

The Smallest Sadness

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Sep 2012

The smallest sign of sadness is enough...

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Sometimes I take you for granted, Our relationship is slanted, You're absolutely devoted, Your faith and love denoted. Sometimes I'm mean and rude, You always put up with my mood, I'm angered thrice as fast as you, I'm a little hard to subdue. Yet there you are never angered, Attentive to my every word, And so I've learned to always know To expect a hug and not a blow. Of course this goes to my head you know, It puts me up on some plateau, So here I think I'll do whatever, And would you be angry? No, never. How sad that I should think that way! The tiniest little thing you say, Some petty incident ends my madness, Yes that, the smallest sign of sadness. The other day two nights ago, We went out to a drama show. They handed pamphlets out at the door, We sat quite close to the stage floor. "I'll get you a drink" you said to me, And left as I nodded with apparent glee, And when he was gone, a little boy, Came up to me, holding a toy. "I didn't get a pamphlet," he asked, "If you have an extra I'd be glad." But I hadn't gotten one either, alas, Then I remembered that you had. "Here you go," I told the boy, And smiled at his youthful joy, He went his way and back you came, With a drink, as was your aim. You sat back down and asked me "hey," "Where did my pamphlet go?" I shrugged, "oh that I gave away," "To some small kid a while ago." Now I couldn't fathom why you'd mind, Since you are always very kind, Yet still I realized, though not overt, You were feeling then a little hurt. "I see", you said, "I guess that's fine," "Though you didn't ask, when it was mine." The show began, you turned away, But my heart was breaking in dismay. One may not understand how when, My love will rarely scold, complain, That little tiny bit of sadness, Is what becomes my weakness. So listen to me please, my love, I'm sorry if it ever seems as though, I think I'm on a plateau above, I swear I'm with you, here, down low. I may not show it all the time, My actions might not always be the prime Way to judge my love for you, Because I promise here, now, to you: Your smallest sadness brings me pain, My selfish self I will restrain, To always keep you happy with, The life that together we shall live.