

Let me in
by Carol Sandford

I sit and watch you look into his face, your laughter ripples across the room and washes over me, creating a wave of emptiness that only amplifies how much I miss you.

Your laughter is the laughter of a lover, only the lover is not me, it never is. I guess it never will be.

Silently I beg you to let them go, to try and live without them, but I know I'm asking the impossible. You need a man like the flowers need the rain. You need their strength, whatever love they have to give, and the promise of nothing more.

And that I know, is where I fall flat. You know that if I was your lover, I would want it all, every darn thing that you had to offer, and in return, I would give you my heart and soul.

But you don't want them. You don't want me.

But, I, my love, want you, but I can't have you while you want them. I can't lay my heart on the line only to have you discard it.

So I sit back and watch while you give others what should be rightfully mine. I wish you would let me in, Deanna. I wish you would look into my heart, just for a moment and see what I have to offer you.

Love.

Passion.

Hope.

Me.

I'll always be here, waiting, and hoping, and praying that you will one day let them go and let me in. My door will always open, as will my heart, my love.