

Sam Broussard

"Look At Me"

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Pleasant mumbles
when she smiles and says hello
And the world is in a hurry
they all have some place to go
Stairsteps one at a time
next year maybe ground floor
Laughter in the hallway
follows her through her door

The damn things only scared her
so she took down the mirrors
from the walls and tabletops
No shiny things on shelves
Now she only sees herself
and everybody else
in the windows of the shops

She thinks Just look at me
Just look at me
My my, just look at me
It's come to this

Young ones look straight ahead
as if entering their lives
Her approach is an insult
from where they will arrive

Sometimes she wants to slap them
Old folks can be so mean
Instead she hangs her head
and walks by, eyes on her feet

The jewelry's in a box
old calendars and clocks
old keys she can't identify
Hat pins and cameos
the bureau overflows
She thinks I got this far
they could at least meet my eyes

She thinks Just look at me

Just look at me
Damn you just look at me
that's all I ask
Just look at me
Damn you, just look at me
Just look at me
Is that too much

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