

Silent Cries

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The rivers flow from sunken eyes, No one hears these silent cries, Except the room, But I assume,
Even the air, Doesn't give a care. Into my pillow I weep, Can't fall asleep, Until the warm tears,
Through the pillow sear, Burning as my eyes, Shed silent cries. Convulsive sobs, Gather in mobs,
Flowing upon the sheets, Hysteria is my defeat, No turning back, My eyes close it's black. Then I
sleep, Curled up in a heap, My lashes soaked, By thoughts provoked, As I lay dreaming, A smile
beaming, For I am happy far away, In a world of my own I lay.