**On Rejection**

*1992*

No. Such a simple word should just be heard.

Yet love strikes ears so deaf and eyes so blind.

The heart beats strong. The thought seems most absurd.

Passion rules. Controls the id and so the mind.

How can two lives so meant as one to be

Drift through this world apart and never blend?

How can you love another soul save me?

The flower of what should be meet such an end?

Can it be the words you speak are real?

Could it come to pass there is no spark?

Has this poor old heart the truth concealed?

Must the hopes give way? The future dark?

Ah alas. The depths. Despair so low.

I see. I hear. I feel. You say it. No.