Look

Fatou M'Baye

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Fatou M'Baye

Look

I have never seen a red so red as the red
that pinched your cheeks
I hesitantly wanted to touch it
I wanted to hug you
I wanted to cry and shriek and squeal
but people would look at me

I have never seen eyes that looked like yours
like flowers in a blotted painting
ones that get their own hallway in a museum
I wanted to reach my hand into them
and send ripples into the cool water
but people would look at me

I have never seen a mind like yours
so colorful
like the blurs from the window of a fast
car during the autumn

I don’t know why people are afraid of being looked at
but I do know that if I never looked at you
if I never let people look at me
I would never see
the way you looked at me