

Foolish Love

*Some days there's no end
to the pain of love denied
in the dual for attention
between lover and friend
do anguished tears ever dry*

*When the hours seem slow to unwind
and hope hangs by a thread
as expectation of communication
dwindles with time
and hurt tightens its strangulation
the heart begins to wither with dread*

*It's hard to comprehend
that this love was forsaken
that feelings so intense
could so easily be condemned
to total irrelevance
when they all became a burden*

*If what is left is only doubt
that the eloquent and ardent words spoken
and assurance of their importance
were nothing more than an empty sprout
merely an amusement token
Why is foolish love still taking a chance*

by Pamela McMonagle ©2009