

It wasn't worth it.

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It's a love poem... if you can really call it that, just read it, it's not

1. It wasn't worth it

Oh how I wanted it.
Oh how it taunted me.
That beautiful golden glow,
Filled with oh so much color.

I would do anything to have it.
It's beauty, it's essence, the savory flavor of its existence.
Why, my lovely, why must you be so very far away?

Yet, in those rare occasions when we were united,
It stayed only briefly before disappearing again.
I feel as if I never really got to know it.

Every time I called its name,
It responds, and comes to me.
Yet when I want it most,
It's never there.

Our visits are scattered,
I anticipate the moment we would once again meet.
And finally, on that long awaited day,
We were together.

I smiled, I laughed,
I rolled on the floor in pure happiness.
I raised it in the air, and smiled.

Then once again, it was gone, just like that.
Why? Why do you torment me so?!
All I do is await the day you arrive,
Then you disappear right before my eyes!
I can't take it, the pain isn't worth it!!
Why Krazy Taco?!!
Why must you taunt me with your unreachable deliciousness!!