

my wish

I wish I could hear you
I wish I could be heard

but your voice is silenced
your childlike voice outgrown

my voice is isolated, restricted
your voice to me unknown

my inner voice enquires
will I ever lift my mournful song?

each day my mind repeats its search
straining to hear your secret cries

then a lone robin chatting on my fence
suggests to me you're trying to speak

so now I rise expectant
my heart soothed that you are near

the singing in my garden
signalling your love is very clear

the cost of separation mounts
but we both know our love is dear

and when one day we chance unite
that little bird song will delight your ear

the rumour and the whisper
replaced by songs of love and tears

Jo Beth Gray