

Searching for Love

by BloodTraitor

A song-like poem about finding love and keeping it.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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There is a man who goes through trees,
Looking for someone to heal his ruthless, cold heart.
He looks for a woman no older than he,
Who'll see through his walls of aching pain.
Who'll see what he is in the depths of his soul,
Who will not love him for his beauty of face,
Who'll see him for who he really is,
Who'll love him till her day of death.
He searches for a woman not of his kind,
But of other race much kinder than his,
A woman who's different and not at all like him,
A lady of night and not day.
A lady of mystery, softness, and kindness,
Not the obvious, rudeness, or pain.
A woman with curling hair unlike his,
With soft darkness around her head.
With black eyes very much like the night,

So very unlike his day.

So very unlike his gold hair of light,

His green eyes of trees and grass.

So unlike his straight hair, too short for him,

So unlike his towering height.

So unlike, and yet, so alike,

In their feelings till their deaths.