

A Story To Tell

I have a something to tell,
Call it poetry or a story
Either way at the end you'll feel sorry
It begins with the beautiful face I saw that day
And ends with the same
Only the end is a sadder ending for a happy story
She was feeding the pigeons
Her face caused the sun to shine
If I go on in this line
You might end up in love
You'll probably fall for my rhyme
And I should warn I can't offer you any lime
She offered me a cake, called it honeybunch
I said why not call it homeybench,
It's shaped like a bench and it gives a homey feel
She laughed, I thought we clicked
Asked for her digits,
You know to talk recipes, she didn't give a struggle
I had em with a smile, I called these greenlights
It's like we zinged on all angles
I leaned close to steal a kiss or two
Pushed me away with a heartbreak look of love
Sorry I'm married she said
Well this is a rather sad end
To a happy romantic story that never began
I guess I'll have a better story to tell next time
And we leave it here
And walk past this bench and never talk about it again

#written by Jedidiah

#30dayspoetrychallenge

#poem 5