

# Prayer of the Unrequited Lover

Corlan McCollum

For all I gain  
to be in the same space as you  
to breathe in the same air  
to share in the same memories,  
a part of me becomes... inaccessible.  
A part of me that consists mostly of hope.  
It is a warm part of my heart that  
cannot burn if I am too close to you.  
A fire that suffocates in  
the reality of who and what  
we are.  
God help our souls. Are we who we're  
meant to be? Is this what  
was intended for us?  
How could we be anything other  
than the idols, the totems we  
construct of ourselves to display to others and say  
"See this image, and know me by my work."  
We are under so much pressure,  
if not to be somebody then  
to be anybody, and we have  
so little time to grow slowly and naturally as people,  
without the knowing gaze of others.  
When you are alone,  
in the quiet,  
in the empty space  
where the only thing to fill the room  
is the volume of your soul,  
who are you?  
And how do you love me then, I wonder?  
It is not a love I could ever know,  
by virtue of it being so private,  
but it is a love that shy chamber of my heart bleeds for,  
a love that can't be shared when we're together.  
God help us to save us from ourselves, and the awful things we do and think. May he deliver  
us from temptation and impulse, and into the arms of a righteous and destined future.  
Somewhere warm with sunshine. I don't care if the rivers flow with milk and honey. I don't  
care if it's Nirvana or Eden or the Kingdom of Heaven. I know that we go together, and  
the world may pull us apart or say otherwise, but Lord, there is nothing more pure or divine  
than love, and I love you, and the best laid plans of men could not keep this love down. If  
this isn't holy then there is nothing sacred worth keeping. His will is done, on earth as it is in  
heaven, and we are a part of it. This is my prayer, and my promise in God's name, amen.