

THE CHRISTMAS WIND

The Christmas wind is talking, he says the year will close,
without my Bella next to me, the sadness in me shows.
The sands of time are marching on, and falling through the hole,
that's in my heart without you near, leaving loving words untold.
My sorely eyes must see, my yearning arms must hold,
without my Bella next to me, my dreams can not unfold.

So tell the Christmas wind, to blow me back to when,
I freely walked beside the sea, to feel the sun again.
I think of happy days, filled with sensitive affection,
of soft words with my dear Bella, and joyous celebration.
locked up here for far too long, I pray soon the day will dawn,
whether Christmas Day or Birthday, I can embrace you every morn.

The Christmas wind just breezes on, he doesn't understand,
the pain I feel, the need to walk, with Bella hand in hand.
Grey walls and grave injustice, chain my limbs and chain my heart,
my soul despairs that such penance poor, is keeping us apart.
I send this poem with passion deep, and pray to him above,
next Christmas wind, that I'll be there, to give you all my love.