

READING

My Honest Poem

By Rudy Francisco

I was born on July 27th; that makes me a Leo.
I don't really know what that means.
I'm 5 foot 6,
I weigh 145 pounds, I don't know how to swim,
And I'm a sucker for a girl with a nice smile and clean sneakers.

I'm still learning how to whisper;
I'm often loud in places where I should be quiet,
I'm often quiet in places where I should be loud.
I was born feet first and I've been backwards ever since.
I like ginger ale . . . a lot.

I've been told that I give really bad hugs.
People say it feels like I'm trying to escape;
Sometimes, it's because I am.
Secretly, I get really nervous every time someone gets close enough to hear me breathe.

I have this odd fascination with things like sandcastles and ice sculptures;
I assume it's because I usually find myself dedicating time to things that will only last a few moments.
That's also why I tend to fall in love with women who will never love me back.
I know it sounds crazy but it's actually much easier than it seems,
And to be honest, I think it's safer that way.
You see, relationships, they often remind me that I'm not afraid of heights or falling,
But I'm scared of what's gonna happen the moment that my body hits the ground.

I'm clumsy.
Yesterday, I tripped over my self-esteem, I landed on my pride, and it shattered like an iPhone with a broken face.
Now, I can't even tell who's trying to give me a compliment.
I've never been in the military but I have this purple heart;
I got it from beating myself up over things I can't fix.

I know this sounds weird,
But sometimes, I wonder what my bed sheets say about me when I'm not around.

I wonder what the curtains would do if they found out about all the things I've done
behind their backs.

I've got a hamper that's overflowing with really, really loud mistakes, and a
graveyard in my closet.

I'm afraid that if I let you see my skeletons, you'll grind my bones into powder and
get high on my fault lines.

Hi, my name is Rudy.

I enjoy frozen yogurt, people watching, and laughing for absolutely no reason at all,
But I don't allow myself to cry as often as I need to.

I have solar-powered confidence.

I have a battery-operated smile.

My hobbies include editing my life story, hiding behind metaphors, and trying to
convince my shadow that I'm someone worth following.

I don't know much but I do know this;

I know that heaven is full of music.

I know God listens to my heartbeat on his iPod.

It reminds him that we still got work to do.¹

¹ Rudy Francisco, "[My Honest Poem](#)," performed at Button Up Poetry Live/Beltway Poetry Slam, Camp Bar, St. Paul, MN/The Fridge, Washington, DC, November 2015/12, 2012. Copyright © Rudy Francisco. Reproduced with permission of Button Poetry.