

Not Enough
by Carol Sandford

I watched you from across the room. Sometimes I wonder how you have the nerve to do what you do. How you can flaunt your latest conquest before my very eyes. How you can look at her the same way that you used to look at me.

Used to.

I turned away and sighed. I knew how. I let you. I gave you permission to live your life without me beside you. And your life needed women.

Lots of women.

I allowed you to run in and out of my life as though it were a game, only you never really noticed that I had stopped playing.

A long time ago.

I heard your sensuous laughter and knew with the next ten minutes, you would both stand and leave the bar, arm in arm, with one destination in mind.

Bed. Your bed.

Not our bed, but your bed. I wonder how many women have been there since I last succumbed to your charms?

Again.

Why did my liaison's always end in disaster and your always victory? That was a question I thought I would never have an answer to.

Until now.

Because you don't love me enough. Isn't it ironic that I have enough love for both of us but its not enough.

It'll never be enough.

Ever.