

## JOKERS

Brittle shards of broken heart slice apart my core  
Shake patterns long whole.  
Despite new love shared he flees with sudden fear  
Leaves me flayed alive.

So many times I've rebuilt – do now they win  
Those psychotic gods?  
Have I the strength again to defy their jokes  
Loss, rejection, pain?

So simply could they defeat my stubborn will  
Why not just deal death?  
But no, they beguile then coolly tear away  
Each gift near given.

While I, foolish hopeful, dream of love to hold  
One like him to share  
A life of giving, caring, loving, 'til death.  
Fruitless faith in love.

Once again I touch the shining ring of hope,  
Glimpse near perfect match.  
Psycho gods scorn with laughter, retract the gift.  
Death withheld, I weep.