

Idiosyncrasies by Austin Boatwright

Roses are red but that's just a cliché

As are the thoughts I had for your idiosyncrasies

You didn't give me butterflies, you gave me pterodactyls

Both are synonymous as they do not belong inside me

As my love doesn't belong in you

As my thoughts don't belong in your head

Maybe I'm just not ready for the audacious life of a loser

Maybe you're just not ready to grow up

And maybe we just aren't made to feel the affection of warmth in summer

Because summer feels as if you've never felt pain

But I, a human, have learned how to forgive and suppress, cause how could I ever forget?

We as people have learned to take what we are given even if it is harmful

Now personally I say "no thanks"

Because one thing that makes me human is placing my hand on the stove and turning it on

Now we all know it gets hot, but we've gotta find out if it REALLY gets hot

My father always called me Big Head, but I prefer thick headed

I try to defy gravity with my wicked sense of sarcastic rebuttals to life's questions

Now you may think you have me wrapped around your finger

But like a rubber band or the Soviet Union

Resilience is one of my idiosyncrasies