

Lonely Heart

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My lonely heart lay heavy Upon the breast of my existence As the sickle moon rests softly In an orange Harvest sky. The black top of my life Roams like a coiling snake Searching, seeking Across the barren Landscape of my mind Where is my lonely heart? Adrift and forgotten Under a darkened star, Or hidden away in the depths of Long ago? Lost to what is new and real Crushed like an aluminium can Discarded Kicked into the gutter, Left, and destined For some lonely ladies, rickety cart. Where is my hurting soul? Fragile and small Made to feel Less than worthy Doomed from the time of creation To be tormented And wrong? Why do I fear? Why must I long for what I cannot have And ache with sorrow At the loss of what never was