

Cold Wind

Sámer Issa

Like a cold wind down an empty street,
I pass by the places we used to meet,
The gray sky is cold and hard as stone.

The silence now where we played in the park,
On the bench where you held me in the dark,
Reminds me that you are gone and I'm alone.

Free as the wind and cold as winter,
I wander the world we shared,
Searching for traces of warmth left in the
places where somebody cared.

I wander the memories once more,
Watching the ghosts of who we were,
Searching for signs I might have missed before.

Maybe a scrap of hope remains,
right in the midst of despair,
And maybe I'm foolish to believe
there must be something there.