

Anterrabae

"Her Face Was A Study In Martyred Innocence"

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I'm sorry is never enough. I drifted into myself and
rested her thoughts upon each face turned pale. She
resented those light-hearted jokes so I stole another
minute. Moments as long as night filled the void. She'll
never know. I'll keep quiet this time. How can those
eyes that rest so lightly see so deeply? I try to show her
but three words come out as two. Another passing day
with one single wish, that maybe I'll make her smile.
Does she want to know? I'll keep quiet this time. I guess
I couldn't quite live up to what you were expecting.

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