

Confession

Heather Dale

So here I am again... I think I've sinned
I can't exactly place the how or why
I tried to be a sister and a friend
I never dreamed she'd give this winged reply

The girl, the one I told you all about, the pretty one
who came here so devout
She told me all the things she felt she'd lost and all
the things she feared to be without

I told her all the things that I'd been told: those
comforts that I took when I was young
But still I think she only saw me old... I don't know
what I said to make her run

She's given up the veil, the vows she'd sworn; abandoned
any effort to conform
Without a word to anyone, she's gone her way alone, a
dove escaping back into the storm

I tried to show her I could understand, but still she
chose to leave me for the cold
It makes me doubt the woman that I am -- and, God forgive
me, all that I've been told

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