

Stormy Spring

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As the sunrays tickles her dry skin
The old grand-ma sighs in peace
She opens her eyes to glance around
But nothing seems to be alright
She gives a disdainful flick to the flower
As if she screams "I'm the nattier"
A warm tear beads her grey lashes
While her empty body reveals "no pain"
Laughs, foot steps, stroke, silhouette
That's all she can hear
But nothing seems to be real
A vernal day, a stormy nature
A placid day, a gusty nature
This is what the eye can see
And that's what the heart can feel
The charming lady fights to march-out
But the exhausted body pulls her down

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