

I Wish I Cared More

By Helen J. Dixon

I wish I cared more
when you told me you loved me.
Why didn't it matter
when you said that you cared?
I waited until you had opened the door;
and when I looked in
I just stood there and stared.

Perhaps it's because
it took you forever
to tell me the feelings
I already knew.
And when I decided to look at the source
disbelief met my eyes
couldn't conceive it was true.

The words hit my ears
with a force light and airy.
They bounced off my heart
which was empty and cold.
It needed to hear this, dispel all my fears;
by the time you expressed it
the speech just seemed old.

I felt that you viewed me
as a bittersweet haven;
a sometime to dream of;
a some place of sweet bliss.
And I have no desire for you to see
this as a mirage
or a daydream you miss.

Guess what? I don't care
if you say that you love me.
And it doesn't quite matter
when you say what you need.
'Cause now when you're talking it's to the thin air.
I can't even hear you;
and my spirit is freed.