**Bridesmaid**

*March 11, 2014*

Always a bridesmaid.

Never a bride.

Bitter Wormwood of second place.

One step off the pace.

Asleep in the backseat.

Just along for the ride.

No chicken.

Just feathers.

No meat from the bone.

My spirit cries whether.

I be always alone.

Bare coat to the North Wind.

What blows with No Love.

Pray tell me when.

I cry to sky above.

The world note my presence.

Make note I am there.

Another soul take notice.

Another soul care.