

# Lost & Far From Home

Katie Costello

With her head on her pillow and her pain tucked under the sheet  
s  
Music playing softly without a steady beat  
The TV flickers flames of color; it ignites the room  
A black and white face, the colors escape, her heartache

She ran away, so far away  
That the streets were no longer paved with lines  
The soles of her feet weren't as tough as she claimed them to be

She wiped her eyes, it was no surprise  
That she was lost and far from home, strange unfamiliar signs  
Little to coincide, however she packed her bags and made her way  
Anywhere her feet could take her

With her arm around her keepsakes and her mind on her mistakes  
She climbed a hill - one of a kind, numb to her step, she had to accept  
Changed scenery, it was now clear to see torn petals on a flower of her past  
Memories she hoped wouldn't last

She ran away, so far away  
That the streets were no longer paved with lines  
The sole of her feet weren't as tough as she claimed them to be

She wiped her eyes, it was no surprise  
That she was lost and far from home, strange unfamiliar signs  
Little to coincide, however she packed her bags and made her way  
Anywhere her feet could take her

With her head on her pillow and her pain tucked under the sheet  
s  
Music playing softly without a steady beat, without a steady beat