

“Liar”

by Tahna Moore

First Runner-Up, 2014 Prize for Poetry

How do you form your mouth to speak,
Such fabricated words so effortlessly?
Through the cracks, the illusions leak
Like the cheap cologne you spray so freely

Self-serving of your own desires, you are
Put on that smile of dark deceit
Meet up with her at the local bar
Embrace her with your charming greet

She hangs on your every word
Carefully crafted, in your eyes
She won't notice the truth's been blurred
False phrases hide behind your disguise

The truth burns, like the flame in a fire
Such a phony little liar