

Time to be honest with myself

I'm almost there.

I can see now it would never have been,

Never will be.

It's for the best that you're leaving.

You see, my ego can't handle

The fact that I want you more

Than you want me.

No more grasping at straws.

I am stronger

I am prouder

I have too much self-respect

To be that pathetic creature

Who pesters you for

What you will never give.

I can do better..

The obvious mantra

That my friends offer me.

Plenty of fish in the sea.

Well, I'm not much good at fishing

But I'll give it a go.

Practise makes perfect and all that.

But I would rather starve

Than beg.

I guess that's always been my problem;

Way too much pride.

But I let a little bit go for you

And look where it got me.

But hey! No pessimism.

Just realism.

And, well, somehow you helped me

To feel again.

Nobody has made me feel for so long

..So thank you for that.

I'm not going to give up

On love just yet.

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