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Drifting

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DRIFTING

*If I could hold your sadness I
would give it wings
white ones of gossamer silk
stretched fragile and
strong
enough to lift your sorrow
and make it float in the
wind song of my own joy.
If I could name your sadness
I would give it form.
Reshape it in the palms of my hands.
Mold it into a red ball you could
bounce to the tune
of my song, my heart song.
Then maybe you would
hear my love whispering above
the drum of your own pain.
If you could speak your sadness the
sound would enfold the silence
that is falling like a
cloud upon us.*