

Prince on my Pillow

There's a price on my pillow,
A beauty so pure, a handsome face,
A sultan, "such grace".

Your skin is so dark,
As compared next to mine.

I touch you and stroke your face.
I brush your hair off your brow, back into place.
Gently I kiss you, so as not to wake.

I so very desperate to be loved,
Yet alone again I wake.
Sadly it was all a dream.

So today a new lonely day.
For me a new day to grieve.
No love in sight for me today,
Perhaps another time,
Perhaps another place.

A storm of emotions and sadness,
The tides wash over me.
With so much loneliness today,
There's nothing left of me.

Gone I am like sands swept away...
Swept away by the sea.

Gone... like the Prince on my Pillow,
Gone is he.

by *Patricia Aini*