

The Thief of Hearts

*The Thief of Hearts
Gives grief to hearts.
That's how this trump card works.*

*He hangs around
Without a sound,
Not showing where he lurks.*

*He comes and goes.
Where? No one knows,
But he steals when least expected.*

*Had you known
The seeds he's sown
You'd take steps to be protected.*

*But clean, fair play
Is not his way.
This knave won't chance a gamble.*

*For him, instead,
It's left unsaid--
The way for him to ramble.*

*Oh, YOU THIEF!
You dastardly curmudgeon!
You stole away
My joy today
And leave me here, begrudgin'.*

*I see you now
Taking your bow
Before you leave me, fleeing.*

*Snidely your smirk,
You sniveling jerk!
Now! You don't mind my seeing.*

*You coward. You rat!
You broke me flat!
You gave me not a chance.*

*You sneak'd around,
Then stabbed me down
And slayed my sweet romance.*

—Dixie Wells © 2009