

TOLARENAI Poem 08

Affair of the Heart

In a world where few understand our plight,
We walk a path beneath the silent night.
Their eyes accuse, with whispers sharp as darts,
Yet they know not the depth of lovers' hearts.

Their knowing looks, like arrows in the dark,
Cannot fathom the fire that lights our spark.
Few will grasp the whispers of our hearts,
Or the sacred longing that never departs.

For love's true essence, beyond their cold regard,
Is written in the stars, a tale unmarred.
Someday they may grasp this sacred art,
And see the truth in our affair of heart.

For in this life, where shadows dance and fade,
Only the heart's true longing will cascade.
One day, they might see our love's bright boon,
And understand my call to the Strawberry Moon.

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