

# Vanna Bonta, I Saw Her Tears

I saw her tears.  
I saw her tears.  
I saw her tears.

The tears on her face  
glimmered reflection,  
hung like an opal moon.  
I didn't speak,  
I just sat and watched her.  
I entered that tear,  
a round misted room.

The tear on her face  
shone in perfection,  
in prised rainbow hues.  
Another day  
I might've asked her,  
but I knew no word  
could come to rescue.

What in that tear I saw  
(I saw her tears)  
What in that tear I saw  
(I saw her tears)  
What in that tear I saw  
(I saw her tears)

one hundred wars,  
a thousand sunsets,  
countries and seashores,  
and regal banquets,  
things never said,  
too many goodbyes,  
loneliness so buried  
it had yet to cry.

every color,  
so many reasons,  
a hundred wishes,  
pledges and treasons,  
things never said,  
times she had tried  
wishing someone loved her  
as she was inside.

The tear by her eyes...  
What in that tear I saw,  
in that tear I saw...

I saw her tears.  
I saw her tears.  
I saw her tears.  
(glimmered reflections)