

EYE CONTACT

Turn your eyes from this girl, this woman
Still her image
Refuses to fade
Inner vision rendered
In Rembrandt light
She is mortal, lovely, her beauty
Durable as silk, fragile as winter
Human. And as you are human
You love her. Smoker's voice and all.

She will age quickly
So many do, here
Cocktails of ethanol
UV and monoxide
Wear flesh thin
Places like this
Are waiting rooms for cancer wards
But the beer goes down cold
If you are dedicated enough
To ensuring as much
And her complicated shyness
Makes her all the more lovely

And yes, I would paint you
If I painted anymore
Hold you
If this weren't betrayal
Love you
If this weren't so far
Beyond me.

Turn your eyes from this girl, this woman
She is still so young, after all, and turning to you
Her eyes are warm and soft
If just for that moment
And she is reminded
The world is wide
And filled with the random
The obscure
And the inexplicable.
And in that breath
You were both children
And anything was possible.