

# INACTION

*C.B. Anderson*

I watch your bedroom window every night  
With hopes of witnessing your shadow play  
Upon that curtained stage. I have no right,  
But I imagine us on holiday

While you lie fast asleep. No peeping Tom  
Am I—I'm just a fearful man whose peace  
Of mind became a private Vietnam  
Where visits from the secret-thought police

Were all I had to prove that someone cared.  
I'm stifled by my feelings. I regret  
That I will never see your beauty bared,  
So please indulge me with your silhouette,

And don't mistake me for a common stalker—  
I see you best configured in my head.  
My eyes are failing from the many years  
Of taking in what I must do without,  
And all because I've never been a talker.  
I keep my feelings to myself instead,  
Which might explain the silence in your ears,  
The silence of a coward's swallowed shout.

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