

When my heart decides.

The crumpled piece of paper
that your words were written on
are written on my heart, etched
both in blood and tears.

You say someday we'll fly away
escape to some place far from here.

Yet, you also say, to me
you'll be my friend until the end,
that your imagination, your world,
can not part from mine.

But what friend is kept
locked away in glass cages.

where no words or wandering
hands may heal my wounds.

No more hands to hold, no warmth
so cold without someone sitting
by my side where I confide
my greatest joys and fears.

I say I miss you, instead
you jest and say I'm stupid
that you have never left
yet, when since then, when
you said goodbye, I cried,

have you been there for me.

So I grow silent, sitting

quietly by the wayside,

waiting for an outstretched hand

that never seems to come.

I hope soon you say hello,

for little of my daylight lingers

before my heart decides

to say good bye.