Free Poem 2

Brighten the eyes with white liner, paint on cherry red lips.

Brush out wavy brown locks that settle right below the shoulder line.

A new dress in a neon yellow bag, red with white flowers, like Lilo.

Nervous, anxious, sitting a waiting.

“What will he think, what will we do, how will this go?”

It’s the first date.

The day after, butterflies flying around internal organs

Waiting for a text, a sign, a anything

Phone dings

A message…