

IF YOU REALLY KNEW ME

If you really knew me,
You would know that my heart is a bit bigger than average.
My heart is sticky,
Sticky as Playdoh on the carpet.
Clinging to dust and one-sided hopes,
Flooded by forbidden blushes and stares.
His eyelashes sway gently,
Like flower petals in a pristine garden.
A Garden of Eden.
His eyes are a deep russet brown,
Not a window, but a telescope.
Viewing each delicate insecurity.
I don't know which shines brighter,
Comets at dusk or his smiles,
But even if I were to choose,
He is a silent temptation.
Absolutely hot,
Hot like hot off the press,
Hot off the shelves,
Hitting it hot.
Quivering like an overdose from meth.

If you really knew me, you would see my scars.
Sore spots from where the adhesive was peeled away.
You would see how many cuts that have healed,
Cuts that are healing,
How many bandages I've used in the process.
They sting when I smell his cologne wind around me,
Surrounding my body like a serpent,
The venom in his scales taint me with the memory
Of _____.

If you really knew me,
Then you would know that I love to hold hands,
because my heart rests on my palms.
And I'm waiting for someone else to hold my hand,
Hold my heart.