

#III#

What ought I do next?
What is love's *decorum*?
Should I treat her decision with respect?
Or abandon all *deference*?
Falsely praise this stranger Francis?
Or draft a speech to *deride* his status?

The month before the exam
My Will dried up, *desiccated*
Like a horse lying in the sand
An apple in its mouth, *dehydrated*
And aimless flies out of hand
My *desultory* words, *asphyxiated*

Except on paper where they formed rants
The *diatribe* of the century, my beloved
For you had thanklessly stolen my pants
And left me shy, *diffident*, *emasculated*
By your jade and black gaze so sophisticated:
Green irises thin and pupils *dilated*

Of course, my reader, in *dilatory* fashion
I delayed such bitter action
For back then it seemed unfit—
Only now can I admit
That her rejection got me hating
And then *dilettantely* dating

However, my conscious stands not guilty
For this poem too is a confession
To you and to all in Love's possession—
Why then hide her name *occultly*
In this song of pain, lament and need?
Because this *dirge* I know she will read!