

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)