

Unequally Cursed

I question the reason for crushing my
Zeal. Is it really so wrong to devote
My attention to those that can mirror
My heart's erratic beat? Feeling remote
Yet metaphysically close, despite my
Practical nature, I feel alive. The
Ones I loved most are the ones who fell first,
Though one-by-one they've all taken suit. The
Crimes I've committed are few and trifling
And the guilt will linger eternally.
So why am I teased like a spoilt child? My
Lifelines poured down heaven's drain? Bitterly
I make do the best I can. At least I'm
Blessed with the gift of nostalgia. But what
About the talented ones I crush in
My wake? At least I can't say I forgot.

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