

## **Again and again. And again**

We all lie, of course, of course we do,  
but does he have to make it so very obvious?  
I'm not silly, I'm not young and hopelessly in love,  
and all I ask is just a little respect, just a little,  
a little love which surely is the essence of respect.

I joined him with my eyes open,  
and if he charmed me, he surely charmed others,  
I knew that then and know it now,  
I'm not silly, I'm not young and hopelessly in love,  
I know the world and men.  
All I ask is just a little respect,  
a little love which surely is the essence of respect.

The first time was hard, so really hard,  
and if it weren't for Dan and Ann  
I would have upped and left, gone without a thought  
and never looked back. I didn't.

The second time made me angry.  
Was he really that stupid?  
Really? Twice and so soon after?  
Did he think I didn't know or didn't care?

Selfish? Oh, we are all selfish in our quiet way  
But there is selfish and selfish, and he was —  
is — selfish in a way I've never known before.

I cared, but the worst was I didn't care quite as much  
as before I had, and that made it oddly even worse.  
I wasn't just losing him, I was losing myself,  
to cynicism, coarsening my soul just to keep it whole

and to stop it breaking up.

Dan and Ann are now gone and have their own lives,  
and there was three, then four, now five, his fifth,  
so why do I stay? Why? Am I afraid of being lonely?

I don't now want a new partner, and he can keep his money,  
I don't want that, either. Shall I go, shall I stay?  
Go where? Stay where? Stay here? Where all I now  
get is childish lies and the whiff of perfume  
he and I both know isn't mine.

Oh, what the hell.