

Afterthought

by aturia

To you I am merely an afterthought; a single thought of insignificance. A free-style poem expressing how it sometimes hurts when you feel too much for someone and the feelings aren't returned.

Poem

Chapter 1 of 1

To you I am merely an afterthought; a single thought of insignificance. A free-style poem expressing how it sometimes hurts when you feel too much for someone and the feelings aren't returned.

I am your afterthought.

You think about me only after

Only after

your real thoughts

Only after

important life thoughts

Only After

Your daily thoughts

Of what coffee to drink

Of the work you need to do

Of what street to take to work to avoid the morning traffic

Your daily thoughts

Of what clothes to wear outside

Of what you should eat for lunch

Of when to pay your bills

Your daily thoughts

Of your family

Of your friends

Days might pass, weeks might pass, a month might pass

Then you might say to yourself

"Ah, yes, her..."

I am an afterthought

Only after all your other thoughts

stray, spare, random

the one thought that I am

The one thought I am entitled to

From you to me, about me

An afterthought

a single thought

Only one thought

Only one time

Only one minute

Or one second

A single thought of yours

quickly come, dismissively gone

I am to you, nothing important

your shoe has more a place in your

daily life than I do

At least a shoe does something

it fits on your foot

it protects your foot in your daily life

it helps you walk around

Should I want to be a shoe?

people search for their shoes all around

their house and when

they are not found, they miss them

should I want to be

A shoe? Should I want to be your shoe?

To gain more than a single thought from you

about me?

so I would not be

merely an

Afterthought

so I wouldn't be your afterthought.