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A Letter for an Anonymous Love

Lior Levy
NSU University School

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A Letter for an Anonymous Love

Lior Levy

and those deep brown eyes stare back into yours and you wish you knew what they thought and her curls of hair wrap around her beautiful face and those lips glow red and those lips you still want to kiss so bad it hurts and you hope to God that they want you as you tell her your secret as you tell her how you feel and what do you have to lose and that smile crosses her face and for an instant you think oh my god she doesn't feel the same way and i've just made a fantastic ass out of myself and as she smiles she looks down and the strings make you cry inside as that same old song starts playing in your mind and a raspy voice tells a sad story that makes you think of her and you and that night seems to last forever and you want to hold her and touch her back and soothe her and let her know and you don't know if you can and you don't know if you know and you don't know if she wants to know and that song keeps playing and my god what if she doesn't feel the same what then what if she doesn't want to kiss me like i've wanted to kiss her ever since we first met and then you open your mouth as if to speak but no sound escapes just a silence between you as that song keeps playing and keeps making you cry as you want her to say... "I feel the same way."

and the lit cigarette doesn't give you enough light and the smoke escaping your lips drifts into the dark blue sky and it doesn't give you enough to think and she slowly brushes those curls away from her eye and her eyes sparkle in the pale moonlight and the stars finally reach you but the cigarette doesn't give you enough to think and the smoke burns your eyes and that song that keeps playing keeps getting louder and her lips have only opened enough to show her smile and god you want to kiss her now more than ever and the shadows of that night give you no comfort because you know what's happening and your muscles ache and her heart races as you think to yourself goddamnit just take her by the hand just take her in your arms and kiss her while those strings keep playing it will be magical it will be beautiful just like

the movies and she'll fall in love with you and you take another drag on your cigarette knowing that you're lying to yourself it will never work and you watch the cigarette burn and you watch the smoke float away from you like a feather on a gentle breeze still waiting for her to say... "I feel the same way."