I See You

Grace Dawson
I See You // Grace Dawson

Joke, and be angry if you want to
but I see you.
Deny it if you choose, but I know
I know you better than all the flippant bullshit you throw at me
I know how much you can be.

I see the teacher in you
The someday playful dad
The open, uncalculating friend
I've seen the reluctant lover, afraid to feel uncovered

You are only in a fog.
A fuck-the-world,
irresponsible
haze of not knowing.
Hesitation and
muddled inspiration
all that you put in your own way

I see you waking up
In the look you give me when you let your guard down
That provocative glint that you still let slip when I catch your eye
The self-conscious shyness you betray when you look away too soon

Laugh at me, go ahead
giggle and poke me,
press your fingers against my skin, then
kiss me into the wall, until
I forget where we are, and
there is only you
and this kiss
Wait

No, that wasn't new
It was only a dream
You were always too real to be true

Yet I wake inhaling your rough sweetness that seeped into
my sleeves,
and the bruises are still fading, after sinking in.
Your fingers mar my delicate skin,
and the marks you made don't lie.
Even though you aren't mine,
don't tell me it's not true.
I see through you.

I see you