

Your Love

by Myke Bartholomew

Your love - it calls like pain hidden in song.

The cry is dim yet scolds my heart again.

I try to disregard the sting, though strong.

Then I lay puzzled thoughts inscribed by pen.

At times my mind cannot decide the trail.

Still I shove on with hopes to keep your love;

And overthrow the aches, I cannot fail.

This ideal is too great to let go of.

But fate will not allow my words to soar.

This love can only leave my breath in vain.

Your bay now bawls as loud as beastly roars!

My dear, there's nothing left for me to gain.

I bid this pleasant feud a soft adieu.

And hope my heart returns to good as new.