

Is it Simple

By Jerram Carr

Is it simple,
and pure and good,
To be enchanted by long hair
and a wayward smile?

Or else should I feel guilty,
foolish, perhaps perverse,
to catch glances and be mindful
of where she's standing in the room.

I'm not even certain what her name is,
let alone her existential pains,
And still my heart gains worry
over something so inane.

It's stranger still, to write of her
when I'd be like to call her stranger,
And yet I think I write from love,

(If that is indeed the name)
and so by loving, ignite a humble flame.
Its purpose, and final home: unknown.