Where None Are Afraid

Sheila Nicholls

Her gentleness disappears underneath
.... a choir of grief,
she is ugly again and knows she must leave
for hope of relief.and she calls to the tallest trees
ancient sentiments wash through these leaves
come home, come home to mecos i miss you my love, I miss myself too,
the woman I became when I was around you ,
beautiful and safe for moments of steel,
impeccable love no money could steal and she calls.....mm memory with rooms full of pearls,
refractions of potential perfect world
where love roams free and unabashed
where none are afraid and sight wasnt dashed and she calls

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