

Moments

Zee
with
A Love Story

Book One:
Don't Waste My Time

by
Elsa

~ Moments ~

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~ THE STORY IN BRIEF ~

Theme: Rocky relationship, confusion, breakup.

Storyline: Greg leaves Zee for Katmandu.

~ THE MOMENTS ~

Don't Waste My Time

Terms of Endearment are Cheap

Do I Need the Hook?

Over

The Echo of the Echo of Your Touch

I Cry with Desperation

It Hurts When You Break a Leg or a Heart

~ THE STORY BEGINS ~ DON'T WASTE MY TIME

This is one of those modern love stories.

It doesn't start with a beginning,
a romantic meeting,
but with love trouble.

This is not some enchanted evening.

Zee senses that Greg has one foot
out the door even when he's holding her close.
Or, to use his words, he's unsure.

Zee doesn't want to be unfair.
She also has her own doubts.

But she has the sense
it's not just doubt with Greg.

Words form inside her.

Don't waste my time.

DON'T WASTE MY TIME

Don't waste my time
It's all that's mine

Don't hold me close
just to be kind

Don't give me hope
if you plan to leave

It isn't eee-
ven remotely fine

Don't play with me
It hurts you see

Don't pull me close
and then let me go

Don't draw me near
then disappear

Don't think just of you
I'm in this too

This isn't
a dance
But two lives
in one romance
that doesn't seem
to have a chance

Yet there needs to be
space
for uncertainty

So where's the
place
to wonder at ease?
to come and to go?
to get to know?
to be unsure?

I'm sure
I don't know

I know, though

Don't pull me close
just to let me go

As you realize
it isn't eee-

ven a white lie
when you deceive

perhaps yourself
as well as me

I'm not perfect
and you know it

I'm not ideal
far from it

If that's what you want
it's not me that you'll get

And should you want a perfect fit
once more, I'm not it

But I'm real
and I feel

This isn't
a dance
But two lives
in one romance
that doesn't seem
to have a chance

Don't waste my time
It's all that's mine

Don't play with me
It hurts you see

And in the end
it angers me

All I can say
is, you pull away

just once more
and it's over, for sure
that's the score

As they say
in another game

Three strikes
and you're out

It's over
You're out
That's it

So don't waste
Don't waste
Don't waste my time

~ *THE STORY CONTINUES* ~
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT ARE CHEAP

Is Greg wasting her time?
Zee isn't sure.

She is sure of one thing, though.

He calls her honey, he calls her dear,
but something else is going on.

IS SHE GOOD ENOUGH or TERMS OF ENDEARMENT ARE CHEAP

You call me honey
You call me dear
But terms of endearment
are cheap I hear

'Cause
You call me sweetheart
You call me pet
But you always want to hedge your bets
You're always wondering -
is there someone better yet?

Is she good enough?
Is she right enough?

Well baby I am bright enough
And I see the light enough

Well, maybe there's someone even a cut above
me
Who can give you even more to love
than me

I know you wonder that
And baby
I've had enough
I've been sad enough
I've even gotten mad enough
This is more than rough and tough enough
for me

Except
You don't love enough
Your love isn't good enough

And that's the bottom line
 baby of mine

Terms of endearment can't patch over
That you keep giving me the once over

You call me honey
 You call me dear
But terms of endearment
 are cheap I fear

You don't love enough
Your love isn't good enough

And that's the bottom line
baby of mine

More than tough enough
for me

~ THE STORY CONTINUES ~

DO I NEED THE HOOK?

Things are not looking up.

So Zee asks herself all the proper modern questions
as things are heading for termination -
questions such as,
what draws her to this kind of loving?
..

DO I NEED THE HOOK?

(with manic guitar)

do I need the hook
of potential rejection
to still
my critical eye?
do I need the lure
of uncertain reception
to ensure
I don't pass you by?

do I need a hood
over happiness
to light
my fire?
do I need a cloud
more than a silver lining
to stir
my desire?

do I need your gaze
to say, maybe at best
to tempt my love
to arise?
do I need the hook
of potential rejection
to exempt you from
my critical eye?

do I need distance
to stave off
my turning from
this chance?

or is this attraction
just a passing phase
is this attraction
to someone
who looks, pulls me near, withdraws

bad luck
a matter of timing
the luck of the draw?

