

I come from a broken heart and I don't know why

A baby I feel left to cry

Craving for attention at such a young age

Cravings everlasting needing unscathed

The hole in my heart has been created without meaning or want as the creator

Stronger than ships facing forward, against tides of equator

It weighs, it sores, it falls, it leaps

Floating on the wantings that are no ones duty to keep

I sail away on the mystic ride of an unimaginable embrace for guide

The sweat the tears that would come out to flow, if acknowledged genuinely, come to and fro

It's not the words seemed needing said but the hand over my back and other holding my head

One has love higher from guidance site, while others are learning through their personal
limelight

Self love is a gift we hope to all find, some granted while wiser in due time

The beautiful journey brings a closer sense that maybe this is to be made sense

Don't let your back fall by the hate of many feet for often it's given by those who as well weep

Kick high with grasp of your bar to hold, for one day this love will be served while untold