Gypsy Joy

n/a Gin

St. John Fisher College
Gypsy Joy


This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1987/iss1/32
Gypsy Joy

Whence comes the sadness I feel?
Why the pensive side?
The giddier I seem
The sooner I crash
To sooner I need
To walk long walks
Kick fallen leaves
Cry unexplained tears
Over life's intricacies

Don't say you love me.
I'll cry.

Friends make me cry
For old friends lost to time
(or a lack of same)

Are we so desperate?
Clutching the Happiness
That stops for a visit
An over night guest, perhaps

Even the beauty of her visit
The laughter we shared
Is sad in its brevity

She won't stay
She's a gypsy, she is
A wayfaring spirit

Is it cruel, her flirtation
With one betrothed
To marry for convenience
To commonplace reality
Dismal bride.

Joy's just a sprite
A dancing spirit
She can twirl her skirts
And plead with her eyes
laughter ringing
cheeks glowing
She's a tease . . .

But I can't be angry with Joy
She can't help/that she's young
and carefree

I wanna get married for good.
Reality's a solid choice.
She can put hot food on the table
and clean and mend and
She'll make me a good wife, they say.

Joy makes me wonder, though
How stable is our engagement?
The moment! I dare hope
My betrothed and I will be
will be happy together
I'm being unfaithful
in my heart.

wretched heart!
nothing but trouble.

Heart's in love with Joy
Likes the way she makes him feel
Just bein' together
But Joy can't stay.

Guess that's the way she is
Not her fault, though ...
It's her carefree spirit.
Joy just wouldn't be happy
To stay for too long

Me 'n Reality's gonna get married
Hope it'll be a good match
I like Joy better.

We two can only steal
a few precious moments
Joy and Pensive could never marry
So we'll just stay friends
on the side.

Gin
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