

Pen Pal

by Angie

I weep blue ink upon blank page
Of anger, hatred, grief and rages
Ofttimes I wish my fountain dry
But he'll refill it by and by

He often speaks of his pure love
For she who visits from above
But how I dread when he recounts
What fears and sadness he surmounts

This world, so dim, so fraught with pain
Yet often rings with joy again.
He tells the truth, he questions why
His story grows as each day dies

There is no end, and now betide
He caps me, puts me close aside
And here alas, I must abide

