

If I Saw You, Again

If I saw you again,
I've convinced myself I wouldn't say a word;
that I would walk by acting as if I wasn't hurt.
My stomach may Rip to shreds
and my heart may Shatter into a thousand microscopic shards—
but that isn't in the cards.

If I saw you again,
I would tell you that I keep myself busy with things to do;
like sing a song now and then
or have a rendezvous,
but everytime I pause—
I still think of you.

If I saw you again,
I would smile to hide the pain
and look at you with mere Adoration,
wiping away my intellectual rain;
but long for your warm Embrace
that has only Lingered upon my Siberian finger tips.

If I saw you again,
I would tell you that I still hold promises I made to you;
“I'll always care”
and
“I will always love you.”

If I saw you again,
I would ask if you still feel the same,
if you still remember my name
and if there is a Chance
to rekindle the burnt out Flame?