

I chose a place
I thought you'd like.
I looked it up all day at work:
menus, reviews, neighborhoods,
friend recommendations. I chose it
because I thought you'd like it
after *making sure* I thought so.
I chose it, and I really think
I have a pretty good gauge of what you like.

I chose it because
I thought you would like it
and we walked in and sat down
and ordered some tacos
or some shit I know you like,
and we had some drinks, and we laughed
like always, and you looked at me with those
eyes, those fucking eyes,
and for a second I melted
before hardening again.

I chose a place
I thought you'd like
and right before we ordered
more drinks you grabbed my hand
and said, "I really like this place,
I'm really happy to be here with you,"
and I was happy
because I chose a place you liked
and because I trust you
and because every word out of your mouth I care about.

And then you left,
and I'm not sure if you ever really liked it at all.