

Mountains of a meddling heart

A little birdie tells you
that nothing will change,
that everything will be
just like it was, but
the truth is that it's not.

The birds used to sing to you,
but they have since stopped.

Even if you shout and yell
their name, and go looking,
they are nowhere to be found.

You used to watch the sun rise
each morning, but now it seems
the sun is nowhere to be seen.

At days end you looked
forward to a warm embrace,
to be greeted by silence,
and an empty space.

Love went looking, but
got lost amidst the mountains
of a meddling heart.