Healing

By John T. Wurzer

I can hear the voices of the rain a calling in the back roads swollen like a river in the spring

And they echo hollow like the tears that follow ever soft and mellow like a song I used to sing

Are you there my darling

In a peaceful sleep or are you softly weeping for the love we used to share

I got tired of healing so I started peeling layers off of the feeling

‘Til the feeling wasn’t there

I can hear the voices of the rain at midnight drowning out the moonlight like a thundercloud in June

And they echo broken as if love unspoken is still gagged and choking on the silence in this tomb

Are you there my darling

In a peaceful sleep or are you softly weeping for the love we used to share

I got tired of healing so I started peeling layers off of the feeling

‘Til the feeling wasn’t there

I can hear the voices of the rain that whisper like a long lost sister or a dreamer at the war

Gentle minds are restless or undone at best; it’s not a crime that I’ve confessed; it’s only truth and nothing more.

Are you there my darling

In a peaceful sleep or are you softly weeping for the love we used to share

I got tired of healing so I started peeling layers off of the feeling

‘Til the feeling wasn’t there