

Why him?

May '98

I ask, "Why him?"
I do not know.
For many years
It has been so.
It's determined
I cannot tell
What has been locked
In my heart's cell.
His attentions?
Nonexistent.
My heart's longing?
Quite insistent.
He would but laugh
If I should say
That I want him
Every day.
So I keep it
Quite to myself
Buried deep down,
Hid on a shelf.