

The Look

There's a look my dad gets in his eyes

When he's admiring what he loves

And that he's proud that it belongs in his heart

His eyes open up and glisten

They shine and sparkle and dance

And at the same time they're scrunchy

And full of laughter and glee

He looks at our dog this way when he runs in his sleep

He looks at my sister this way when she teases him

He looks at me this way when I'm endearingly goofy

He looks at my brother this way when he says something witty and creative

And he looks at my mom this way

Every time

He lays his eyes on her

By CeCe Moreno, 10th grade