

The hidden grief

No one knows
the emptiness
she carries
not even the
ones she claims
she's so close to

she sometimes
wish that someone
would just open
the door at night
when she's as
most vulnerable

so that there would
be impossible to hide
so that her tears would
be nakedly exposed
before eyes that wouldn't
judge or criticize

someone would just
look at her and
truly see her
and she would talk
straight from her heart
despite her fear
despite her doubts

about the alienation
and the distance
about the feeling of loss
and the emptiness
that sometimes cross
her heart like a raging river
she would tell you about
the silence that sometimes

echoes so loud that it
fills the entire world

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren SeXara med Poeter.se id #23034 innehar upphovsrätten