



To my darling Jon,

*I want to be your Juliet, and you my Romeo
I dream that I am the cream inbetween your Oreo
But sadly, I know that this dream could never be
'Cause you are wed to somebody that sadly isn't me
I watch you with my weeping eyes,
When I see your wife, can't help but cry
'Cause you, you mean the world to me
I love you, I wish that you could see,
That every day my heart is breaking
I'm fed up with all my love you're taking
Each day I love life less and less
I just can't deal with all this stress
And whilst writing this poem, I now know
It's not to you my love should go.
But my heart is broken beyond repair,
And now I'm in complete despair
In my hand I hold a knife
And have now decided to take my life.
And now, one thing before I die,
This entire poem has been a lie!*