

I'm required to be happy,  
I'm contractually glad,  
That you've found a lovely partner,  
And soft kisses you have had.

I'm obliged to find it joyous,  
I'll be sued if unenthused,  
For the world is truly blessed,  
Now that you have found a muse.

I'll use nails to fix my smile,  
Rigged with twine fresh off the spindle,  
When our chats end with goodbyes,  
And I watch our contact dwindle.

Yes I find it hard to laud,  
For a friend to just be happy,  
When it tastes anything but sweet,  
To see lovers being sappy.

I'm aware that it's my problem,  
That I grin not with my eyes,  
But I'm stuck without a partner,  
Yet you've found one, why can't I?