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Her

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Her

Anne Pollock

Her
Yes, her
The blonde.
The "smart" one.
You know who I mean,
I can hear that little twang
In her voice
I can see that Devilish sparkle
In her eyes. But her,
She can't fool me
No, she can't pretend
To be someone to
Me
Because I see more than she
Knows.
I know more than she feels
I know all about her kind.
Shopping?
Ah, why didn't you say so?
It's all in her.
Look and discover
A world of emptiness
In her...