

A STALKER'S ODE

By: B. C. Pope

I had some free time so I wrote you this note
To list out for you all the things that I have done about which I will gloat
I woke in a stupor aching and lost due to my impaired sleeping space
I tried to shake the fuzz with thoughts of your breathing last night with such rhythmic pace

Today at the start to get the blood flowing I sorted your trash
As I rummaged through each sack past some papers and potatoes of mash
I stumbled upon some items that gave me some concern
Like my crumpled up love notes whose exteriors tattered and burned

I know you must have be mistaken by throwing these away
So I mended their edges and glued them to your scrapbook so they will stay
No worries my dear I displayed them with care
Right after those pictures of your senior prom and abundant eights hair

Then I moved to your hedges and ducked into them deep
Found my simple supplies that I hid here in my own private keep
There in the bush I pulled out and my uncovered my knapsack
Dusting off the loose dirt pulling out my trail mix should I have a snack attack

I checked my watch and saw you were not yet awake
So I called your house a few times and hung up to simulate the sound an alarm might just make
Then as you got up I moved around to the bathroom window as quiet as a mouse
So that I may watch your shadow dance in the shower as the steam fogs up your house

I was worried when my thoughts turned to lustful advances
So I focused my resolve and limited the time of my wavering glances
As you exited the shower I gave way to discretion
For I want only to know your full form at the end of our wedding precession

Then you took your sweet time making your face look so pretty
So I mimicked your movements on your hair doll which I have named Kitty.
With each loving stroke I try to match every color
But I will admit some luster is lost when you use only Kool-Aid colored butter

Then it was off to the kitchen to make fuel for your day
I giggled as you found the sandwich shaped like a heart that last night I had stowed away
I listened as you ranted about my endeavors of love
And noted that next time instead of ham I would use turkey in the shape of a dove

A STALKER'S ODE

By; Jeff Lee

It was time to go to work so I moved to my car and ducked down real low
To protect my eyes from your ever present radiant glow
Today as you drove I stayed two cars away
But made sure to flip off all the jerks that were rude and got in your way

I lost you only once right around that new coffee stand
But when I honed in on my tracking device I exclaimed technology is so grand.
Once you hit work I turned my car back around
And headed back home to call mother and inform her more of the joy I had found
She listened in silence as I listed out the merits of our love

But I tried to keep the call short because it's expensive to call heaven above
Then it was off back to your house to start on your yard work
Because as we all know trimmed hedges and neat lawns make it easier to lurk
I took to the mower and danced up and down
Making neat rows soft and well treaded to enhance the silence when sneaking around

Once I was done I grabbed my home made key and went into the house
But no worries about your alarm I was as unnoticed as a well hidden mouse
Plus is it not so very hard to guess what your access code may be
When you set it to remind you of your birthday plus or take six hundred and fifty three
I went to your bedroom and made up your bed

And gathered the loose hair from your pillow fallen from your head
I stoked the loose strands and bagged them with love
Planning to add them to Kitty in which they should fit like a glove
I danced from there into your living room and let my mind and thoughts brew
How best to arrange that big couch so it no longer hinders my view

I moved it both this ways and back ways over left and then right
Still unable to find the perfect place that does not hinder my sight
I finished my work and locked up once I was threw
And went back to my car to nap dreaming sweetly only of you
My internal alarm woke me in time to watch you pull in

You looked a bit worn and I wondered how bad your day must have been
Did they harass you with work or load you over with tasks
I would ride to your rescue like a man seeking water is given a full flask
I moved back to my hedge and watched you cook dinner
You made some lean cuisine which was funny because according to the measurements I took you have never been thinner

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You ate and watched the news so full of daily sadness
I ate a hot pocket which was cold and reminded me of the night I slept under your mattress.
I did buy a new remote so that I could navigate your screens
But sadly it is lacking the coding to match your TV so instead I made puppets of our future marriage dreams

I watched as you went and combed the day's tangles from your head
Changing your clothes to a night shirt ignoring the lingerie I left so sweetly on top of your bed.
You read a few pages from that book about self defense
I found this quite odd because I will protect you from all danger in any present or future tense

Then you turned out your light and said your prayers like you do on Sunday masses
I said them as well as I slipped on my new night vision glasses
I waited a bit before entering into the house once again
Leaving this note and your lunch so it was ready for when the new day begins

I hope that you like it as well as this note
Cause I put a lot of love into the ways that I gloat
I made sure to list all the things that I had done
To knit for you a tapestry of logical threads that are well spun

I hope that this note fills your heart like rain to a well
As it has emptied my soul like tones from a calling church bell
And as this last sentence enters into your view
Please remember that I am always lovingly watching you.