

The Waiting

Dakrua

there are clouds on rwd horizons,
clouds carrying rain
as my eyes face the sky,
raindrops stain my face
and blend with tears
flowing copiously from inside

a question bleeds in my heart
how could I be loved
if, for you, I've only been able to be nothing
the nothing of wrath
that obscures the senses
and puts out the lights of love
with its icy blows

the rain has stopped
clouds go away
a ray of light hits me making me blind

after all, the sky always clears up,
and as the clouds vanish from the sky
they go away from my heart
tired of suffering
and still waiting for a sunray