

THE HEART AND THE SHARD

An ice shard,
as cold as your heart,
more harmful than a knife,
I wished it had let me die.

A steel shard,
a so called knife,
it stabs deeply in the heart
but it won't go at any time.

An obsidian shard,
the sharpest of them all,
it leaves a wound
that will never be closed.

That's what heartbreak is,
as cold as ice,
as deep as steel,
as sharp as obsidian.

I'm wishing for
a light at the end of the tunnel,
a miracle in this depression.
I wish for your true love,
true love that is his,
you made your choice
and you had to pick.
But why did you choose him?

RUU

