“Peter O’Toole”

You changed my lens, made me think,

I kept tabs on you through traces;

The face-to-face, the sheer lack of ink,

Do you know how my heart races?

Your wit, your might, bright eyes, and figure,

Your sarcasm, earnestness, condescension;

Yes, you stand alone, then stand with her,

You later stand with him and them

Try I to keep away? You’ve never seen such efforts,

But I am weakened, I am swayed,

Closer, closer, in the manner of open hearts;

At this rate, next week I’ll be slain

Thankfully, circumstances keep our distance long,

My passions bottled, and never overflowing;

I simply, sweetly hum song after song,

The containment paradoxically stimulating

I sometimes ponder, though, what I’d say,

If somehow, someday we collided, you and I,

Could I make the small talk to pass the time of day,

Or would I choke and stutter, manage a smile wry?

The minutes pass, counting grains of rice,

But I imagine I ask if you come here often

The exchange is enchanting, the chatter quite nice;

Too bad you’re crammed in your coffin