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## D.E.L Loneliness

Wendy Archambault

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# D.E.L. LONELINESS

*Wendy Archambault*

It isn't only longing for your laughter,  
Or glancing at your pictures steady stare.  
It's knowing that the days are passing faster,  
And place between us time we'll never share.

It's missing all the time we spent just talking,  
Or looking at an evening sky that's clear.  
It's trying to fill an empty hour of walking.  
It's saying, "Self, it's only been a year."

To know the pain of too much understanding,  
Is something that I'm feeling everyday.  
It's not that I feel love is too demanding,  
It's that you know the things I cannot say.

It's not just straining when I think I hear you,  
Or reading twice each letter that you write.  
It's missing all the thrill of being near you,  
It's coffee down the street alone each night.

It's loving you though you may soon forget me,  
It's knowing that you never will forget.  
It's loving you as well as letters let me.  
Though lonely now, we'll feel no true regret.