



*A Desire She has
Created*

To Thomas, from Annie

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A Desire She has Created To Thomas, from Annie

Many years on earth, yet still naïve.
Life evolves quickly, and shows no reprieve.
It's a story she's created or so they say.
Not reality, but a dream, an imagination, a play.

We catch the play in midst of confusion
She wants the right story but fears the illusion
Her passion, her spirit has ventured astray
Perhaps while sleeping, perhaps while at play.

To be a good girl, she must ignore her desire
Always a good girl, she must douse that fire
But the rules of society no longer make sense
Her boundaries have faded as her morality relents

For now her shyness prevents her from straying
From these outdated rules, these restraints decaying
Her spirit, her passion so longs to express
An explosion that has been placed under duress.

An explosion that is meant to be honoured and feted
An explosion so beautiful, to be celebrated.
SO, what does she do amidst this confusion
Of morals, of honour, of ethics and delusion?

The good girl thinks, be good wife, be good mother,
Work hard, be Kind, and give to each other.
The Catholic within says do not even reflect
On fire, on longing, on desire to connect . . .

. . . .To any other than the man you did tell
You'd be faithful and raise children, come heaven or hell.
And at present, there's no hell, that's for certain
No cause, no reason to call for the curtain.

“You have everything in this beautiful friend
A father, a husband, to you God did send
Dare you to look into the mouth of this horse?
And believe that there should be more in this course?”

Dare you to long for more than exists?
For intellect, romance, for passion that persists?”

The teacher cries to her, “My dear, it is you,
Who is preventing the show of romance so true,
It is only your choice to be sexy and caring
To be joyful, to be light, to be ever so daring.”

But her heart has kidnapped her dreams, her desire
Towards one so divine, who has set her on fire
She longs for his touch, his counsel, his presence,
His honour, his laughter, his wisdom, his essence.

Why in the hell has she chosen this lad?
On one hand it's obvious; on the other it's mad.
An international legend of humility and honour
So dedicated to family, to virtue, to candour

He calls for composure in life to be true
Yet composure means giving away not a clue
What he feels, where he struggles, where he longs to roam
What he desires, where it hurts, what he wants to call home.

“But you barely know him, what right do you cite
To expect him to trust you, to grant such invite?
When his life is on show every channel, every day
His stature, his honour, every second on display.”

“ ‘In love’ you tell him and WHAT do you expect
For him to respond and lose all respect?
As if he perceived more than a workmate
As if he felt attraction, felt lust so sensate?”

“Ah woman, dear girl, when ever will you learn
To set your sights on someone for you he would yearn
But you choose the ones who leave love unrequited
They’re in love with their wives, for God’s sake, it’s decided!”

“You are but one of fans a plethora
Who call for this one’s love despite his aura.”
“Wake up and decide,” her teacher does advise,
“To love what you’ve been given, to decide to be wise.”

“You’ve been given a husband, so beautiful and kind
So patient, so loving and obviously blind
To your faults, to your cravings, to your weakness so human
So accepting of you, of this person called woman.”

But her longing, her desire, her fire too intense
To allow her to remain for too long in sense
So she turns to literary endeavours for escape
To capture the other’s mind, his soul to relate.

She rushes, she pushes, she wants to control
This image she has forged upon pedestal
She invades too quickly and without the other’s permission
Lubricated by wine, she neglects his volition.

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A voice inside shames her to remember
To appreciate ordinary life of which all of us are members
She knows she must let desire for the other go
And turn her sights home where there is more love to sow

She wants to know the other off the pedestal
Pedestals cause crooked necks and are detrimental
To friendship, to acceptance, to understanding emotion
(And to hugging and kissing, but that's not the right notion)

Part 'A' of her knows that there is a treasure to be found
In persistence, in forgiveness within the marital ground
Husband and wife, struggling to solve hundreds of years
Of genes and generations of misunderstanding and fears.

To stay in the marriage and break many a pattern
Will take humility and pride swallowing through many a sojourn
At present she's not sure she has the energy or will
But part 'A' of her says stay, and asks her hormones to be still.

But part 'B' screams it is not silly peptides
That beckon me to be standing by this other one's side,
It's his Kindness, his quiet, his reflection, his knowing,
What life is about, what it's meant to be showing.

He is so beautiful, so strong, so gentle, so firm
His eyes radiate wisdom, his hands do affirm
That his life has had many experiences that have weathered
But his love for this life not in gold can be measured

She knows he is not perfect, she senses his flaws
She wishes she could speak to him without construing a cause
She longs to know him more, in mind and in soul
She yearns for his ear, for his heart, for his whole

Part A says why not instead nurture a friend
And honour his family, beliefs, his need to transcend . . .
“You do not need to experience him physically
To enjoy friendship that need not grow so ever so quickly”

Which part is right, and which part is wrong?
That’s not the correct question . . .hasn’t been all along
Rather, which part serves him and which part serves you,
Your families, your children, your world, and your God true?

She doesn’t know the answer but she does request a start
To a conversation so honest, directly from her heart
But she’s no right to ask for this so promptly
And he has every right to say begone! elegantly.

She will honour always whatever he does say
She knows that probably she needs to get out of the way
But just in case there is more than she sees
At least she has told of her pain and her stories

There is no need to reply, no need to endorse
She is simply grateful for his presence, his serenity and his discourse
She asks God to take the control from her hands
She never had it, never will, it is God Who holds the plans.

Letting go is the answer, and enjoying the moment.
That’s all there is, there is no need for torment
About pasts that cannot change, about futures that don’t exist
About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.

Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.
Thank God for this pain which seems so rife
It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care
Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.

God grant me the serenity, God grant me the love
And steer me towards Heaven, which need not exist above
Show me the way to Heaven here on earth,
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth

Love, Annie

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)