



## **I Do Not Know**

Love . . . strong emotion from the start;  
Love . . . sentiment touching one's heart;  
The look in one's eyes tells it all . . .  
Those eyes have seen it, heard its call.

No longer in one's full control;  
One dare not act in preset role;  
The eyes betray what's really there . . .  
Those eyes alert, those eyes aware.

And so, it comes into one's view;  
It waylays all, as if on cue;  
One's heart is plagued with doubt's raw care . . .  
Those eyes have seen more than their share.

This thing called love? I do not know;  
Though when it comes, its ebb and flow  
Assails my heart, attacks my soul . . .  
Surviving it, I'm less than whole.

Once it's over, the die is cast;  
The hurt is gone at long, long last;  
One begs it happen once again . . .  
Delicious it . . . the deep,, sweet pain.

**Henry W. Gurley**