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J. M. Romig

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Kiss The Girl
J.M. Romig

Let me be the first to tell you
that I talk way too much
about my friends, and things I know,
but mostly about myself.

My father once told me something -
when I was young and knew too much
but not enough
about girls, and life, and love and such -
when I asked him what I should say
to this girl in second grade
on whom I had this crush.

He told me
Shut up and kiss the girl
take her by surprise
let her see the world
that lies behind your eyes
It’s easy, just stop thinking
take her by the hand
float off for forever
to some distant land.

Life’s too short to waste your time talking
So, shut up and kiss the girl.

I was a twelve year old Romeo
in a junior high school play.
Stumbling over lines like a drunk.
I knew them all, but they came out wrong.
Some too short.
The rest way too long.
I was embarrassed and afraid
Until someone on stage left
came and saved the day
with a whisper on her breath.
Shut up and kiss the girl
In the middle of my speech
I hear that famous line
from the side of the room that’s mine
Dad hollers
Shut up and kiss the girl
take her by surprise
let her see the world
that lies behind your eyes
it’s easy, just stop thinking
take her as your wife
float on for forever
to your happy life,
The honeymoon’s too close
to waste your time talking
So, shut up and kiss the girl.
Six years old, she falls
for the first time, off her bike.
Just one of many talks I’ll give
about this crazy thing called life.
She cries, and wails, and yells, and screams
and her Mother, it seems,
knows exactly what to do.
As she walks down from the patio
she laughs and says to our little girl
“you think by now, he’d know.”
Shut up and kiss the girl
take her in your arms
let her see the world
that’s always safe and warm
it’s easy, just stop thinking
take the pain away,
so she can ride off to forever
find some friends and play.
Life’s too short to waste her time with talking
So, shut up and kiss the girl.