

Can't really call it a sad poem because it's not sad

Glasgow, February 2019

I sit here in silence, as my heart yanks at invisible strings,
Or maybe it's the one being yanked, nearby the songbird sings,
He sings a tune that makes me melt, unto the world out he belts,
But his song of beauty tears me away, rips me so suddenly from the womb,
For his beauty is not my own and inevitably leads to my tomb.

This poem has been written and read a thousand times,
Maybe it'll take me a couple thousand times more,
Maybe I'll just keep writing and reading till everyone has left through the door,
But then I'd have to listen to myself, and that alone, god what a thought,
An audience to listen to my heart, isn't something that can be bought.

Where does she lie, the one who sings sweeter than honey could hope?
I dear say I want to track her down, but it is a slippery slope,
Don't we know it, those of us who make ourselves suffer,
This hope and desire which drives us mad, is too just a fleeting buffer,
For she exists, and that's what counts, not the when and where and how,
And one day she'll fall into your lap, this delicate slither of perfection, how can you endow?

But till I get there, oh boy I'll worry, I'll scramble, and I'll fret,
And those who knew me in those years, will not recognize me after we've met,
They'll say, but how, but why, who is this lady who stills your soul,
She is so much more than a lady, I'll respond, she is what keeps my flames aglow.

That's all I can really say for now, she is just an idea in my head,

But ideas often manifest and burn so bright and so so red,

So, I guess I'll come to a close now, end that which has not begun,

I'm single, hot and bothered, going on 21 and ready for some fun.