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If there were just one thing to say

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If there were just one thing to say

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If there were just one thing to say

He walks away from you, not hesitating to glance back, at a life, lost
You try to speak, the words won't come
If there were just one thing to say
Would you tell him that you loved him?
Would you tell him of the love, growing inside of you?
Would you beg him for one last chance?
It's too late, he's gone, his silhouette shadowing the sinking sun, and your sinking heart.
It's about seven now; you've skipped dinner for a Nestle Crunch Bar, another cigarette, and a boiling shower. The pain doesn't leave you. The phone rings, mama is calling you sweetie again.
If there were just one thing to say
Would you tell her that you loved her?
Would you tell her of the love, growing inside of you?
Would you beg her for one last chance?
It's too late, she's gone gossipping to the neighbors about the new draperies. She'll never speak of you.
It's about ten now, a bowl of ice cream and three more cigarettes later, you hold his letter in your fingertips. It's been so long—he's a CEO now—did she ever finish college, he asked. Were you married yet?
If there were just one thing to say
Would you tell him that you loved him?
Would you tell him of the love, growing inside of you?
Would you beg him for one last chance?
It's too late; you read on about his perfect family and the beach house in Malibu.
It's midnight now, and she calls again. Where have you been? You are never here when I need you. For a best friend, you sure...
If there were just one thing to say
Would you tell her that you loved her?
Would you tell her of the love, growing inside of you?
Would you beg her for one last chance?
It's too late, she has hung up on you to go out drinking with that new girl.
And you, you are alone. But then again, you are not.
It is nine a.m.; the room here is cold and dark. The nurse squeezes your hand; you don't feel the strength to squeeze back.

Ironic that only the stranger is on your side. The doctor smiles, the procedure begins. When you leave here you will be truly alone.
And then, your thoughts begin to race.
If there were just one thing to say
Would you tell "them" that you loved "them"?
Would you tell "them" of the love, growing inside of you?
Would you beg "them" for one last chance?
It would be too late. But now, finally, the decision is yours.

It's later now, and she is laying in your arms, not running, not hiding, not scorning you. No one else is here, but the two of you. Now that she is in your arms, and the chance is yours to take, there is just one thing to say.
"I love you daughter."

—Jodi Crocker
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