I've had enough analysis
to have broken old constraints
I no longer feel paralysis
or frozen with fear
yet in the last analysis
where have I got?
am I an advertisement
for what should not
happen with therapy
for what instead should be
the unhappy lot
of those without the benefit
of self-help
recovery
twelve-step programs
gestalt
bioenergetics
primal scream
counseling
group work
Oprah Winfrey?

sad to relate
is that
my fate?

no longer frozen
by old taboos
or with fear

defenses down
hopes up
I run amuck
and get stuck

am I hooked on
potential rejection?
do I need
a critical eye
to still
my own turning away
to quiet
my doubts
my latent negation
my rapid hesitation
my still-active defenses
against loving
again?

or do I need the hook
of potential pain
to stimulate
my loving eye?
do I need the lure
of uncertain gain
to decrease the temptation
to pass you by?

I used to be locked
where I ached for movement
I used to be blocked
from reaching

now I struggle
with loving
like a first-time swimmer
with water

I'm not hooked
on potential drowning
I don't need
rocky channels
for my pleasure
to show

maybe I need
to love
like I love swimming
in an easy flow
maybe I need my loving
to be like my swimming
feeling my body flow
in safe waters
glad to stay far from
a deadly
undertow

but maybe it's easier
to learn swimming
than loving

so in the last analysis
should I have stayed
with inner paralysis
not dredging up
what's within?

at times
the situation seems
no win
when I consider
the clinch I'm in

or is this attraction
just a passing phase?

or maybe even
is there a lot to gain?

another time
will the hook of rejection
be needed again?

or this time
what if
you still
your critical eye
you come to desire
me by your side?
will that give space
for my rejecting gaze?
will I need another
potentially rejecting lover?

I don't know

that's a chance
you may
be unwilling
to take
too much
a gamble
on a ramble
through brambles
that may scratch you

it's a chance
I have
to take
for the stake
is a love
that wakens
love
not fear
of the pain
of the hood
or the hook

wish me luck

and in the meantime
maybe I'll do more swimming
feeling the steady flow
of my body in safe water

~ AND THEN IT'S OVER ~

OVER, OVER, OVER

And then, it's the end of Zee's musing.
Greg announces he's heading for Katmandu.
It's been something he's mentioned on and off.

Zee has nothing against his journey.

But Greg also makes it clear
he won't be coming back to her.

Zee feels caught in
a country and western lament.

There's no getting around things -
it's over.

Its not all lament.
Zee recognizes she's kind of ready
to do some looking.

But it's not so easy.

IT'S OVER

It's over
you know
I'm not for you
your heart hasn't opened to
me

It's over it's over it's ooooh ver

a rupture
ripping
of hopes
just forming

They're over over ooooh ver

ooooh ooooh ooooh ooooh ver

And then that's true
I'm no longer blue
my heart is starting to
renew

It's over it's over it's ooooh ver

But once more I cry
ache when you pass by
even in the corridors of my
mind

rupture
pain

It's not over
I'm not oooh
oooh
oooh
ver
you

But then I see
someone else near me
who rouses my curiosity
my desire to roam around
explore what I've just found

I see
I haven't drowned
or run aground
on grief

Relief.

It's over.

And yet I regret
I miss you yet
I wonder if
you miss
me

It's over

Or it's ending
I'm bending
yielding
to hope

I feel the blood flow
from my head to my toes
I feel my heart beat

It's waiting
a little scared
but aching

to open to open to ooooooh pen

to someone right enough for me
whose heart will be
oooh pening to me

~ *NIGHT TIME IS THE HARDEST TIME* ~
THE ECHO OF THE ECHO

In the daytime there may be hope.

Night time is harder.

Zee feels the echo of the echo
of his touch.

