

# 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.

