

Counting Minutes to See You Again!

Continuous rain and the howling wind
tapping sound of the rain drops
are the only sounds I hear
while looking at the clock and
counting minutes to meet you
again.

Lying down on bed I'm
stretching my arm
Longing to touch and to be
cuddled.
Alas! No touch no cuddle, not
even your warmth
The bed has become too big.

Suddenly, I feel warmth and a
sigh.

Sensing butterflies in the
stomach
I tilt my head to see your face,
But oh! It was only the warmth
of my tears and the sound I
sighed

Butterflies fled
Deserted feeling entwines
Pouring rain and Billy wind
Make me count minutes again.

