

Sonnet Scroll

Too Late

By Bruce Bennett

It's too late now. I didn't return her calls,
because, you know, she really was a pill.
I couldn't stand her, and she knew it. Still,
I did *try* for a while. The thing that galls
me most is, thinking, maybe I was wrong
to not just say, "Okay," and let it out
that I knew *why* she did it. *Why* she'd spout
that garbage. Tell her I knew all along
that I was on to her. I should have said,
"I *know* why you are doing this. It's clear."
And then, maybe, we'd really talk, instead
of that charade. I did want her to hear
the truth for once. She should have heard it straight.
That would have done her good. Now, it's too late.