

Publicerad 2010-09-27 12:24 av diktälskare

Angel...

Ones a lifetime,
there was this girl,
you may call her Angel...

Angel was beautifull, fun, happy,
and allways there for her friends,

But even thought how close she was with her surrondings,
No one ever saw the darkness in her never smiling eyes,
or saw the crack in her allways smiling mounth..

How come no one ever saw the bruisers?
Never understood the crying sounds from the toilet
on a completly ordinary day?

One day, a sunny, blueskied day,
The friends asked after Angel with a smile,
A smile that faded after they heard the answer..

"Why?" They ask.
"Why did our happy Angel leave us?"

Yes, why did she leave?
Why did Angel leave this cruel and ignorant world?
Where you rather see only the good things,
and never the sad?

Why..?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren diktälskare med Poeter.se id #34551 innehar upphovsrätten