

Her Birthday

Like a new born that does not know,
Or a toddler that does not grow.
Her birthday came,
Her birthday went,
But she did not know what wishes were sent.
The mind is fierce and out of sight,
It does not know or care of the heart's plight.

That we may need to keep moving on,
Or maybe it knows that we must stay calm.
For we would go mad if we really did know,
That our mind was shrinking and we could not grow.
To new levels of our early existence,
Or is it aware of our soul's forever persistence .

Do the flowers, the wishes, the visits or chocolate cake,
Mean anything inside or is it all just fake.
The talking, the laughs, the pictures and more,
Does it tell a story or is it just knocking on a closed door.

To make up for lost time in these last few years,
Few years that to some mean many more tears.

But to other it's a time to make memories to last,
Moments to take, moments to grasp

The veil has been lifted,
The wall is no more.
The relationship is freed,
The tension is old lore.

Could there be a message, in disguise,
Or is it just the unraveling of all the lies.
The mind is a vicious thing,
It can take away a human being.
But can it really, as we can feel,
We know what's what, but how do we deal.
With such thoughts that her birthday came and went,
But does she know what wishes were sent?