

"Chicago O'Hare, 2:00 A.M."

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Well, there you go. Again. And i am left
To think that love is still a function of
The time two people spend together or
Apart. And here i sit, abandoned in
An airport's long and weak and empty night,
Bored forceless with flourescent crossword chills,
An airport i despise, remembering
That last time i was here, you weren't.
You never were. There goes another plane.
Untouchable, in sight, but never seen
Again. I watch and wonder who's on board.
How close those people are, how meaningless
That is

And why not me? Why not, indeed? Because.
and when you said goodbye (or did you?), i
Was caught up by a Momentary shame
At having failed and not yet lost. i felt
Your Grace, a Lady's Grace, forgiving me
For being such a clod, for saying what
i did not mean, for never saying what
i thought, for thinking it at all. And if,
At last and now, i saw you through this glass
And on your way, my Heart would shout, would beg
To shout my heart, and yours, and i would watch
You out of sight and not pick up a chair
And throw it through the window, not command
Security to let me pass and damn
The X-ray and the rules Out of the way
And stand aside or i'll blow up the world

Instead i stand and watch you go and play
My part as member of the crowd and lose
My heart; as though i had no right to a--
ny other role and now it's true.