

On Her Left

Lying on her left
She hugs her pillow

Her peace has been through theft
Her calm is more than mellow
Her thoughts are happy but hallow

Her smile is beauty but sorrow
Her heart is soft but borrowed
Her emotions are fixed for the- tomorrow

Lying on her left
She hugs her pillow

Eyes in a puff
A smile for bluff

Each day is tough
But nights are rough

Lying to her face
The mirror can only trace
Her depressive state
Covered by the beauty of her face
In the privacy of her own space