

Sorrow Of Unrequited Love

Evening glow of gold splurges the backyard,
Tree-tops seem to be happy touching the sky,
I sit alone on the deck,
Unmoved by the grandeur of the scene.

Days come and end,
Nights melt seamlessly into mornings,
But my chase of her doesn't leave me.

I have tried to reason with myself a million times
That my love for her is my need -
Not her priority,
That I must suffer for my own inadequacy,
That sorrow of unrequited love
Is better than emptiness.

I must be grateful to her
For her gracefulness in letting me
Express my love to her.
Cruel she is not,
But she has her own dreams beckoning her.

How much I miss her?
I can't measure it, I can't think it,
I can only feel it.

I would like to search for her
In the forgotten alleys of this world,
Through its frizzled collective memory.

Finding her
I would like to drink long through her eyes,
But would she let me touch her hand?

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