

So Close, So Far / Chris Bitz

Always watching from a distance,
too scared to say something,
too scared to do anything,
always so close and yet,
always so far away.
When she leaves,
There is nothing left but emptiness.
Another blown chance to express
how her beauty ravages me
and makes my heart skip a beat.
I sit here late at night pondering,
pondering what I would do or say
if I only had the chance
to get her alone
without a soul around.
It's easier that way,
no one around
to see the possible rejection
and no one around
to make her feel uncomfortable.
Then the day comes.
I see her coming in my direction,
Alone,
by herself,
and no one else is around.
My heart stops.
What do I do?

I need to say something.
Think, hurry
she's coming up fast.
We make eye contact.
I know what I want to say.
She smiles,
I smile,
"Hello," "Hello."
And then she's gone.
Once again too scared to say anything,
too scared to do anything.
Even closer this time and yet, even further away.
Frustration comes over me.
Why should this be so hard?
What woman doesn't want to hear
that she is the epitome of beauty
in someone else's eyes?
The frustration leads to nothing
except knowledge
that I will forever watch from a distance.
Always so close and yet
Always so far away.