

“The Symptom”

Some people call me “the symptom”
There for a good time not a long time
“She’s pretty but...”
She’s not worth my while
She’s nice
Smart
Funny even
But not enough
Not enough to commit
Not enough to care
Not enough to appreciate

So I sit here waiting
Waiting for the chase
Waiting for the one
In this *waiting* room there is a mirror
Maybe one day I’ll look at the girl reflected off of it
Maybe one day I won’t dodge her stares
Maybe one day I’ll cherish her
Take care of her
Love her
But for now I avoid the mirror
And I wait to be called by my real name