

Pick a Side

By Joshua Bauer¹

I don't know what it is-
Why you want her over me.
Her blue eyes and her hair
Are the only things you see.

So what if she can smile?
Take a break.
Make your case
As to why that makes a difference.
What, is all of this a race?

I'm sick of all your games.
Pick a side
Cause I've tried
So much harder than I should have
Just to keep you by my side.

If you want to play your cards,
Find your options,
I don't care.
Just don't drag me to your picnics
And I'll stay out of your hair.

So what if she can sing,
Make you laugh, write a song?
If that's really all you want,
Say the word and I'll be gone.

I'll tell you one more time,
Just to freshen up your mind,
That you haven't got forever.
Cut the line. Pick a side.

¹ Poem inspired by the poem "Perfect," and drafted in cooperation with its author, Isabelle Smith, in a collaboration effort. That poem can be accessed [here](#).