

# To Yield

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Charles Michael Averin | Poetry

I look upon the streets and feel a void within my heart;  
They pass along with hand in hand, but we are far apart.

I recognize your darling front—and yet I find I've erred;  
Amid the bustling boulevard, my senses were impaired.

Deprived of you I'm short of breath; my eyes well up with tears;  
My ragged sobs remind me so, of days of yesteryear.

So many nights I've spent in search of that forsaken love;  
accursed be the ones who yield—a group I'm part thereof.

Yet having ceased my fruitless quest for loves I never found,  
By chance, I've found, to my chagrin, much loveliness abound.