

Mornings

That feeling of lonely,
That longing, needing, wanting.
Don't even know for what.
A sadness,
A desire.
Someone to save me?
I know I have to save myself.

Can I ever recover,
From this state I'm in?
Still find it hard to accept the truth.
This is me...
Or is it?

A baby, learning to walk,
And stand on her own two feet.
One minute full of hope,
The next of despair.

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