

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

She whispers

by Liz Rider

She comes at night, when all is still
And sleep has come
And dreams begun
She lays with me and whispers

Through rain and sun, and cold winds chill
When the light brings kindness
And the dark brings blindness
She lays with him and whispers

When dreaming brings no comfort
And visions unreal, yet bring fear
And silence threatens and rest cannot repair
She lays with her and whispers

She comes and night, when all is still
And the dark controls us
And the light deceives us
She lays with us and whispers