

Bid Me My Love; I Will Hold Thee

By Naseeha Mahir

Drizzly drops on thy face
i can see...
The wound and the writhed heart
i can feel...
The pain in the deep dark eyes
i can penetrate...
That long mystic silence on thy lips
i can hear...
The excruciating arms
i can touch the thorns...
Thy tender foots , it's shadows
i know you are walking alone...
Thy little heart , it's aching
i know helplessly...

My dear pal
My panic stricken eyes
can't hold thee anymore , i realize...
The hilarious thing ,
that i know i gonna miss thee ;
yet sitting detached...
I know i can't without thee
the agonizing heart ,
yet empty...

Let's walk a while
sit a moment
together beneath the tree...
Just unfold the vague
give up the rest
to the deep chasm of silence...
I'm fortunate
if thee forgive me
i will hold thee ,
thy hands , forever...

*BID ME MY LOVE
I WILL HOLD THEE...*

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