**A Single Lady’s Lament**

*March 28, 2014*

Why Can I Just Manage To Tread Water.

Flounder. In Love Pool Of Life.

Waves Of Loneliness. Wash Ore My Head.

Run Love Gauntlet Of Courtship. Prim. Proper.

My All. My Self. Alive.

To Only Stride In Place.

Seek Love. Bliss. Grace.

Know Only Void Of L'Amour In Their Stead.

They Say I Give Good Love Touch.

Conversation. Good Company.

All Day. All Night.

Some Have. So Satisfied. So Sated.

Related. Even Rated.

Me A Plus Perfect Plus 10 In Bed .

I Know How To Think. Converse. Listen.

I Am Good At Hugging. Twining. Kissing.

Can Cook. Wash. Sew. Iron. Carry Water.

Feed The Dogs.

Chop A Cord Of Wood.

Shoot A Gun. Set A Trap.

Pick A Duck Or Goose.

Skin A Muskrat. Beaver.

Mink. Caribou. Pack Out A Moose.

Even Shoot A Bow.

I Keep My Oven Hot In The Bedroom.

Warm In The Kitchen.

Take Care. Comfort.

Attentive Between The Sheets.

Brew Good Tea. Coffey. With Honey Sweet.

But Still No One Ever.

Comes Back For Seconds.

Stays The Night.

Ah. Why. Do I.

Awake Alone At Morning Light.

Mourning At Dawn.

For Those Words Of Love Unsaid.

Why Am I So Unloved. Misunderstood.

Always Left With Thoughts Of Would. If Only.

Could. Remorse. Regret. Should.

All The Men Come Round A Courting.

Solicitous. Enthusiastic. At Closing Time.

Look For The Key To Unlock My Garden Gate.

Of Surrender. Giving. Loving.

Access My Love Parlor And My Heart.

Eager For Me To Jump On Their Horse.

While They Saddle Up.

Take Me For A Ride.

Take Me Home.

But After The Rodeo. Fireworks. Show.

There is No Curtain Call.

Next Day. No Text. No Phone.

If I Try No One Answers. Comes On The Line.

I Guess They Came. Around Me Enough The Night Be Fore.

For Now They Don't Want. Need Me. Anymore.

Somehow It Doesn't Seem Fair At All.

My Beauty. They Say Is Acceptable.

Great Face. Eyes. Smile.

Form. Figure Adequate. Long Legs. Good Skin. Teeth. Posture. Hair.

But When Ever I Seek. Await. A Meaningful Expression Of Interest.

In A Genuine Relationship.

Somehow Nothing But The Silence Of Thin Air.

One And One Half Score And Seven Orbits.

Sailed Around Old Sol. Has Sailed Old Terre.

I Am A Gentle Feeling Caring Ancient Soul.

And Still I Gaze. Ponder On The Moon.

Cry. Why. No Matter How Hard. I Try.

No One Seems To Care.

As My Cosmic Clock Will Soon Strike High Noon.

So Soon. So Soon.

Pray Does One Suppose. The Answer Lyes.

With Ears Mind Heart Lips And Eyes.

Perchance I. Too Clear. Too Much. Too True.

So Think Hear Feel See Speak.

Perhaps I Need Self Strike.

Myself Simple Deaf Dumb Cold Mute Blind.

Ah. Then My Lancelot I Know And Find.

He Rides In On White Horse Of True Love.

Sweeps Me Off My Feet.

Knight In Control Of All.

Lord Of Love Kingdom.

No Love Challenge.

Quandary Of Ego. Indeed.

Beholds An Amatory Conquest.

Of All Such Love Self Doubts.

Love Cark. Inquietude. Fantod. Query. So Free.,

A Love Unchallenged Victor. Comes For. Captures