The Boy Next Door - May 2020

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Intense,
Awakening
Burning like a flame,
Smouldering,
Never going out.
Stalking your prey,
Carefully,

Through the grass

Furious,

(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	
Insecret	
	(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).

For Simon Morton | 2024

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