

## A Few Words

I believe I loved you once  
It was long ago  
The pictures of us are worn  
You can have them all  
These treasures: I will not recall  
When you met me  
I think you remember that night  
You came upstairs  
You said you loved my dress  
With a playful smile  
You told an old tale, one of love  
And I believed for so long  
True, I had read a love story—  
But never had I found a white knight  
Your hand soft as a rose  
Fell on my arm  
That drop of love made mine flow fast  
But you with a nonchalant air  
Forgot poor me  
Did you tremble at all  
Oh, how the fickle fell  
I look at you  
With quiet surprise  
I think it was only a dream  
Of love, of defeat  
It was not your first

—*Brittany Coomes*