

a collection of frozen moments

Siána

A widowing woman stands near a grave
Wondering why her love was never saved
 Umbrella held up high
Standing in the rain she starts to cry
Her pulse so slow never skipping a beat
The wet grass beneath her sinking feet
 Soaking up her aching heart
 A faith lost from the start
 Black roses held tight
She has lost the will to fight
 Kneeling to the tomb
 With a loneliness that looms
 She touches the wet soil
 Knowing he was loyal
She stands and holds her arms out wide
Feeling a pain she can not describe
 As the rain becomes ice cold
 It slowly rips her soul
 Freeing the demon from within
She leaves this earth free of sin...

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