

In-Between

By Helen Hill

"I do not love you."
Please say those words.
I will not release myself until I hear you say,
"I do not love you."

I have worked so hard on myself.
To improve and persevere and climb from the depths of my darkness.
I would continue to strive until worn out and ragged,
Just to hear those three words,
"I love you."

Ah, but I have not heard those words from you in such a long time.
I have heard your mutterings as you carefully say,
"There are degrees of love."

"You love me." "You love me not."
Which petals on the flower do I pull?

When do I get my answer?
Why must my soul continue to struggle
In the grey mist of feelings not revealed?

Please tell me one way or the other.
I need to find a way to live.
I need release of my soul
From my bog of feelings which never solidifies;
Tell me the truth of your feelings which you have thus far not revealed.

Please tell me your truth.
I will not die.
But being in this netherworld concerning love;
Not fully knowing or being known
Is slow, deep and painful.

I must find a way to live.
Please tell me your truth.
Say what you are hiding from me; from yourself.

The in-between is no where to live.
Speak the truth of your feelings;
Speak what I already know inside,
"I do not love you."