

Poem: " I'm Jealous "

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I'M JEALOUS

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*Poem: " I'm Jealous "-anonymous

Title:-Poem: " I'm Jealous "

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Background

I never thought I would be in a relationship. At least not this quick. And even if I was in one, I never thought I would be the jealous type. I always knew I would trust my partner and understand them. Yet now, I feel myself getting jealous at the smallest things. No, not about other girls but about every little thing in his life that gets to be with him more than me. Love is ironic. It turns you into the person you never thought you'd be. This poem depicts a part of me that has changed with love.

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Poem

" I'm Jealous "

I'm jealous.

I'm jealous of the pen that gets to hold your hand everyday.

I'm jealous of the clothes that gets to feel the warmth of

your body.

I'm jealous of the food you eat and the water you drink.

I'm jealous of the rain drops that send cold shivers down your spine when they fall on you.

I'm jealous of the water in the shower that gets to touch every inch of your skin.

I'm jealous that I'm not the only person you talk to.
That I'm not with you every waking hour of the day.

That I'm not the only thought that runs through your head.

Yet...

How could I be jealous?

How could I be jealous of the pen you use to shape your creativity into words?

How could I be jealous of your simple styled clothes that have no other purpose but to keep you warm?

How could I be jealous of the food that gives you strength and makes you healthy?

How could I be jealous of the rain you love so much?
How could I be jealous when I see you talking and helping everyone around you, no matter if they are strangers you just met or your best friend for life?
How could I be jealous when you spend every waking hour of the day working for us?

How could I be jealous of all those intellectual thoughts that run through your head?

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