

## Sevelle Taja

### "A Lot Like You"

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Says he likes his weather cold, I like it hot.

And he's voting straight down the party line.

Always says I dress too bold and I talk a lot.

What he claimed was wrong I claimed was right.

Am I the girl version of the boy who won't stop playing rough?

Lately now, I'm silent a lot like you.

Oh, it's funny how I just realized I'm woven a lot like you.

I can parry myself only for so long. Then it's time to grace and look around.

He's a man they'll have and hold up when he's gone,

for the truth he's planted in the ground.

Is he the boy version of the girl who wants him now to know...?

Lately now, I'm honest a lot like you.

Yes, it's funny how I've realized I'm woven a lot like you.

Your child has got your eyes, and straight in the mirror

she stares at her father and wonders if he sees it too

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