

Meghan Harris

The poor of heart do follow true love's ire  
And seek in answer words they freely give;  
Bound to the service of steadfast desire,  
Charm'd by the form wherein disdain doth live.  
But why love if she grants only glaring  
And accusations of unequal score?  
Further vows turn pity into loathing,  
Crippling the cause they were created for.  
Yet this love despite objection clinging,  
Lives not on rumor or in glancing looks,  
Finds relentless hope in mere existing,  
And wavers not when alteration crooks.  
Unrequited, my love has latent wealth,  
Denied by others; it only fuels itself.