

NO ONE CAME

The little girl was hurt and tired
And went upstairs to cry.
She curled up on the bottom bunk
And lay there wondering why

No one noticed she was gone,
Her presence no more there.
This pain intensified her tears,
To think they did not care

Enough to come and look for her,
To wipe away her tears,
To hold and comfort her with words
And take away her fears

That she was not enough to love
Or even care about.
The painful thought swept over her
Filling her with doubt.

The shadows lengthened in the room
As the sun did set.
And still she lay a curled up ball,
Her eyes puffed up and wet

Hoping someone would come to her
Or even call her name.
But she remained alone that day.
Alone, for no one came.