



CRY

By Wayne Visser

Parched emotions
Cracked and dry
A silent call
A whispered reply
Rain pours down
From molten sky

Exquisite beauty
Beyond why
A way of being
Naturally high
Discovering wings
To stretch and fly

From the abyss
An echoed sigh
The wrenching pain
Of unthinkable goodbye
What to do
But break down and cry

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