

## **Loeb Lisa**

### **"Guessing Game"**

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I could be trembling when I talk to you.  
I could be making up all sorts of things that are not true.  
I could tell a half truth, but I can not tell a lie.  
I could tell a story that is ten feet high.  
My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed;  
I'm a castle with broken shutters and  
this is not a guessing game.  
I could make a plea so that you and I could be we, and  
I could say, "Oh, it's a must that you and I should be us."  
All the answers I could guess, and you would be so impressed,  
but I would never get a "yes", cause I have not the guts to guess.  
My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed;  
I'm a castle with broken shutters and  
this is not a guessing game.  
I could be listening, but this is not a guessing game.  
I'd guess all the answers, but this is not the same.  
I could be trembling, I could be afraid,  
I could be wallowing, wallowing when you think I've got it made.

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