

Hanna Alessia Di Donna

Guiding Light

In the shadowed corners of her soul's embrace, lies a friend whose silent struggles trace, a path of whispers. Hushed and unseen, where turmoil thrives, and wounds convene.

In the quiet moments, her eyes betray, the weight she carries, day by day. Each passing glance, a subtle reveal, Of the battles fought, the pain she conceals.

I see her, fragile as a whispered sigh. In the hollows of her gaze, questions lie, as her laughter fades, and smiles wane. Echoes of sorrow, etched in her refrain.

Her frame, once vibrant, now a fragile shell, where whispers of doubt and darkness dwell. Each passing day, she fades away, lost in the tumult, of her own dismay.

Her family's bond, a fractured thread, leaves scars unseen, deep and dread. In the silence of their fractured ties, her spirit withers, her hope defies.

Yet amidst the shadows, a beacon bright. Her boyfriend's love. A guiding light. In his embrace, she finds reprieve. A solace fleeting, yet profound, believe.

But a shadow looms. A specter of doubt. A rift between them. A whisper's shout. And though his love remains steadfast and true the scars of betrayal tarnish her view.

So she retreats, into her silent space, where tears flow freely, in their grace. Hiding behind walls built brick by brick. Lost in the darkness. Her spirit, thick.

Yet I stand witness, to her silent cries. To the pain she hides behind green eyes. And though her struggles seem vast and wide, I'll stand beside her, In her tide.

For a friend's love knows no bounds or end. A beacon of hope, around her I'll bend. In the tapestry of her pain, I'll weave, A silent promise, never to leave.

So here I stand, with open heart, to share her burden. To play my part in her journey through the darkest night. I'll be her beacon. Her guiding light.