THE ECHO OF THE ECHO

I feel the echo of the echo of your touch
It isn't much
I feel the faintest of faint traces on my face
Then that's erased

You take your distance
My memory takes mine
At least for now
that's how
it revives
me

fading the echo of the echo of your kind
gaze
the faintest of faint traces of your mild
face

Also
your low-level irritation
sometimes persistent
and your sulky withdrawal
are dimmed by distance

I know deep inside
somewhere they're there
memories full and strong
but they don't belong
right here, right now with me
I could care
too much

So just briefly I may feel
the echo of the echo
the faintest of the faintest
fading distant
not insistent
barely existent
just the faintest of faint
 echoes of the echoes
of what once was
 some frustration
 but much
 vivid
 daily
 loving

~ HARD TIMES ~
I CRY WITH DESPERATION

Sometimes there is gentle pain.

Sometimes there is interest in meeting someone else.

Sometimes Zee is gripped by something much harder.

I CRY WITH DESPERATION

I cry with desperation
with the anguish of a child
I cry with desperation
my heart is breaking wide
wide open
and then going numb

I cry with desperation
with the anguish of a child
I cry with desperation
my heart is breaking, wild
sobbing
grips me, shakes me
then
leaves me
still and silent

I am still, silent
my heart crumbling
to dust
though I say, I must
continue
put a smile on
say nothing
or else
someone else will hurt me
unless I'm totally numb
feeling nothing
except anger
harsh words on my tongue

I cry with desperation
with the anguish of a child
hurt and longing
hurt and needing
arms to hold her
her heart breaking, wild
sobbing
shaking
her small frame
her heart aching
from coldness
absence
the cold shoulder
given
her pain

I am not a small child
but she lives inside
often crying with desperation
clutching wild-
ly at me

hold me
sooth me
until the pain subsides

not into numbness
that comes from coldness

hold me
sooth me
until the pain ebbs
on its own

and the small child slumbers

I am alone
as I was
when a small child
my heart breaking
until I froze

I cry
with the pain of a small child
crying wildly
her heart breaking
needing arms open wide
and a heart open wide
to hold her
and love her
from deep inside

wide open arms
a heart wide open
to hold her
to ease her
to love her

I am alone

~ ZEE SLEEPS ~ A COWBOY COMFORTS HER ~
IT HURTS WHEN YOU BREAK ...

Zee finally falls asleep.

She dreams. A cowboy with a huge stetson
and a fiddle sings to her.

The cowpoke's ten-gallon hat shades his face,
but his words are clear.

He starts with,
it hurts when you break a leg or a heart.

But that isn't the full message.

He goes on with,
always remember you'll do fine.

**IT HURTS WHEN YOU BREAK
A LEG OR A HEART -
BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU'LL DO FINE**

Don't ever forget
life's a miracle
and yet
it hurts
when we break
 a leg or a heart

But don't ever forget
life's a miracle
my pet
with love
and the highs
 the wonder of it all

So cry a little while
Do it in your own style
 And always remember
 you'll do fine

Let your heart ache a while
If it feels right, then cry
 And always recall
 the wonder of it all

Yes
don't ever forget
life's a miracle
and yet
it hurts
when we break
 a leg or a heart

But don't ever forget
life's a miracle
my pet
with love
and the highs
the wonder of it all

So let your heart stir a while
or lie still and find
that you remember
not just fog
but sunshine

And even fog can be fine
Enjoy it for a while
And always recall
things change with time
and the wonder of it all

of love that thrills
you to sing in the hills
of love that sends chills
though you run for the hills
of love that stills
you like a silent embrace
like soft touch on the face

So let your heart be a while
Watch the clouds mosey by
And always remember
you'll do fine

Don't ever forget
life's a miracle
my pet
with love
and the highs
the wonder of it all

Always remember
you'll do fine

~ THIS IS NOT THE ENDING ~

Zee knows very well that this is not the ending.
She knows the story will continue.

