The Nameless Poem

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I've loved some women in my life,
and known when Cupid hurled his knife.
But every love I've had, or will,
incorporates the bitter pill
Of unexpected twists of fate,
that either turns my love to hate,
Or snatches from my very hand
the love I thought would surely stand
The tests of time, and Gods, and friends,
until the day she finally sends
That final kiss of tender Death,
when once again I hold my breath
And choke myself on useless tears
and feel again familiar fears
And hear again, another time
the same eternal, endless rhyme
Of reasons why it has to be
that her again, I'll never see.
The logically constructed facts,
that tell me why I get the axe.
Another night of sleepless blur,
and then I'll start forgetting her.
And tell myself, I've lost before.
Where I found her, there's many more.
It's better to have loved and lost.
The joy I got was worth the cost.
It's better to have loved and lost…
It's better to have loved and lost…
It's better to have loved and lost…
*It's **bitter** to have loved and lost…*