

The Perfect Guy

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Um... a poem about my perfect guy?

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1 - My Perfect Guy

untitledMy Perfect GuyBy: Sae_Kaiba(This really wouldn't be called a poem, though some have called it that. I don't see this as a song, or poem, or story... this is just my feelings written on paper. You may call it what you want, but that's all it will ever be...)I'm not going to tell you that my perfect guy has great hair or beautiful eyes,or the perfect smile or the hottest clothes or is really athletic...Heck, I'm not even going to name any features at all, because they don't matter,I can look in the mirror alone and still smile,I like myself for who I am, and so, from that, here's my perfect guy.....Slowly, I open my eyes to a new day that will be a memory tomorrow,the sun hasn't risen and neither have I, sinking into my bed I deeply sigh,I scratch my head and sit up quickly,my hair is tangled and messy due to tossing and turning all night,suddenly I yawn with my unbrushed teeth and dry, tasteless mouth,I begin to fiddle with the heard shaped necklace lightly wrapped around my neck,I turn around and put on my glasses,the world became more sharp and visible, and so I finally got up,I stumble around my bed and go look in the mirror, my face is bare with no sign of the make-up I had on the day before,I sigh, then stretch my body around in order to wake up,still, my eyes are heavy and have a sleepy glare about them,I lean in closer to see... whoops, I must have drooled during the night,because it's still on my mouth, right next to my barren and almost cracked lips,I giggle and go to wipe it off...suddenly, two arms gently wrap themselves around my not-so-perfect figure,I stood there in my sloppy looking pajamas,I allowed the arms to pull me back into the body that stood behind me,though my hair had not yet been washed,the person inhaled the scent of my hair and my body,they let out a quiet yet joyful sigh,I then knew it was a guy that stood behind my figure in the mirror,quickly I spin around to face the guy behind me with my bare face and messy hair,it was my boyfriend, my love... my perfect guy,he then looked deep into the quiet and calm oceans that were my eyes,I looked down, staring through the floor, afraid he would not like what he saw,but, he lifted my chin with his index finger and whispered two words,he whispered two, magnificent and powerful words,"Morning beautiful,"