

SHE WALKED

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A SHORT POEM ABOUT THE END OF A RELATIONSHIP DUE TO INABILITY TO GIVE YOURSELF ENTIRELY TO THAT PERSON.

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She stood silently at my door,
Of me she wanted not a fraction, but more.
Her eyes begged for a reaction,
But of me only remained a fraction.

Looking back she gave a smile,
I looked down with tears and denile.
She deserved more than a part of me,
But no more than a part could I be.

She gave her back and walked towards life,
A part of me was slashed with a knife.
I called out her name begging for a return,
But it failed to reach my mouth as my hopes burned.

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