

A Torturous Dream

The incessant ringing of the phone
Made me hurry with the hope to
Hear his buoyant tone
But a strange voice said, "accept the corpse"
A frightened heart took me back
the years spent with love and care
I plead for his presence to be back
Oh! God take something which I could bear
If God didn't save his soul
There wouldn't be any youth in me
If God didn't give him back
There wouldn't be a beat in my heart
His soul was generous and brave
But God didn't save my love
If God gives liberally to him that asketh
I plead to give me back who nourished my heart
No way to believe you're locked in heaven
I need to enjoy the love you've given
I woke up with a shower of tears
Then saw you asleep with your arm on me

Art by
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