

What Do I Do With This

What do I do with this?
This something
It brings me to life
And always, I can't wait to be there again
I spend the times I'm home just waiting to be there

Can she tell?
Does she see any of my secret devotion
Is my secret gone with my smile...
My look...
The tone of my voice with her?

I go home thinking it is not mutual
Always trying to bring myself down
Down to the earth I walk on
Down to where dreams die
Down to the everyday

But, my silly heart hopes
Each chance to find the daylight peering through
A hint that she might feel this something
That I might bring her to life
That she can hardly wait to get there
That her time at home is spent waiting to be here
With me

Forbidden topic
So close to self destruction to think of
To even consider once
But, I bring myself there daily
Looking for cues
An inviting smile
A knowing look
A soft tone in her voice
Ready to throw myself off
Into open arms
Or oblivion

Still, what do I do with this
Something which lies beneath the surface
Noticed or not
I dare not call concrete attention to it
If she notices, and is pretending not to
She is hoping it goes away

If she notices it and is hoping I do
Then, paradise may be as close as that

Yet, I must not venture there
To define my feelings for her
As that may cause a loss
I prefer to remain in the vicinity of this something
Perhaps, one day, it will reach back from her
And a dance will begin

George Lennon

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