She wishes she were already further along.
Heart ache isn't fun.
But she knows the cowboy is right

Let your heart ache a while,
if it feels right then cry.

Don't ever forget
life's a miracle
and yet
it hurts
when we break
a leg or a heart.

But always remember you'll do fine.

COMING UP NEXT ...

~ CONFUSION ~

Theme: Looking for love.

Storyline: Zee experiments.

TAKE A LOOK ...

[Confusion](#)

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[Elsa's Words and Music](#)

[Zee's Cafe Cafe](#)

[contact](#)

~ when written ~

DON'T WASTE MY TIME - THE STORY

Theme: Rocky relationship, confusion, breakup.

Storyline: Greg leaves Zee for Katmandu.

1999

DON'T WASTE MY TIME

May 25, 1994

DON'T WASTE MY TIME

June 2, 1999

IS SHE GOOD ENOUGH

or

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT ARE CHEAP

June 18, 1994

DO I NEED THE HOOK?

June 9, 1994

IT'S OVER

May 26, 1994

THE ECHO OF THE ECHO OF YOUR TOUCH

June 15, 1994

I CRY WITH DESPERATION

October 15, 1994

IT HURTS WHEN YOU BREAK A LEG OR A HEART

BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU'LL DO FINE

June 12, 1994

and the story continues ...

CONFUSION

THE EXTRAS

DON'T WASTE MY TIME as it came

Don't waste my time
It's all that's mine

Don't hold me close
just to be kind

Don't give me hope
if you plan to leave

It isn't eee-
ven remotely fine

Don't play with me
It hurts you see

Don't pull me close
and then let me go

Don't draw me near
then disappear

Don't think just of you
I'm in this too

This isn't
a dance
But two lives
in one romance
that doesn't seem
to have a chance

Yet there needs to be
space
for uncertainty

So where's the
place
to wonder at ease?
to come and to go?
to get to know?
to be unsure?

I'm sure
I don't know

I know, though

Don't pull me close
just to let me go

As you realize
it isn't eee-

ven a white lie
when you deceive

perhaps yourself
as well as me

I'm not perfect
and you know it

I'm not ideal
far from it

If that's what you want
it's not me that you'll get

And should you want a perfect fit
once more, I'm not it

But I'm real
and I feel

So don't play with me
It hurts you see

And in the end
it angers me

All I can say
is, you pull away

just once more
and it's over, for sure
that's the score

As they say
in another game

Three strikes
and you're out

It's over
You're out
That's it

Elsa Schieder

May 25, 1994

DON'T WASTE MY TIME as it developed

Don't waste my time
It's all that's mine

Don't hold me close
just to be kind

Don't give me hope
if you plan to leave

It isn't eee-
ven remotely fine

Don't pull me close
then let me go

Don't draw me near
then disappear

Don't play with me
It hurts you see

Don't think just of you
I'm in this too

This isn't a dance
But two lives one romance
You come You go
I need to know
 does our loving
 stand a chance?

Yet there needs to be
space
for uncertainty
So where's the
place
to wonder at ease?
to come and go?
to get to know?
to be unsure?

I'm sure I don't know

I know, though

I too feel
uncertainty
I too need
to wonder at ease
close then apart
with an unsure heart

So there is space
for uncertainty
There is place
to wonder at ease
to be unsure

I'm sure, though

This isn't a dance
But two lives one romance
You come You go
I need to know
 does our loving
 stand a chance?

Don't waste my time
It's all that's mine

Don't pull me close
just to let me go

If you deceive
maybe yourself, not just me

It isn't eeeee-
ven just a white lie - it isn't fine

This isn't a dance
But two lives one romance
You come You go
I need to know
 does our loving
 stand a chance?

Don't play with me
It hurts you see

And in the end
it angers me

All I can say
is, you pull away

just once more
and it's over, for sure
that's the score

As they say
in another game

Three strikes
and you're out

It's over
You're out
That's it

So don't waste
Don't waste
Don't waste my time

Elsa Schieder
June 2, 1999

and the story continues ...

CONFUSION