

Such empty childish passion  
Lies seen it all before.  
Forgot me for a month or two  
And there'd be plenty more.

### Failures

I said that I was better  
As a writer than a wife &  
And though the my profession  
I have sacrificed my life.

I said that I was better  
As a poet than a cook.  
And thus I eat love from me  
With a forced, cynical look.

But since my heart is empty  
It is all in vain I try  
To flourish as ~~the~~ a writer  
For that I've let love pass by.