

If Sorrow Was...

by Kristi Kipp

If sorrow was a color,
it would be burgundy,
as dark as a soul.

If sorrow was a taste,
it would be like a salty tear,
that comes from being hurt.

If sorrow was a feeling,
it would be as sad and hurt as a girl,
a girl that got stabbed in the back by her best friend.

If sorrow was a smell,
it would be as sweet as a batch of roses,
that a young girl loves to plant and take care of.

If sorrow was a sound,
it would be as silent as the girl who stopped talking,
because of all the times that she got hurt for letting people get too close to her.