

VESSELS

*Wind of change
begins to blow strange.
Time it will take to ease the pain.
How long do I wait?
and will it be patiently.
My love to it be,
my life is misery.
To see you without me,
will never be easy.
For now I wait, dreaming of the past.
Trying to make each memory last.
Tomorrow is another day without you.
In this world, where one becomes two.
Silence endures with the joy of hope.
As the empty vessel continues to float.*

