She is like reticence... incomplete,
Enigmatic, implied.
She is like an exclamation point,
Occasionally necessary, emphatically striking,
Hyperbolically exciting and
Ironically humorous.
As a question mark, she is a frowning face,
Curious, rhetorical, thought-provoking,
Goaded, humbly sarcastic and unbelievably shameless.
As a final point,
She is enough.
She is like two dots: future.
Unknown.
She is a comma when she wants to be methodical;
She is a semicolon when she wants to be indomitable.
As a parenthesis, she has two equals
But inverted faces.
As square brackets, she is closed,
Locked,
Passworldess.
She is like braces, with flourishes
On the borders of expression.
As an apostrophe, she is rare, imported, unnoticed.
She is like a bar: when alone, she is alternative,
She separates verses,
She becomes multicolored;
When accompanied, she puts an end to the music,
She keeps the notes company
To the letter.
She is like quotes,
Polyphonically composed.
She is filled.
As a dash, she is direct, open,
Bluntly.
She is punctuation from head to toe.
Breathing,
Intonation,
Silence,
Time,
Sense,
Interior,
Exterior,
Beginning,
“End”.