

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 saint fragrance looms,
Yet dare not approach you to confide.*

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

