Helen

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/8
The world has no bounds for one man's obsession.

Millions could die in the fire of his heart;

His warriors could not die enough deaths to quench his mania.

The hands of his artists could not replicate her beauty,

For that kind of beauty goes beyond the measure of description.

Other empirical admirers of his were long-cast shadows on his castle's outer walls.

Not one man or woman could penetrate his thoughts;

In fear that the image of her alabaster countenance might escape him.

The chords of her voice, though unsurpassable in angelic beauty, suited him to no avail.

In that brief encounter, between sunset and sunrise—

In that moment of love—life and heart surpass the continuity of time.

In this love, discourse is suspended, yet the conversation continues.

Though he will never attain his bride, he will forever maintain his affections

and no distance or time will distort the supreme beauty of his, Helen.

I am fed up with all this, nonsense.

I cannot take this anymore.

I have had enough.

It's Over.

I need to leave this place.

I need to get out of here.

I must go forever.

I must get out now.

I don't want this to be over.

I never wanted to leave this place.

My hopes were high when I entered.

I dreamed of being accepted here.

However, I was only met with

Disappointed

Anguish

Hurt

Depression

Betrayal

Loneliness.

What happened?

Why did it happen?

What did I ever do to deserve this?

Why am I constantly being left with the dust?

I tried so hard

To make it work.

But every time,

The same sad ending always greets me.

Why did you disappoint me?

Why did you let me go?

Why did you throw me to the gutter?

Why did you shun me?