

He Tells Me

Laine Johnson

We are sitting in his car
He leans forward, pushes back my hair,
Tells me I am beautiful
I shake my head.

He tells me he likes the way my hair
Falls down the small of my back.
I blush and say
Well, I like reading and playing my guitar.

He says my eyes are pretty and dark as the night
I smile and tell him how there are so many places
I want to see before I die.

He tells me my cheeks are rosy and pink,
I tell him I like people who challenge me,
Who make me think.

He says my smile lights up the whole room,
I tell him I'm most happy when
I am in a creative mood.

He tells me I am beautiful,
I shake my head again.

I cannot, will not,
Be his girl-next-door.
His words are kind, but
My soul is where my beauty lies.

These surfaces he mentions
Are only a fragment of me, not
What is inside my mind.
Filled with passion and curiosity;
Wanderlust and creativity.

He cannot be the doodles
In my margins,
If I am just a pretty frame hanging
On his walls.

