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103 Words

HER EYES

BY MELODI CODA LAINE

I only stay because of her eyes—there's just something about her eyes. They're almond-shaped and slightly downturned with hazel irises and pupils that dilate at the slightest change of emotion. They're soft and beautiful and I see in them that she loves me, so surely, then, that's it. Preserving this, I stare deeper and see your eye lashes. I see your eyebrows. I see the scar on your nose, and your dimples, your cheek bones, and your face. *Babe?* Her pupils don't dilate. I blink and apologize for zoning out, realizing that in her eyes is where I find a glimpse of us.