



Best Not Tell You Now



***Every moment with you I wear a painted face
When I look in the mirror, I see smile lines overshadowed by disgrace
You represent a greed that I endure, with pride I take
A greed I do not want, yet cannot seem to shake***

***Moments passed alone are subject to critique
When I am just myself, beyond femme fatale, alluring mystique
Yes, I laugh at silly things and often speak without intention
But you would not believe this, for folly is not a virtue I dare mention***

***Our interactions are cut like string when you find something better
You start out sweet and resolve to sour like apple cider vinegar
My ornamentation proves great success when our bodies collect
I feel your eyes burn with visual satiation, but I only appeal when in the
flesh***

***You sing of lies and twisted tales, you chuckle at my youth
You take more than you give, your speech is unpleasant and uncouth
I am not a fool for you, though I was fooled by something
Yet, the illusion of maturity is fleeting for the cunning***