

Stranger,

The last guy I went out with,  
He had irregularly placed teeth, with his lips overriding each other  
I didn't feel that good kissing him, but he made sure I felt pampered.  
Another time, I was with this guy who smiled like a nerd,  
But would check me out like he would jump on me that instant.  
I had once dated a guy who was obsessed with the thought of himself  
As someone who wouldn't ever get rejected.  
So much that he would do anything to keep me near.  
Sadly, for him, I betrayed him with his friend who had a fine ass.  
You see I have always had this habit of getting over jawlines,  
Apart from which I felt nothing made guys different.  
With huge biceps and timid eyes,  
Or tiny fore arms, yet raging smiles,  
I could bet with every single penny in my purse,  
That men dated their ego, more than their girls.  
For they wouldn't sit up to brush the hair off my face,  
Once they tired themselves with a vigorous act of pleasing the blonde they laid.  
So last night when I met you, and you smiled at me like a jerk,  
I didn't quite notice that you were over-drunk.  
And when you tripped over the chair that stood next to me,  
Grabbing my skirt, touching my thighs and acting a pervert,  
You see,  
I got up that instant to grab your waist, for not only boys hunt a catch.  
But with tears streaming down your face as you apologized,  
And the many others in crowd turning up to punch your parts aside,  
I fell for you.  
I fell for the man I saw, not in distress or weak as he talked,  
Not for a broad chest, the biceps that seemed near flawed,  
Not for his wallet he so carelessly emptied to pay for my loss,  
Not either for the jaw-line which suddenly seemed so different than the others.  
I fell for you.  
That moment when the tears fell from your eyes,  
Apologizing a lady for having disrespected her shine,  
For having treated me a soul than a thing to keep,  
For having won me over within a second's leap.  
I fell for you the moment I saw the man before me weep.  
Though I grabbed your hands and left the others to ponder over the rest  
Yet leaving the place without a 'guy' in my car,  
And numerous faces flashing before my face,  
I wondered if all men are same,  
For the 'man' I fell for, I would do anything to take his last name.

Yours,  
An enthralled soul