

The Daisy

She looks at me expressionless.
If only she would smile or wink or nod—
She does none of those.

She sits straight.
If she leans toward me, or shifts in her seat
— She does neither.

She turns away, then back.
If she raises an eyebrow, or parts her lips—
She gives no signal.

She straightens her shoulders.
If she extends a hand, or turns her gaze—
She is like a statue.

She pushes her hair back over one ear.
If her falling hand reaches out to me—
It does not.

She sits hands folded in her lap,
Like a lighthouse on a calm night.
Does her heart beat for me?

I must know or die.
“She loves me; she loves me not.
She loves me; she loves me not.”

“She loves me!”
I can’t believe it! She loves me!
SHE LOVES ME!