

Never, Not Me

I heard her story
Watched her cry
Told her what I would do if I were her
But, of course, I would never be her
If you don't see yourself as jewel,
How do you expect anyone else to?

My mouth dropped open
I exclaimed, "He called you a what?"
"You can't be serious!"
That could never be me
If you don't see yourself as jewel,
How do you expect anyone else to?

I dried her tears
Devised a plan
Gave her step-by-step directions
"Here is what you do," I said
If you don't see yourself as jewel,
How do you expect anyone else to?

The plan reeked of brilliance
If only she'd execute it
And rid herself of someone who'd never give a damn
I thanked God that I wasn't in her shoes
If you don't see yourself as jewel,
How do you expect anyone else to?

After two years of intimacy
A text message explained
Why I'd driven an hour and a half
To sleep on an air mattress in a guest room
As opposed to being invited onto the bed
Which was saved for only a chosen few
Of which, I was not one—and probably would never be
If I don't see myself as a jewel
How do I expect anyone else to