

A Place for Pain

*I open the door, pain walks in
Filling my home with darkness and discontent*

*I open the door, love walks in
Replenishing the bedroom*

*I open the door, faith walks in
Illuminating my living*

*I open the door, hope walks in
Filling the kitchen with wonderful smells*

*I open the door, joy walks in
I explain that she has the wrong address
She should be next door
She comes in anyway
Joy, like pain
Knows not of manners or proper protocol*

*I open the door, humor walks in
It fills the empty spaces*

*Pain is still here
But, it has little room*

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