

Crestfallen !

Cupid lent me his wings
and the heart begins to flutter
faster and faster,
higher and higher over the precipice
Suddenly , in a fleeting moment,
my wings are clipped.
I am crestfallen !
Cupid has shot his venomous arrows.
Steeped in sorrow
the wounded , bleeding heart begins to swoop
diving ,
sinking, - eventually-
drowning
in the unfathomable depths of solitude !