

#V#

Pressure dropped, hot rain poured in
While old leaves fell off, and rotted away
Late October it must have been
The *eclectic* month, summer-winter halfway
When I turned to my lady friend Lyn
Hoping she could end the pain buffet

"You've helped our friends before," I said
"And you get along with your man.
You possess an *efficacy* for love.
It's something you seem to understand.
Please hear my sorrowful *elegy*,
Resembling Grief's darkest poetry."

Lyn listened attentively
Then replied most *eloquent*:
"Your words are sincere...
...but a bit exaggerated.
You'll be happy to hear...
...your case isn't that complicated."

"So it didn't work out, blame it on fate
Her type of woman, I would never *emulate*
Let go of grudge, and this truth remember:
Male and female surely *engender*
A sum greater than their parts
Like how hollow chambers make up a heart."