

## Same Difference.

### In honesty.

Honest, the way she saw her eyes -  
Glisten, in  
gloss, please? And then some, like.. see keratin's smile is OH so sweet,  
The trade in, perchance-- the won,der,ing  
Eyes for an honest bail, seems just so swell  
enough that you can take another look in its comfort.

But she was  
Threatened.. by the hardest lie in the book, the smallest  
Crumb, but could - but did - remove the sacred  
Bond in convention, small interventions save but the  
Smallest major problem here, the one true dying factor-  
She don't know how to 'be yourself'.

But you don't know that.  
It's the same difference;  
Her glazing eyes, beam of her heart, jeans,  
Took you past the memories.  
I can't remember the last time the wonders REALLY took their toll, like  
REALLY made you think  
Boy, isn't He a swell fella.

You thought he knew the guy that looked back,  
Seems so simple, God! positively  
Anguished in your efforts, looking on the boy  
In feathered hair but washed out eyes<sup>1</sup>,  
The Girl, washed out hair but the deepest, lump-in-your-throat gagged wailing  
coming from the depths of her smaller iris,  
I beg,  
Have you ever seen someone just try so hard to be themselves?

**Soley Sigfusdottir**