



WHISPERS OF THE WOUND

by: **MIRASOL DUMAYAC GAOIRAN**

In sorrow's grip, feelings are deep,
Deceives a heart that has forgotten how to sleep.

Love once gentle, vivid, and true,
Now drifts in peace, cloaked in blue.

Memories stir like ghosts at night,
Haunting the rooms once filled with light.
Tears fall easily like a ceaseless rain,
Where each drop echoes anguish and pain.

But in the quiet of that veiled sound,
A strength arises, soft and profound.
For even the crushed can rise once again,
From the remains of sadness, the soul can ascend.

Grip the pain; let sadness be the guide,
Healing buds where the courageous confide.
Though loss may linger and so does grace,
So love, in time, will find its place.

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