Caught Staring

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JASON SCHISSEL

Caught Staring

Should my gaze linger longer than it ought
blame your beauty, not my eye;
for if my eye controlled its fate
it would look in such a way
as to bring your smile,
not your scorn

Yes, your beauty so enchants me,
that not only my eye becomes your slave,
but my head, my neck, my hands and feet —
all turn to follow you,
though I beg them not to
for fear of feeling foolish

I'm sure my speech would stutter so,
my tongue no more autonomous
than any other part

my heart follows a different drummer yet,
beating faster than it seems it should,
and my lungs refuse to take in all they need

you have snared me,
I am yours.
Now come and claim your prize,
before it withers away to nothing
while we wait