

## **A Prayer for the Left Behind**

*Georgie Lee*

I never stopped asking the sky to bless your face.

Your eyes- the softest hue of timid.

Your hair- stretching wildflowers in bloom.

Your cheeks- rose petals.

-Or-

When you looked at me,

I couldn't seem to shake the thorn inside my throat.

...I still want you to smile,

Even if the sun has left my eyes.

I still want you to grow,

Even if it is a different direction from me.