

THE DRIP

by Timothy J. Muise

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Her tear drips down, heavy and swollen.
She cries of loss and innocence stolen.

The drip has weight, it pulls others along.
They Laugh and grin, a world full of scorn.

Wet and thick, they fall from her cheek.
Acidic and caustic, well up at her feet.

Mother of humanity, cries for her sons.
Devastaed by sin, her misery weighs tons.

We failed her, we left her,
we sold our own souls.

Still she opens up her arms,
her mercy unfolds.

To return to her love, open and soft.
Is what I desire, to sleep in her loft.
The drip of her tear, drowning my heart.
This is the place, where it must start.