The Death of A Relationship

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The original piece of poem
Silent teardrops fell on her glistening cheeks,
Each tear, tearing her apart;
The vows of togetherness, blurred in darkness,
Each darkness darker than a blackened grief-stricken heart;

What began as a passion, ended on anything else but a passionate note,
Where was her lover, for whom she forever dote?

A bond that was strong with fires of fervors now lay still,
Still and lifeless like a patient in comatose with no will;

Her relationship succumbed to a slow, gradual death,
A forlorn love dying with every passing, fleeting breath;

She spelled her own doom and now, here she lies,
Buried deep under this weeping willow tree,
For all who’ve been betrayed in love to see,

Reads her epitaph this; “A woman who loved lost and was devoured alive by the flames of passion,
She waited, waited, and waited endlessly for compassion…”

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