

The Coven

I watch the words form on their lips

The knowing looks

The tender smile

But all the while

It cannot hide nor disguise

What is there

In their eyes

With tired ears and heavy heart

I listen

The tangled mix

Of proffered hope

But all the time

It cannot weaken nor fade

The broken promises

Once made

The silence I am left with deafens me

Screams in my head

Rolls me in my bed

But as it does

I am lulled to sleep tho weak

Dreaming of the energy

To speak