

Bourne
toWrite...
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Unrequited Love

by Marion Umney

Heard the one about me?
I think you have.
It's not true,
It's about you
You and me
Not "you and me"
But me, and you.
How we know each other
If we do.

Do we? I don't know
I could never get in
I know you're dark and slim
With eyes like pools
Where I was lost
In a love, it seems was just for fools.

I never knew if you were too
I suspect not
How did you take my love for you?
I never knew
With amusement? That really would have been
"Heard the one about?"
With compassion, confusion?
No confession it seems.
You never said
Anything much
That's why I found it such
A wrench to stop
Seeing you.