



**“Facing”  
Frej Barty  
Mendocino High School  
Mendocino County**

I suppose every face tells a story  
That dent in my mother’s might be where I bit her,  
Feverish, young; I don’t remember doing it, just regretting it.  
Or suspiciously similar to the place I just picked off  
In some hotel room, at one, too tired to resist.

I guess they are about as forgiving as life is with mistakes.  
That acne might blow over, even though I didn't wash yesterday  
Anything I do might not matter, anyway:  
Faces and people die together.  
But somehow, for this moment, how it feels and looks matters practically.

Also, there’s race, of course  
Isn’t it a funny word, like we are running down a track, sweating  
And somehow the color of what’s sweating  
Matters to how hugs are doled out at the end of the mile  
Or doesn’t, because you can’t see it; you’ve money for facials

So, there’s money, whether you can,  
Or are interested in showing you can,  
Spend thirty minutes a night rubbing creams,  
But never be able to change the fundamental shape;  
The kind smile you haven’t got, so it doesn't matter anyway.

Yes, that smile’s the real story, or  
Whether you’re weathered from the outdoors  
Or dedicate so much to One Love you don’t shower  
But still pinch the cheeks and show the oil run out  
Just to demonstrate you once might’ve cared, and knew something of life.