

Second on my List

by J N MacNeill

I bumped into a girl I knew at school.
Of just a few back then I would have kissed,
well, she was always second on my list,
and I, an eager, pent-up, blinkered fool,
obsessed with someone else. My chance was missed.
She had the kind of eyes that make you feel
a cuddle in her glance — perceived or real —
the thought that she 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 her was a pleasure, a surprise.
Forbidden fruit, and still with lovely eyes.