

She

by sweetflag

Inspired by the various poems that I have read on this site; this is my take on how we hold on to those things that we should let go.

She

Chapter 1 of 1

Inspired by the various poems that I have read on this site; this is my take on how we hold on to those things that we should let go.

She is clothed in melancholy and swathed in sorrows.
Her veil is a watery trail upon her cheek as she stands
On the cusp of embracing all her tomorrows.
Yesterday was pain, held resolutely in her hands.
Tried to hurl away grief, but it still lingers;
Still trapped in her trembling, tense fingers.
Holding tightly onto what she should discard,
Oddly, reluctant to part with the familiar pain.
Oh, how it hurts! Letting go is so hard,
But she must cleanse the undeserved stain.
She deserves no pain, no sufferings, no woe;
She is glorious, beautiful; this, I know.