

Estella

by Emily Sparkles

Everyone loves a story of love unrequited.

But what of the stories of the unrequited lovee?

The pain of an unrequited lover

is a sorrow so admirably drenched in hope.

Is the pain of the unrequited

any less worth feeling, just because it's tinged

with a more negative flavor?

With so few, if any, examples

of the unrequitee's narrative perspective,

who are we to judge what great

expectations she may hold?

Or what her pain is

intermingled with? Perhaps

it's disgust, perhaps

it is regret, perhaps

it is in fact

more complicated than that

of the celebrated lover.

The unrequited

didn't ask for this, you see.

She didn't ask for affections

she couldn't return.

She didn't want to be raised with

a keenly aware oblivion of

her powers to charm.

She didn't fully understand

that her particular face

or personality,

or combination thereof

would make her

the target of unrequited love.

"You can't control
who you love!" screams
a thousand themes
but always in favor of the lover.
"You can't control who loves you!"
we should rejoin
as we realize it's not
the unrequited's mistake.

And sometimes those celebrated lovers
are actually quite guilty of crossing lines.
Should we elevate groveling louts?
And demonize those inside blinds?
Love unrequited is a tragedy,
But it's time to include both as heart-rending!

If Estella were telling the story
maybe we'd finally see
that a love unrequited's the most tragic
for the unrequited lovee.

