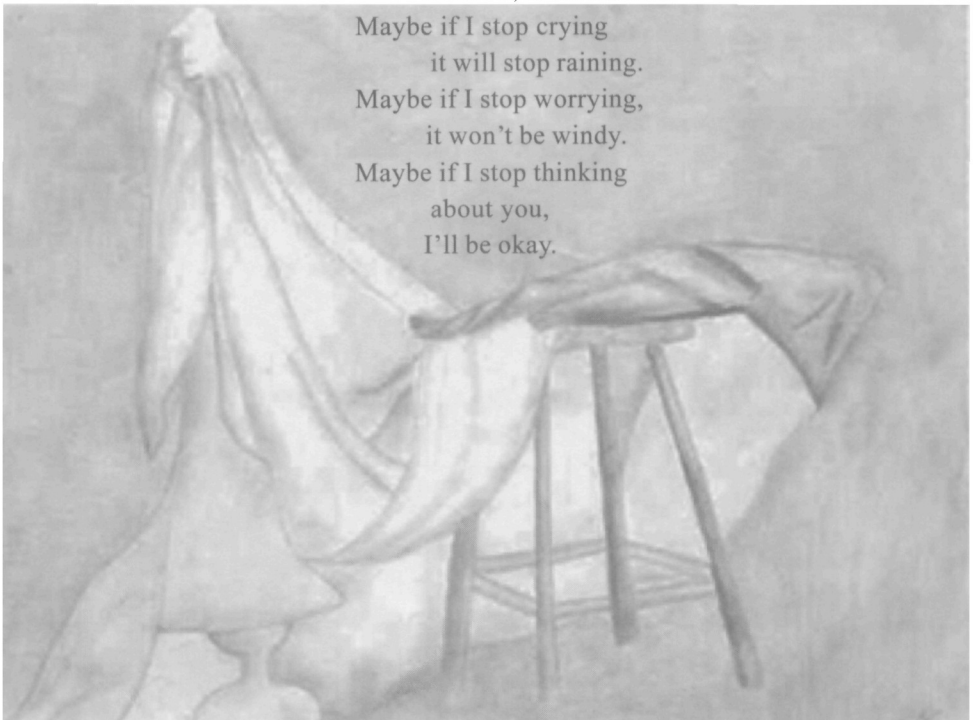


You watch as I
 leave, out My window-
 behind My curtain.
The floor leans, yet
you don't cry.
Yet My heart, like a concrete pillar,
 still belongs
 to you.
I remember the good times,
 I dream of them--
Us hand-in-hand, smiles,
and green pastures.
I get lost in the
light
blue, clouds.
But, we dried up like
 a brown, crinkled leaf.

Maybe if I stop crying
 it will stop raining.
Maybe if I stop worrying,
 it won't be windy.
Maybe if I stop thinking
 about you,
I'll be okay.



Yolanda Castillo