

I Can Stand Him no Longer- Raphael Dumas

I see this man day after day,
Every morning or evening soiree.
His manner imprisons me like a ball and chain,
Shatters my sanity, and rives me insane.
I shake his hand out of cordial propensity,
But watch his manners with tormented intensity.
Seeing him daily is hard to bear,
Yet all I can do is sit and stare.
Surely the vice is his not mine,
If I ignore him I'll be just fine.
Yet I continue to see him, much to my dismay,
Why, for what reason am I unable to look away?
When I'm alone I fear we will meet,
In a crowded dining hall, or an empty street.
Although in public I am rarely taciturn,
For some reason, this man, I can't help but spurn.
Once again I cross paths with this scourge,
This hatred for him I would like to purge.
But how can I, without losing respect?
The community will hate me, or at least that's what I expect.
No! I must! It is time to take a stand.
I can't. I won't do it the others will not understand.
But what if the others already know,
How much I hate this man and loathe him so?
My secret is probably not covert,
In light of my mannerisms it must be overt.
All right! That's it! I can take no more.
Enough complaisance towards the man I abhor!
I'm sure you all know of my secret, hidden.
Is it a crime to hate some one, is it forbidden?
Suddenly I was pierced by a thousand eyes,
To all of them it was a great surprise.
How could it be that they did not know,
How the fires of hate made me glow?
Through my guilt, my secret would not remain concealed,
A heavy conscience will always make what's hidden revealed.