

I Liked You At First

I liked the way you strode right up,
Your handshake firm but friendly,
The smile that crinkled 'round your eyes and
Spread most pleasantly between
The dimples of your amiable face,
Till through your sparkling, even teeth
Out spat the little lie that
Sputtered from your parted lips
And flecked the perfect flesh tone
Of your smoothly-shaven chin.