

Needing To Hear My Brother Again

When our eyes met once again
 my heart stayed on for fellowship
Your eyes seemed filled with words
 but found no trail to your lips
It seemed easier to say it was nice to see
 each other again and “let’s talk soon”
Rather than risk discovering a place of peace
 and giving needy eyes a chance to rest
I didn’t know how to tell you there is no need
 to struggle in opening a door with no latch