

# I Wish I Cared More

By Helen J. Dixon

I wish I cared more  
when you told me you loved me.  
Why didn't it matter  
when you said that you cared?  
I waited until you had opened the door;  
and when I looked in  
I just stood there and stared.

Perhaps it's because  
it took you forever  
to tell me the feelings  
I already knew.  
And when I decided to look at the source  
disbelief met my eyes  
couldn't conceive it was true.

The words hit my ears  
with a force light and airy.  
They bounced off my heart  
which was empty and cold.  
It needed to hear this, dispel all my fears;  
by the time you expressed it  
the speech just seemed old.

I felt that you viewed me  
as a bittersweet haven;  
a sometime to dream of;  
a some place of sweet bliss.  
And I have no desire for you to see  
this as a mirage  
or a daydream you miss.

Guess what? I don't care  
if you say that you love me.  
And it doesn't quite matter  
when you say what you need.  
'Cause now when you're talking it's to the thin air.  
I can't even hear you;  
and my spirit is freed.