

To The One That Got Away

By Caitlin McPheron

To the one that got away –
I've been saying your name
all my life,
the one I will never obtain;
a perfect sculpture
in a porcelain house
while I tread the Earth
with weary feet of steel.

To the one that got away –
and left me but a bitter taste
of love,
I shall think of you
in modest ways,
your tender heart
but a tiny glove
my elephant hands
all bruised and numb