

Jealousy (in the style of Kavafis)

Peter J. King

If only,
when you'd walked into that house,
slowly climbed the stairs, ears pricked
for muffled sounds,
if only you had thought: 'No, this is wrong',
and felt ashamed of your suspicious thoughts.
If only you'd returned to work that day,
and tried to put the whole thing out of mind;
perhaps, then, you'd have left yourself
with more than all these years of nothing but:
'if only'.

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