

Perfectly Ordinary

I am a work of art. I'm nice enough to look at from afar, with no harsh colors or sharp edges. But it isn't until you discuss me in your art history class that you fall in love with me. You fall in love with the way the artist mixed a special palette to make the color of my eyes, so different from anything you've seen. The way my eyes are just a little too big for my face, because it isn't what you see in me - it's what I see in you.

I am the typical American girl on the cover of a rock album from the 90's. When the sunroof is open the sun turns my hair a shade of red that you never noticed before; "I thought you had brown hair?"

I am the girl you pass in the hallway, the one you've never spoken to before but my half smile suggests I know something you don't, and aren't you just so curious?

I am the quiet girl curled in her chair during calculus, curled so small my arms touch my legs. You can't remember having ever heard me speak, but when I mumble the answer you can't help but to look at me. Because my voice isn't anything special, but I've got shit to say and I suggest you listen.

The wind carries my voice away when the windows are open; the wind carries my voice to every inch of the planet, but not the four corners because I refuse to be boxed in.

I am the one they write sappy country songs about. I am not toned. I am soft and I am cuddly, yet I make you feel safe when I hug you, don't I?

I am a cobra, tensed with caffeine in my veins, waiting to squeeze the most I can out of this life.

I am a sunflower growing towards the sun, relishing in its warmth.

I am grass that seems to grow three inches when drenched in rain, and you hate the effort it takes to keep me happy, but damn it's empty when I'm gone.

Isn't it?

I am a rose, a cliché wrapped in beauty.

I am fire, lighting every muscle in your body aflame, and if you stay too long I can be too much, but you'll miss my heat when you step away.

I am far from what you thought I was.

And I am far from what you want me to be.

And that's okay.