

The disappointment.

Every cloud may not have a silver lining, but there's usually some small compensating factor somewhere.

She said that she wuid be in touch;
For weeks in hope I waited.
It's stupid, though, at straws tae clutch,
When disappointment's fated.

She said that she wuid be in touch;
For weeks I still believed it.
A bit o luck's no askin much,
Though seldom I've achieved it.

She said that she wuid be in touch;
For weeks I thought she meant it.
Rejection rankles, but wi such
I had tae bide contentit.

But still, ma pride has aye this crutch,
While bitter sweeties sookin:
I wisnae bothered aw that much;
She wisnae that guid lookin!