Y.C. - Feb. 10, 2024

Forlorn Love

It seems fate err'd with a red string's tie,
Meant for others, yet you and I did align.
Destined paths not to cross, we sail by,
Yet why do I drift towards your sign?

A sudden affection quietly blooms,
And I, merely a passerby in stride,
From afar, your faint fragrance looms,
Yet dare not approach, to your window confide.

Perhaps, such is the risage of life's way,
My own harbor, long destined, beckons still.
This love, in my heart, must hidden stay,
Leaving warmth missed, and joy unspilled.