

We aren't always what we look like

Just because my skin looks weathered,
like brown wrinkly leather
And just because my eyes look distant and tired,
like brown almonds around
Just because my mouth is still and closed,
like a mustache covered downward frown
And just because my head is a mystery,
covered with a fedora that is velvety dark brown
It does not mean I have not lived,
that I have no wisdom,
and no lessons to give
It does not mean that I am not happy,
that I have no energy or
am not still ready to live

I have more to give,
to teach and to share
I'll wait here for you,
ready to talk when you are done staring
I'll wait with my bright blue suit,
my vibrant red shirt,
and snake leather shoes
I'll wait with my heart and soul,
my head filled with gold
and my mouth to give you clues
I'll wait because I have more to give
I'll wait

Izabelle Dick