

Wendy Bucklew

"Ode To Over"

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I would never startle the fawn
With my eager affection
Overstay my welcome
Die for attention
But my heart might
I would never spill a drop
Or dance with two left feet
And I would never lose my temper
Or forfeit a good night's sleep
No, but my heart might
With all of my might
I am trying not to love you
But with all of my might I already do
I'm keeping my hands in my pockets
And my heart off my sleeve
Because when you love with the numbers
The words sound so weak
I would never gawk
At the grace of your hands
As they push your point across
Or kiss your neck midconversation
I would never be so obvious
No, but my heart might
My heart might
And I would never be demanding
Or at a loss for words
And I would never drive unsafely
Or make any wrong turns
No, but my heart might
My heart might
With all of my might
I am trying not to love you
But with all of my might I already do
I'm keeping my hands in my pockets
And my heart off my sleeve
Because when you love with the numbers
The words sound so weak
I would never startle the fawn
With my eager affection
Overstay my welcome
Die for attention

But my heart might
My heart might

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