

Melancholy Born

Melancholy born
upon my doorstep
crying, with a bruised embrace
waiting for that seed of joy;
that which is baited
like a carrot, there
before me, for me here
to give in chase,
just to have another
take the prize.

My feet grow weary,
and, my heart grows
tired, dark and leery
from giving chase,
just to be shattered
here upon the floor.

How many times
can one be broken
before there is nothing
left to be pieced together
back again.