

Bad Words

By Lo-Arna Collins

Rolling past my lips are salty tears
A physical representation of my fears
I don't recognize you anymore
I don't recognize me anymore

Anxiety takes hold like a big strong hand
That is choking me
That is killing me

Painted smiles hide my pain
But it is all in vain
My eyes tell the true story

I crave passion, understanding and friendship
A rock solid relationship
Strong arms, soft kisses and tender eyes
I am terrified of goodbyes

We got so busy counting down all the time
That we forgot to live our life
But through the fog
I see you and know I want to be your wife

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