The background of the page features a soft-focus photograph of a man and a woman in silhouette, standing on a beach and looking out at the ocean. The sky is filled with many birds in flight. The overall mood is contemplative and romantic.

*Perhaps I should be
happier
To Samuel from
Louisa*

Perhaps I should be happier To Samuel from Louisa

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

“Perhaps I should be happier,” he regrettably laments
His play accepted, but his mind prevents
Any moment to be savoured to honour his talent
Somewhere he was taught to be quiet, taught to be gallant.

Underneath those eyes, those beautiful eyes,
Lurks a sadness of sorts, a heart that sighs,
He longs for something more, but then he lurches to guilt,
“For God’s sakes, he says, “how dare I scorn what I have built?”

“I have everything a man could want, like security,
A partner, children, wealth, and not obscurity,
I have time to create now, I have time to play
I can do anything in the world, but it’s so cliché.”

“Why do I peer into the gift stallion’s jaws
And choose to see not my gifts, but only my flaws?
Why do I long to roam near and far
To go to Antarctica, to raise constantly that bar?”

It’s a human condition he faces, this plight,
Of never being content, of things never quite right,
The constant agitation drives him to chase
Things that look better than what lies in his own case

Never stopping to see the perfection that lies within
Never ceasing to hear the silence therein
In silence there is wisdom so gorgeous, so sound
It speaks of life, its vagaries, its curiosity profound.

His wit so quick, his kindness so soothing,
His eyes so clear, his touch so moving,
He sees the silliness in people running here and there
A planet Weirdo-Wacko, its insanity he declares.

So enters his life, a woman of many faces
Looking for love in all the wrong places,
The internet for God's sake, her body calling for a male,
To fill her insides, to make her laugh with his tales.

She seeks intellect and laughter, a lover who is kind,
Who loves to read, loves to write, loves to wine and to dine,
Who is curious about things, yet loves the mystery
Who reads science, and maths, and fiction and history.

Yet, she has been long with her best friend, an amazing man,
For sixteen years of friendship and two angels called children,
She loves the life they lead, in paradise, full of health,
Full of respect, full of talent, full of love, full of wealth.

She married this best friend who picked up many a piece,
Of her suffering from unrequited love so abruptly did it cease,
She fell in love with this friend for loving her so dearly,
For staying by her craziness, intensity, and breakdowns, nearly.

But times wear on, and the children have grown,
Their parenting has set them up to be so loving and known
As content, as easy-going, as clever and loving their life,
They are on their way, she can see, as she wonders now about "wife."

And she turns to herself and realises she longs for more,
Her body's last eggs cause her yearning to soar,
Maybe it's just a passing fad, of middle age and doldrums,
Or maybe it's just time to move on, thus tipping o'er the fulcrums.

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Latin dancing lessons, Mongolian cuisine,
Stanmore, away, or Paddington, or somewhere between,
Like the jewel of Sydney, the Botanical Garden's flowers,
Its bats, its ponds, its chairs, and its romantic powers.

She could have left after lunch, a lovely discourse,
Never turned back, not even with a bit of remorse,
And he never pushed her-- she almost had to plea,
To spend the rest of the day, with him, sexy and fancy free.

Brazen, indeed, audacious, saucy, blatant and bold,
His profile is gorgeous, his face a sight to behold.
He seeks ethical, mutually respectful, sparingly indulged,
Dignified, ironically, despite our full names not once divulged,

Happiness a chemistry set of Bunsen burners, and clear test tubes,
That drips once or twice, when the universe so moves,
Not exactly an overflow, but the drops are so delicious,
That perhaps we couldn't handle more, despite our egos, so ambitious.

Hubris, he says, can never belong,
Yet, she thinks, he forgets there is still space to sing his song,
Of who he is, where he has come from, what he has learned, what he has taught,
Where he hurts, where he longs, what he wishes to do now with his life's lot.

"One should attend to the happiness of others,
A Latin tendere for a hug, a kiss, perhaps under the covers,
A pina colada, a Sunday newspaper, a massage, a wink,
To ease the doldrums, to helps us get into sync."

Intimacy, she wonders, what does that resemble?
Could he teach her, can she return it, can she make him tremble
With longing fulfilled, with a heart that hears the song,
Has he known she was coming, or that she was here, all along?

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Hubris, they say, burned Icarus' wing,
And it frightens him, this so-called brazen thing,
So he hides from the sun, yet still gives out its light,
And those who receive it are grateful for his elegant might.

There was that split second he writes about, that second of intuition,
Where they would know whether there would be anything coming to fruition,
As soon as he spoke, he looked into her eyes,
It wasn't hard, and she had no real need for lies.

She loves the photo he sent of his son at graduation,
It spoke to her of a father so proud of his son's citations,
So aware of the angels that children truly are,
Despite driving us crazy, and behaving often bizarre.

