

## A CYNIC'S VALENTINE

*Lee Evans*

I wonder what it is that binds a man  
So firmly to this world. Is it his love,  
Or just as much his hate, that makes him move  
Within the bounds of fate? We see him stand,  
The axis of a wheel that his own hand  
Spins round: His fortune lies in its roulette;  
As gambling fever makes him quite forget  
That hate commends the greed his love commands.  
Who doubts this, let him come between a heart  
And its desires; soon he will be sure  
That there can be no ardor which is pure:  
Love's appetite will rend his limbs apart.  
For him who would no longer fling this dart,  
Surcease of passion must become the lure.

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*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006