

Truly (from your little Scot)



Mick Gael

Restless tonight,
thinking of you.
A lack of words
and an abundance
of everything else.
And a cold mattress,
unsympathetic
and uncaring.
And weird 3:20 AM
music on the stereo,
and you on my mind,
and you in my head,
and regrets in my heart:
that I never loved you,
that I could never love you.
And why why why why why why why?
And pop psychobabble:
“Be yourself.
Your mind is your most valuable possession.”
I just want to be near you,
and would give up all this
right now
to be there,
but I most certainly am not.
Why won't I get up,
right now,
and run down Princeton Street,
screaming your name
at the top of my lungs,
a casual American
doing his best
to keep from collapsing
out of sheer mock-apathy
and passion denied its due?