

Unsung

Let me tell you about this heroine,
truly she's unsung,
Loyal like a Scorpio but leaves you unstung,
Instead she soothes souls and disappears when she's
done,
Walks with the moonlight clasping a fire of passion like
the sun,
She does what she does because nobody can do it,
An ear she lends to any subject regardless of how
'stupid',
The facade of a broken heart, she sees completely
through it,
Ploughing through the dirt, planting seeds that bloom
and blossom like tulips,
An extraordinary lady, resilient with beauty,
A soft touch and tender gaze,
An affection felt truly,
Pure like a diamond and jagged like a ruby,
She helped me through the dark at night,
And left me never as she knew me.

Yours truly, Tuesday