

Her Heart was a House Down an Overgrown Lane

Sarah Elizabeth

Her heart was a house down an overgrown lane,
surrounded by iron fence; gate bound up in chain

Hedges grew higher as year passed by year,
windows and doors remained bolted in fear

Others' words had been sweet, pleasing to taste,
but they were all empty, all just a waste

But in the summer's warmth, windows opened wide
to let out the heat and let the sun and fresh air inside

Yet still strongly secured and thoroughly hidden,
none dared enter in lest they were bidden

Along came a stranger from a faraway land,
he undid the chain when he took her hand

Slowly at first, then as she became sure,
the gate opened, leaves and petals unfurled

Weeds and hedges trimmed down, new seed sown,
and the once empty house began to be a home

Cobwebs swept away; dark corners touched with light,
her heart glowing with warmth even in a dark, cold night

One day he faded away into the distance, as dreams always do,
devastation; though she had known it couldn't last- it wouldn't prove true

A warning to those who encourage love to grow,
be careful where and how much seed you sow