

On The Inside, Looking Out

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Published on Lush Stories on 02 Oct 2012

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I watch them, just as always...

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Splattering raindrops drum the rooftops, Winds surround two loves out there; In torrential downpours, soaking; They don't notice; they don't care. Gale-blown leaves both shout and whisper, Trying to catch their smiling eyes; The laughing raindrops try to prod them From the ever-darkening skies. These sad eyes both watch their moment, Purely focussed, heart to heart, And jealousy has no place in here, Where my own was torn apart. In the so-called warmth, I watch them, Devil take my pain away; At midnight, I can fight the monsters, But be devoured within the day. They long to be held in their arms, All snuggled against wind and rain. And here I sit, alone, unhappy; My loss is once again their gain. Though storms may rock them, tear asunder That which now holds them together, In this moment, they are happy, Untouched by tempests in the weather. And still, I watch, the glass is blurred As raindrops mix and dance with tears, For once again, prophetic words Have realised all my ugly fears. Just once, I wished, to live in tempests, To feel the storms and hear them shout; Yet here I am, as ever, always, On the inside, looking out.