands.

Rush of wind,
Swiping through my hair as when I run,
Run to one blue eyed,
In hope that it was once true in this little life I had.