

Poetry challenge Day 3: ballad

- no rhyme scheme, no limit
- tells a story

As a young girl, she knew far too much
As she got older, she knew far too little.
And that came back to bite her
Because her heart was quite brittle.

She met him at the wayward dock
On a hot day in mid June.
He seemed wise, and not too old
But the love started too soon.

It was fun until it wasn't.
He knew it was dangerous, playing that game
She didn't notice, how bad it had gotten
Until she had been far too changed

To stop right then would not have worked
For she was in a trance
He knew it was selfish, what he was doing
But he let her continue her dance

After three years, their entire town
Knew about them, knew their whole story
The girl had nothing to lose from the rumors
But the man lost all of his so-called glory

After a while, the man grew desperate
For a way out when she wouldn't comply
"It seems she slipped down the stairs"
The doc said, "An accident, that's no lie"

The man thought he was fine, hell, nobody knew!
But he wasn't, and he couldn't sleep
He remembered the promise he made her one day
And took his own life, falling in a heap

After a month, when things settled down,
It dawned on the townspeople the truth
For he was older, wiser, more civilized
And she had been just out of youth

Their known in their town for their story, Im sure
How could they not with such gossip?
But in the end, both of them died for their “love”
By making bad choices, they both lost it