**Second Poem to Jane**

**By Ben Rothman**

My darling Jane, my light of hope, the joy I never knew I could feel, how I miss you.

I held you in my arms less than seven hours ago. It feels like a lifetime has passed since then. Back home, in these halls where I spent the first eighteen years of my life, I feel transported to a life of unhappiness and misery. All the emotional connotations and visceral associations trap me in this prison of my own making, and all the joy and pleasure I experienced with you this past week feels fake and far away. But that’s not true and I won’t let that be my truth.

I’m in pain. And I’m grateful: the pain means I care and love and adore you, Jane. I opened my heart to you and as a reward, I feel, Jane. I’m *alive.* Thank you for this gift.

When I see your face,

I want to kiss your soft lips,

Caress your smooth skin,

And rub your pointy nose.

As our bodies touch,

My heart races

As an explosion of desire courses through my blood,

And I praise God in every moment.

We are no longer together.

I left you in Canada,

All alone,

With no one to take care of you.

You,

Who are the most beautiful girl I’ve ever met.

Am I monster?

You would say no,

I’m just confused.

I know myself and my needs,

So I’m doing what’s best for me.

But I don’t believe that.

I feel like I fucked up,

Giving up the best relationship I ever had.

This is melodramatic,

And I know I won’t feel this in the morning,

But in the prison of my home,

On this night,

Nothing rings more true:

I love you, Jane.

That’s a funny word,

Love.

I can tell you I care about you,

And show you love,

But I can’t be *in* love with you.

Because if I was,

That’d be taking things too quick,

For what do I know about love?

Nothing.

Which is exactly why I can say I am in love with you.

Because I’ve never felt anything like the tenderness in my heart when I think of you, Jane.

I want you to smile and be happy and feel fulfilled.

I want your dreams to come true.

No matter what, Jane,

I will support you in your future.

When I hold you in my arms,

The world feels like a friendly place.

When I look into your eyes,

And see the love and care and searching glance,

Then notice the shy avoidance as your drop your gaze,

Feeling undeserving of my love,

I cannot help but fall for you, Jane.

You make me want to be a better man.

I don’t know when I will see you again.

Perhaps never.

But I hope that’s not the case.

You make my heart swell with love,

And life feel worth living.

For that reason alone,

I will see you again.

Somehow.

Someway.