

Publicerad 2015-07-22 15:31 av Beatrice Berglund

There is a hole in my soul

I have this hole. Inside of my soul. Where you used to be. Now. They tell me I am free. But. I cannot see you. I cannot touch you. Through. Gone. Over and out. Oh my dear Lord I just wanna shout. Out. Loud. I am proud. Of me. For loving you. That endlessly.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Beatrice Berglund med Poeter.se id #37443 innehar upphovsrätten