

To the one, from the other

Lydia Greeley

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You were drawn to me
From a crowd
Of introductions.

I, who most wanted
To remain anonymous,
Became unique.

I, who wanted to sit back
And watch what you had
That I had not,
(including him),
Became your confidante.

You trusted me
Though I
Was not to be trusted.

You asked me about him
In your absence
And my heart burned in my throat
When I said
(truthfully)
That he spoke
Much and well of you.

You told me
He had mentioned me.

I wonder if he mentioned
The night we walked through
Fog swept fields
Until the sun
Burnt on the horizon?

Or, did he mention
When he felt no comfort
In a crowd
How he came to me
To ease the worry
From his brow?

You asked me to tell you
Of the one I love
And I tell you
How the one that I have loved,
Loves another.

Continued

You spur me
Not to let the other
Stand in my way,
But would you say that
if you knew:
the one that stands in my way
is you?

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