

June 26th, 2006:

I saw half of the number thirty three,  
And I'd have given you all of me.  
Twice the perfection,  
Would end with rejection.  
I still have the photograph,  
Most days I think I'm daft.

I'd say it was your smile,  
That lead me through this trial.  
Or perhaps your brilliant eyes,  
Which inspired all those sighs.  
But there seems to have been more to it,  
Which set this burning heart lit.

Still today there's a longing in me,  
To hold to my chest, the rest of that thirty three.  
The reasons are too many to number,  
They'd put a patient man to slumber.  
But tonight all I can be sure of,  
Is this feels far too much like love.

It could be because you're smart,  
Some days quite the saucy tart.  
It could be because of your conviction,  
The left me battling daily distraction  
Reasons come and reasons go,  
And I'm left without a way to show.

I've oft tried to figure just why I care for you,  
The scariest answer is God might have told me to.  
I've tried to let these feelings go,  
I left them to die in the snow.  
But when spring came they were still there,  
Leaving me to find that I still care.

I've tried to replace you with other guys,  
Three times, three tries.  
And there another pair of threes,  
They crop up like unwanted fleas!  
I'm sorry, I truly hate to be a bother.  
But it seems I have trouble thinking of another.