

# Such a Tragic Romance

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*eh...poem i wrote, kinda bitterness towards this guy I was in love with...didn't work out to well.  
eh...Angsty*

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# 1 - Tragic Romance

I have no more beautiful words to write.  
These tears are now my sorrow song.  
If this is supposed to be love, I'm scared of what hatred can bring.  
Mere words cannot describe this feeling in this fooled heart.  
The chance at love between the stars is now raging deep in unforgiven scars.  
A silver blade has not tainted this heart of mine, your beauty of false promises cuts deeper than any sharpened knife.  
This is such a sad love, more of a tragedy.  
I can pretend to be happy, and even get you to believe that I am doing okay.  
But only when you look through my eyes, I collapse.  
I'd freely walk into your arms, to feel your gentle warmth. Radiating.  
But I know you aren't willing.  
I close my eyes and I see the true world I wish to exist in.  
This love of mine, I see only in dreams.  
The agonizing truth still haunts me that you are no one, just innocent hopes that you exist.  
I can't help the loneliness.  
No one in this world is real enough for me.  
I've always been the one to desire what I could not have  
I didn't ask for this, if anything I wish for this reverie to disperse from my memory.  
Don't I deserve all that I have been given? I'm that lowly specimen of life.  
Repulsive.  
I feel nothing but the bitter resentment towards all that can be happy, because when you see someone better off than you are you quickly become impatient.  
I envy those with living souls.  
Mine died so long ago.  
Now I remain broken and cold.  
I have only this memory to hold, so maybe I was just better off alone.  
This despair is shredding away at already bruised flesh. I can't help the crystalline poison streaming down my face.  
I've given up the will to fight it.  
I'm tired of being strong.  
I need you to realize that even though you may have forgotten, I still hold the anguish deep within my soul.  
I won't beseech thee with empathy.  
I refuse to lower myself to that hypocrisy.  
Just love, understand that these are not shallow emotions.

I need the gentle glow of healing radiance.

I have grown weary of holding on to these words unshed, but I won't expect a sympathetic reaction.

I want you to be content, but I wish I wouldn't have to sacrifice my happiness.

Good Bye love.

I give you sweet release.