

UNTITLED

by Anne McClelland

Coldness
An evil twisted heart
Winds its way down
to the depth of depravity
To its own private hell
An eternity of aloneness
While a thousand shards of glass
Spare it no mercy
Cut it
Torment it
Taunt it
For one who has shown no mercy
Who has removed every trace of good from his heart
What love is...

Warmth
The caress of
A bright shining sun
To greet their new day
Their new life
All three walk together
While a thousand rays of love
Surround them
Enfolding them
Comforting them
For those who can forgive
Can always be forgiven and find another road to love
They know the meaning of love is
The child...