

Missing The Sun

Missing the sun.
Missing everyone.
No more leisurely walks by the sea,
with tropical warmth accompanying me.
Instead wrapped in countless layers.
Hoping God will answer my prayers.
Providing a dose of humid heat
to warm my frazzled frozen feet.

Missing the sun.
This brisk breeze isn't fun.
My mind is struggling to conceive
why the rain never seems to want to leave.
What is this type of wicked weather?
It seems like the sun is very clever.
It deviously hides out of sight,
while coldness appears out of spite.

Missing the sun.
Missing everyone.
Things are rapidly going downhill.
I'm tired of this numbing chill.
Will I ever see the sun again?
How long can I endure such pain?
I never thought it would be like this.
I miss the touch of the sunshine's kiss.

© Samantha Rodgers