

The ways to get me a girl

Taught me my dad always did
The ways to get me a girl.
Days they fly me by and yet
Still I try to get to mine.

So yon I pitch my tent,
Determined to write my one sacred guide.
Set on that itch you sent,
Whilst I sit here waiting to get to mine.

First, chronicle the minute.
Ravage the deepest records,
Desecrate the darkest tombs,
To find my dearest of all lodestars.

There she is—
A flick of green eye,
A curl of red hair.
Read the white palm upon hips,
Who sway slow back to their lair.

But one eve, seen afar:
Two tears you bore below
That still curled smile spilling
A feeling she's long sewn taut.

A strange sight it is
To paint yourself white when you were born just fine.
A portal into your world
And a hard reflection into mine.

Anyways,
Taught me my dad always did
The ways to get me a girl.
Days they flew me by and yet
My crown too large to know mine.