

NOT FOR YOU

by Patrick Kinney

I did not write this poem for you.
It's for another
that's the truth.

She loves my poems
and loves me too.
You? I don't know what you do.

But sit there listening to our calls
with voyeuristic sweaty palms.

What a job you're forced to do.
I'd rather be here dressed in blues.

'Cause I will soon be in her arms
her lips on mine
our legs entwined.

Reciting poems you'll never hear
straight into her pretty ear.

Because this poem is not for you.
It's for my Dawn.
It's for my dear.