

All these things we've done

by Musicmaker43

Just a short poem I wrote about knowing someone.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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All the things we've gone through, the places where we've been. Nobody really knows anybody just by looking at them. Many people may think they know a lot about a person just by the first glance. That first impression can really be misleading.

It takes time to know a person inside and out. It's those little things that only someone close to them would recognize. Spending time with a person lets you know who they are. What they like. What they don't like. What's their favorite color? What they like to talk about. How they react. And what about the way they treat other people? That's important.

And when you think you may know someone through and through, what happens when you find out you don't? And so when they say, "trust me," you won't. The time you spent that seemed true, you begin to realize the only truth that was there was you.

That is when it hurts inside. That is when the tears come and it is what causes you to stay awake at night. That is when you try to decide what and who to believe. Then looking back on such a long time you ask yourself, did you ever know the difference between what is wrong and what is right?