



I DIDN'T KNOW

I didn't know that the words you gave me,
 were not for me to share.
I didn't know that you didn't want anyone to see
 that you'd come to me, and that you care.

I didn't know, could never foresee
 this old heart of mine torn again so bare.
I didn't know that this was just your look-see,
 and every new promise was another unsweat.

I didn't know that you secretly fear me as parolee,
 out in the world, near you, or elsewhere.
I didn't know you'd be my extended sentence assignee,
 making sure I stay put without a prayer.

I didn't know you'd be such a gratified divorcee;
 yet, my heart you would again ensnare.
I didn't know my love would be a forced retiree,
 but, for a moment, I'd again be your love billionaire.

I didn't know our son except through fantasy,
 what my mind could conjure from its software.
I didn't know that the love you portrayed to me,
 was not mine, in any way, to declare.

I didn't know that you could be so carefree,
 that you'd not see me for me, and move on unaware.
I didn't know what you'd be like at thirty-three,
 but I am proud of you, and hate that I wasn't there.

I do know, that I am your true dedicatee,
 that there is no better truth to declare.
I do know, that I forgive you, blame-free,
 your slate still clean; and, my heart open & bare.