

Chances Worth Taking

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Another week, another month,
Another wasted, useless chance.
How many of them do we get?
In love, in life, Russian roulette?

You've built a wall around yourself
Most of the world can come and tell
Whatever comes to mind. Except for me.
I've been dejected, shut-out, banned.

You sat me down, and said so calmly,
*"You are so special, so loved in this endeavor
But, — and this is not an easy swallow,
I am not in love with you. Not now, not ever.*

*I've never anywhere met a soul like yours
So kind, so generous, the largest heart,
I'll grieve this virtual epitaph
Move on I must, from now on I'll love you from afar."*

You've asked to see me one last time
To have a closure, speak your mind
I wasn't ready, but no one asked or cared
I am left speechless, and alone at last.

We've shared the same roof — mine, for years
Three to be exact. And tears
Are rolling down along my chest
It feels like bleeding, cut with spear

*"He was a guy that's nice enough,
His failings — many — he loved too much,
Forgave too often, praised too often,
Bought me plush toys and other fluff*

*I was in love with him back then, but
I don't want him to suffer greatly
And be in pain for months, so gently
I'll lie and say I never loved him; I am clever.*

*He surely won't like to hear it,
But he'll get over me, won't fear it
So, this white lie will set him free, and pain
Will dissipate, and soon he'll love again."*

In theory it's nice. The thought is likely kind.
But none of it is how feelings work — they bind
One person to another, connections deeply sealing
So, saying that "you've never been in love",
Is nothing short killing.

His spirit, confidence, and self-respect
That's how people end up in the bed
For months on end, sick, ill, depressed
Unable to raise above darkness, possessed.

Why would you say such hurtful words?
Even if they were true, what purpose do they serve?
Besides a stabbing hook, that bleeds out slowly
How can a brilliant woman like you?
have absolutely zero clue?

As if you feel something is sour, you say —
*"... You were my rock, my strength, my power
My secret weapon, and my magic tower
I used to hide behind, and the delicate flower*

*That you bought for me, oh so kindly
But none of that was at all timely...
I just can't really be tied down
To the first guy in this new shiny town..."*

Next "layover"? — Josh, Chris, Brian, John
Jack, Leon, — a dude with an elephant bone
Your dudes — I was not even worried about
In fact, believe me — *I'd invite them all out*

So, let me raise a toast, proverbial glass —
Please know, dear, you've got class.
Surrounded by poetry, art, prose,
You are afraid of getting close.

You are terrified of the pain
A tiny poke to the finger draws blood
And you nearly faint. This why you play games
Don't you see? To avoid feeling pain caused by love.

You taught me about the setting them
— The boundaries, and respecting them
But countless times you stepped over your own
Waking up next to me right at dawn.

I've seen you be real and authentic
I've seen you be playful, creative
I've seen you be funny, concerned, and sincere
But vulnerable? Not really.

I hope you can grasp what I finally see
And you know I am not doing it for me
Touched a heart like you touched my own
Inspiring poem after poem after poem

You've abandoned me, naked and raw,
When I needed you most, you've shut the door
With the kind words "I love you and care for you"
You pushed me over to fall, to find something new

And while I am falling down this abyss
I am angry, disposed of, amiss
And yet all I can think of is why
It's so hard for your feelings to strive

Let it go, your heart needs permission
To be touched and spoiled with admission
That vulnerable loving is frightening
And yet nothing else is worth fighting.