

*What's on your horizon?*

*Morgan*

*Chai*

## *“How Many”*

*How many loves we leave behind,  
predicated with whispered promises of return?  
Tears fall in solitude, leaving us blind,  
to a shattered heart, and emotions unearned.*

*Today, love is a perversion of past life chains,  
of oaths made in secret history.  
Such unfulfilled love, leaving us lame,  
for yet another lifetime's search for the other half of me.*

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