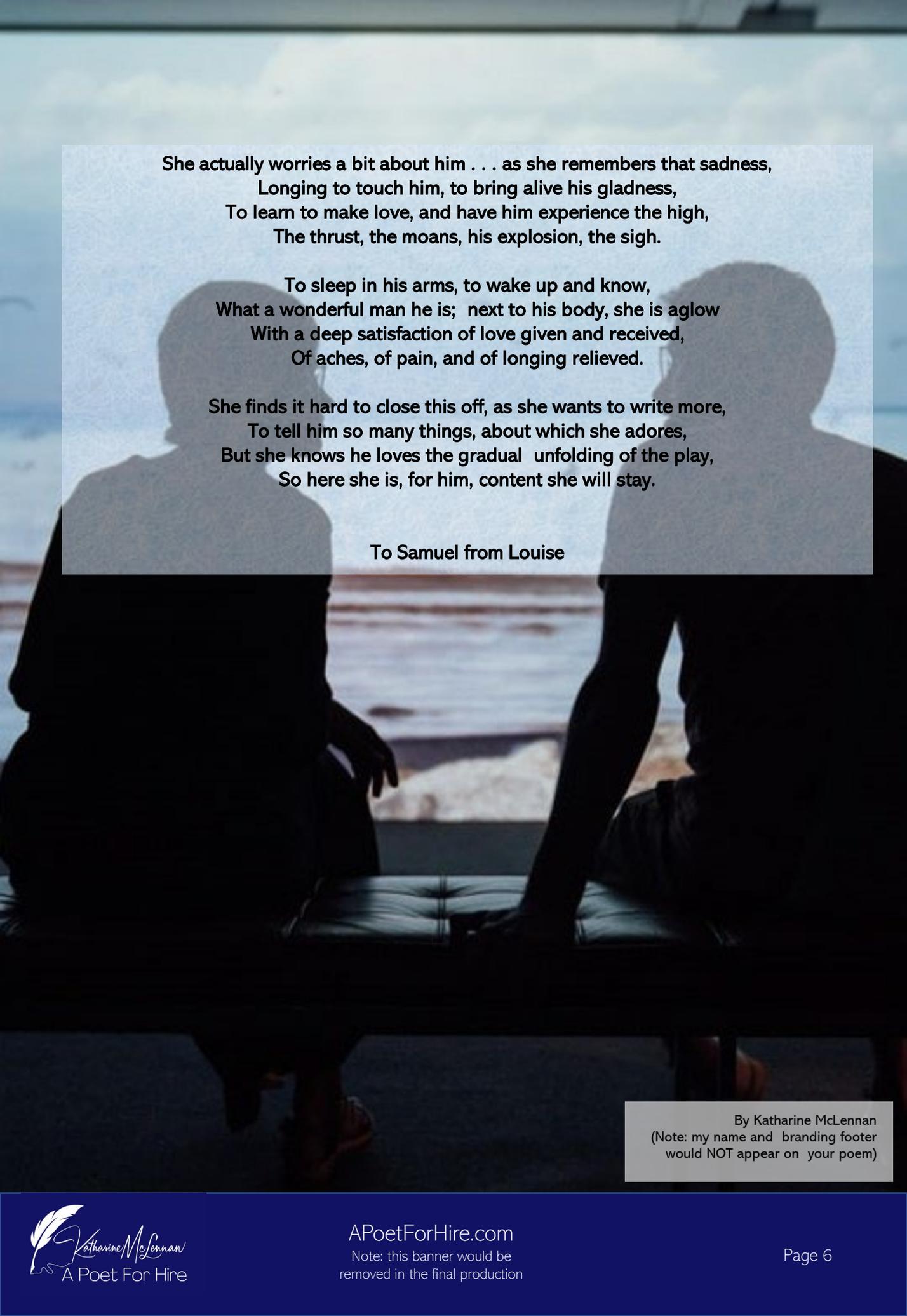
He shouldn't worry so much about he says to her,
Who he is thunders so loud that she can only concur,
That his love radiates from his eyes, from his heart, from his touch,
No words could ever match the beauty of his clutch.

So, she wonders if she scares him, like she has frightened so many before,
With her intensity, her passion, her tendency to adore,
If she does, he just tell her, she is quite used to the retreat,
Of respect, of quieting, of being so much more discreet.

If she doesn't scare him, and he decides he wants to play
She thinks they could have a grand time, each other's soreness deeply to allay,
Each other's passions to explore, feeling intimacy, feeling friendship, feeling care,
While still trying to honour their families, while still trying to be fair.

How one has both in this world, she has not a clue,
Having never been here, and wondering if she can construe,
The truth, the way, the force and the light,
So that she lives her life as her guardian angels always thought she might.

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She actually worries a bit about him . . . as she remembers that sadness,
Longing to touch him, to bring alive his gladness,
To learn to make love, and have him experience the high,
The thrust, the moans, his explosion, the sigh.

To sleep in his arms, to wake up and know,
What a wonderful man he is; next to his body, she is aglow
With a deep satisfaction of love given and received,
Of aches, of pain, and of longing relieved.

She finds it hard to close this off, as she wants to write more,
To tell him so many things, about which she adores,
But she knows he loves the gradual unfolding of the play,
So here she is, for him, content she will stay.

To Samuel from Louise

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