Missed opportunities

A fleeting glance,
Not meant to be seen,
Though to catch it,
Could be like heaven.

Never too sure,
And always too cautious,
Even the most obvious gesture
Never evokes a response.

And why?
In the world where fantasy lives
And doubts are fleeting,
The appropriate response is immediate.

But still
In the land of the quick
The doubts linger
And the feelings go unexpressed.

Until the moment is passed
And the possibility diminished
Or gone completely,
And only regret remains.

Oh for the courage
The strength of will
The bravery, to take
Even the smallest of chances.

To take the risk
And maybe feel the emotions
Of immense joy,
Or intense despair.

Why must the negative be so foreboding,
When the reward may be so wonderful?

Alas, when recurrence is the norm,
Perhaps to take the chance is its own reward,
The freedom to live,
The freedom to love,
The freedom to feel.