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Impetuous Words

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Compare me to a shrub,
she says.
She's wrapped in a scarf,
dancing on a bench,
and telling me that I'm like an uncle.
But not a great uncle.
That much is clear.

I consider the delicate features of her gentle frame,
I consider the beauty of her lips—
but she distracts me.

She's terrifically overeager.
Not many can keep pace with her,
for she's a jumper and a tackler—
a dancer and a dreamer.

She shares her
uncompromised vision of "mature" love,
then she runs into a sparkle—
wide smile,
and along the way
there is not one boy
who does not know her name.

But my fascination is disrupted.
I remember the energy of my former pace
and I disdain the way she sees me now.

A dichotomy emerges:
I as "Uncle"
and I as I remember.
A bitter taste rises as I speak
cold, blunt words upon her.

And suddenly, there is a change in her face.

I find myself alone.
I find myself on a bench in a shadow.
I find myself green.
I find that I am overgrown.

IMPETUOUS WORDS
~ Anon.