



HER LOVE

I lost my beauty for the harsh time of my youth,
Yearned to rare it for my name after demise,
She didn't aid me to preserve my beauty.
She longed to preserve hers that would be mine too –
For this she did like me but alas ! my harsh time.....
I had to bear it alone ,
Her love was for my summer when fall reigned me .

THE LOST DREAM

The lost dream, I dreamt again ,
Couldn't fulfil it, oh ! it caused pain .
Its beauty was not altered a bit ,
Not even my desire for it .
I dreamt it again but untimely .
I could only cry helplessly .
My cry and sigh it could hear,
Though it yearned , it wasn't fair
For it to be the dream of mine again
As like me , him it would cause pain

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