

Impropriety Of My Love

I have encountered you many times when you cross Lavender Lane,
Or when you go on Route 79 for an evening jog,
I have seen you standing on your apartment balcony,
Peering into the space in a reflective mood.

I have seen you in your black taffeta dress going to a party,
Walking carelessly the silver beige poodle on the leash,
Driving the pastel blue Honda Civic in a fly,
Carrying grocery bags to your apartment with annoyance.

One day I even came up the steps of your apartment to ring the bell,
But was able to stop my insanity just in time as you do not know who I am -
You could have screamed seeing me and called the police,
Or ran away from me at a panicky pace.

How can I tell you that I am in love with you?
The insanity of my heart even disturbs me at times,
But I have learned not to analyze everything I do,
God has a reason for everything in life.

Where will my malady lead me I do not know?
It could be to an asylum or a hospital,
Few people know the pain of my existence,
I do not know even how to distract myself out of it for some time.

In today's world my type of love for you is archaic -
Love without contact is absurd,
But I cannot help myself,
Forgive me for the impropriety of my love for you

Suffern, New York, 11.4.10