

Unloved

"Unloved"

Unloved, becoming unlovable
With each passing disappointment
Resenting what love there was
Demanding it to be more
Than it was, wanting it to be more
Be deeper than I believed
It possibly could be,
I ran out of love's reach altogether.

Now I have been caught by love from behind.
God has wrapped his warmth
In the fragrance of another human
A woman at that
And hammered me on the head
With a burden of love bearing me
As it bears down on me
Burdening my heart
With a burden bearable
Possibly only if divided
Between equal hearts.

I still cannot trust
What I feel
But believe what I trust
And hope that I will feel
What I trust to be real
For the tomorrows and the todays
rescued from unloving
pained-heart yesterdays.

So for now I have stopped running
And am sitting on the sideline
Watching love play a game
With you and me
And maybe creating
Something like "us".

There is no referee
To blow the whistle
And to call the game off
And no time out, nor half time.

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