

The Memory

If ever again I see your face,
My heart will pick up on a high speed chase.
Because forgetting you is so hard to do,
When you left me out of the blue.
Would you look at me and say
That you never felt the same way
As I, and that is why you chose to go without a word?
To even fathom that feels absurd.
For, I felt the chemistry between us two
Growing as I got to see more of you.
Or, was I the only one all in?
These questions continually cause my head to spin.
Maybe you started to fear what the future could hold,
All the while allowing my vulnerability to unfold.
But, I am not the one who broke you,
And my intentions always have and always will be true.
Some days, I wish you would just talk to me like we always did, for so long;
Because you being gone completely in my life feels so utterly wrong.
In my heart, I know what we had was real,
Even if you didn't know how to deal.
And although I don't have you here with me,
At least I have the memory...

Ghosting

Why is dating called a game?
I think the internet is to blame
For making people believe
That it's ok to just disappear when they do not achieve
Vulnerability in love and life.
When, in fact, that act causes more strife
In the heart of the other.
Because their mind is filled with endless wonder
On what happened, and where did it go wrong?
Was this connection only in their head all along?
They call this careless act "ghosting."
It is a form of emotional roasting,
Characterized by deafening silence,
And utter reliance
To provide closure;
For fear of exposure
Of their inner most thoughts,
While the other is left trying to connect the dots.
Ghosting should not be endorsed,
It is an action that is too coarse.
And dating is not a game,
Because hearts are truly broken in the process,
And that is a shame.

Unrequited Feelings

She wears her heart on her sleeve
To make sure that this is not make believe,
You and she together.
Because with you, she feels as light as a feather.
She thinks, could this be her greatest endeavor?
But she tells herself, don't be so vulnerable
Because the contrary would be irrevocable;
For unrequited feelings and emotions
Leave no room for romantic notions.
And the only one that is left hurting
Is the one who never does the deserting...

Arm's Length

Don't be afraid to pursue her.
For all you know, she may be waiting on you, sir
To go ahead and make that move.
And that effort will behoove
You to discover how it feels to be
Someone she desires so effortlessly..
And I promise you won't regret your decision
Because she personifies everything that you envision...
Beauty, brains, kindness, strength,
So don't keep her at arm's length
Anymore
It's time to go ahead and explore...

St. Patrick's Day

There is a special day that occurs once a year
Filled with laughter, friends, and "green beer."
This is none other than St. Patrick's Day,
A celebration that helps keep your worries at bay.
On this date, March 17th, we are all of Irish descent,
Waiting in anticipation for our luck to augment.
The Irish say, one is as lucky to find a pot of gold,
As they are to watch the end of a rainbow unfold.
And at the end of that rainbow, we find a leprechaun who exclaims,
"Top of the mornin' to ya," a fairy tale all the same.
If we happen to come across a four leaf clover,
We know that our luck is not over.
However, one must remember that true luck resides in our very hearts,
And treasuring this truth from St. Patrick's Day onward is a good place to start.