

The instant she saw him  
She fell to the ground  
Rending her blouse  
Exclaiming, in gasps of frozen air,  
the anguish of her bleeding heart,  
gnawing at clumps of her snarled hair  
fists, now, pounding the ground  
before him ...

him, aloof, with disdain  
turning away ...

Is that what this 'love' has come to ...  
His 'love'  
This 'love'

Is that what this love has come to?