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Enchantment

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Five years—the enchantment—still alive
A fantasy—torment—the infatuation survived
An uncompromising dream—one—that won’t die
Filled with hope—with love—with denial

What love it was
If it wasn’t love
Who knows what it was
When it was all said—it was done

It was an illusion—built on desire
A burning inside—where there was no fire
A constant appeal—for another’s heart
Denial—in full—or in part

One moment—inspired
The next—ill desired
So many images—plaguing the mind
Decisions to make—but how to decide

Love so perfect—too much right to be wrong
A look at the truth—what was—is gone
Illusions of trust—of love
Whatever it seemed—it wasn’t what it was

Delusions of love—what it could’ve been
You and I as lovers—companions—friends
Whatever it was—why did it end?
Too idealistic—the reality was dead

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