

Second on my List

by J N MacNeill

Amended to be about meeting a boy instead of a girl

I bumped into a boy I knew at school.
Of just a few back then I would have kissed,
well, he was always second on my list,
and I, an eager, pent-up, blinkered fool,
obsessed with someone else. My chance was missed.
He had the kind of eyes that make you feel
a cuddle in his glance — perceived or real —
the thought that he might want me did persist.

But whether we'd have clicked at age fifteen
I'll never know — too hard to analyze —
though had I been less honest, yes, and wiser,
how much better could those days have been.

To meet him was a pleasure, a surprise.
Forbidden fruit, and still with lovely eyes.