An Ode to the Forlorn

Enid

Twilight, you are the mere witness of time's exchange.
Is the way that you show lending a helping hand?
For to find those I've searched for
Since I think in another way.Fellows, where have you gone?
Yearning has seized my soul.
Is the way that I took banned by a solid curse?You, whose motions are mine, do not appear to me.
You are meant to stay vague, like it is meant for me.
You'll stay inside my heart's walls,
Facing stupidness as forlornes:

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