

Publicerad 2012-04-04 23:54 av Sikska

Scars

I have scars on my hand,
my head, my legs and heart.
The chock I felt when I got them
have nearly faded
but still echoes in my soul

I will not cry anymore
over wounds all gone and heald
but the hurt
flashes through me

It has not heald perfectly,
somewhat changed me from before.
But I wear my scars with pride,
for they made me strong today,
stronger than yesterday

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Sikska med Poeter.se id #19803 innehar upphovsrätten