

To Know You

George Savastinuk

He picked up a pen and told a story
One of a boy and a girl making their own tale
Just two kids who saw each other in a special way
A way of small moments becoming big memories
He'd approach her every day, shy and frail
And she would help him figure out what to say

He was more than unsure if she knew
And seemingly unknown to her, he had tried so hard to make it clear
He'd make up reassuring reasons, happy excuses, and lies to calm himself
All he wanted was for it to be true
True that he wasn't traversing an endless desert toward no real end
But the truth was plain: the dunes stood high

Day after day, dream after dream he pondered
How could his tale have a happy ending?
Buried deep between the cushions of his heart, mind, and pen, he found a letter
Could this be the safest way to confess to her? He wondered
But what if his words scared her away? Then would it be worth trying to save?
It was moments like these that made love seem so unappealing to him. He couldn't give it to her.

It came to one last try, and then he'd be through
Conversation was made, a heart fluttered like book pages by an open window, eyes gazing
But as his mind often did, and with doubt fueling the machine, it painted a different scene
Any change in tone, any rushed sentence, and any break in gaze was taken as shots to the head
All he could think was how he must annoy her, bothering her every day so he could feel close
But none of this was true, it couldn't be, not after so long...

If he could do it all again, he would follow through with his promise
If he could ever find the courage, he would tell her he was sorry
Sorry for assuming she'd had enough, and assuming she didn't care
And as tears dripped upon the pages, the ink bled... his heart did too
Love was the only thing that could keep him together and without it, he crumbled
His ignorance and his failure to show broke not the heart of one, but the hearts of two

The tale he had written of two kids searching for love was a confession
It was a way to alleviate the weights on his chest

He was too afraid to do his own dirty work, as he had been his whole life
I placed his voice upon my pen and his burdens upon a page, and kept them to myself
I'm so tired of the guilt, regret, and shame I feel when you pick up your pace and hurry away
And ever since my mistake, all I wanted to do was apologize to you for my lack of seeing

For my lack of understanding that *to know you* is a privilege and that anybody who has the
pleasure of knowing you doesn't truly understand how lucky they are.