

The Boy Next Door - May 2020

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Furious,

Intense,

Awakening--

Burning like a flame,

Smouldering,

Never going out.

Stalking your prey,

Carefully,

Through the grass

(Afraid of frightening

The deer)

Or that's what they would say.

She lets you draw near

(Friends

With many benefits).

First love

Can be a many splendored thing--

Or it can be

A dimestore novel,

Tattered and torn,

Well read,

(A favourite tome).

Just like coming home,

Like the fit of old shoes,

I didn't notice you--

Two halves

Of one whole;

We knew

We were home.

Watching her across the classroom

(Eyes on your book)

Tensed,

Ready,

As exams loom,

And anxiety carries you away.

One day we'll play

(Experiments of youth

Are just the way

Of things).

Messing around at school,
Cavorting at parties,
And getting drunk at solstice.
Even taking photos in the park--

*Everything we did
Was always another lark.*

Carefree in converse,
We would converse
In secret

(Footsteps on the darkened stair)--

But only we two
Were ever there.
Furious drunken bouts

(You weren't a lout)--

But instead, Kerouac,
Still on the road,
Searching always,
With a heavy load.
Matching outfits
Showed we cared;
No one else was there,
While the stares of others
Glanced off
Our pure love.
Above all,
We remember those
Who cared to stay,
Who'd never say

I love you,

Because we always knew

We were best friends,

Through and through.

No one can take me away--

I'll always love you,

(Perfect,

Pure,

Assured).

Just like the movies,

They say

(We don't care anyway)

But the boy next door--

I do adore you,

And I implore you,

Won't you stay.

Beneath the orange lamplight,

You reach out--

To connect,

But we won't ever forget

That one last fateful night.

Two free spirits,

Blown around the world--

Looking at pictures of you

Is almost as good as touching

(I can still feel your soul,

And romance is always new).

Photo by [Warren Wong](#) on [Unsplash](#)
