

Her Secret Smile

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When I first met her, I liked her right away
She possessed beauty, grace and style,
But the thing that caught me, and made me want to stay
Was her secret smile.

The Mona Lisa had nothing on this miss
And her mystery deepened all the while
But what surprised me when I moved in for a kiss
Was that secret smile.

Miles and miles later and I still don't understand
What it is that makes her smirk the way she does
What does it mean? Does she know? Is it pretend?
Or does she do it just because?

I sometimes get the feeling she can see inside my soul
That's why I always try to hide
All my little flaws that she sees clearly when she shows
Her secret smile.

What am I to make of this enigmatic girl
When I don't even know what she thinks
While I opine on the affairs of the world
She's as inscrutable as the sphinx.

I guess the only course that I can take
Is to convince her to walk down the aisle
Become my wife, so I can investigate
Her secret smile.