There Ought to Be More Said

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.