Darkest Hours
By Sentarla

The night was cold and dreary
The sun set long ago
A vision of you walking, down a lonely highway road.

You never saw it coming
The car so fast and bright
It threw you on the wayside, and left you there to die.

I sit in the dark and worry
In a lonely apartment block
As your cell phone goes unanswered, until the batteries all run out.

You lay in a ditch still bleeding
Broken bones, concussion and more
Crying for help that never comes and sobbing my name till dawn.

The joy that was mine in the morning
When we found you cold but alive
I will never forget my darkest hours and the pain we went through last night.

~end~

Comments, any?