

What We Wanted

Dear Reader

mr sensitive liked miss offensive
she always said what she meant at expense of
saving the feelings of those in good company
it lead him close to the edge of a precipice

miss offensive she liked mr sensitive
he was so quiet and thoughtful and dignified
but she furrowed with each disapproval
till the girl dutifully said less and less of the
things she felt inside

what we wanted

soon some weeks into their ill-fated love affair
came the disastrous and inevitable day
offensive collided with sensitive
sparking a scene of unpleasant defensiveness
oh oh no

what we want and what we need
what we want and what we need
are not always agreed

i don't know why but it feels like i'm doomed
to be always thinking and always confused
try get my mind around me and you
but all i achieve is a stew
of memories

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