SONNET

What he can’t name she sees in him always:
the compliments he rains on his own head
(sarcastically said, yes, but still, still said),
the good stories he guts, the way he strays
from tone to tone without much meaning to.
While driving home, they barely speak. He tries—
he watches, he avoids the obvious lies,
he thinks (but won’t say), I’ve nothing for you.

Over this, she feels a kind—or kind of—
acceptance, though her friends are better now
(for her) and she’s happiest while he’s away.
Over this? He doesn’t know, or can’t say.
At least, she thinks, he must see, slightly, how
impossible those first words were. “My love—”