

Awkward Love Poem

Abby Edele

Your hair is much like graham crackers.
In color, not in taste.
But I'm not sure about taste, as
I have not licked your hair.

Your eyes have dark and masked depths.
They have secrets to tell.
But not too many big secrets,
Or I'd be suspicious.

Your scent's that of a gentleman.
Which seems like an odd smell.
But it's like top hats, brilliant books,
And quaint, witty remarks.

Your voice is deep like the sea's depths.
That sounds rather corny,
But the sea's heavy. Obscure. And
That, dear, is how you speak.

It's hard to describe all the traits
You have that are so ... so ...
Indescribable ... and so this is
My true, awkward attempt.