

# There Ought to Be More Said

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There ought to be more said  
Before we lose the chance to speak.  
A table of bantering acquaintances,  
Each unsure of voicing "I love you,"  
Only being familiar; perhaps joking  
Something cruel, then retreating  
Not meaning it.  
There ought to be more meant,  
While our words are still fresh.  
Not wasting endearments  
In careless afterthought.  
*I love you* should precede the saying of it—  
Ought to ring, clear, into the conscious,  
Years after.