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A Love Story in 100 Words

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Author Note
“I love stories in any form. I write because it’s the easiest way for me to tell a story. In a realistic perfect world I would have a career writing for a Christian magazine and publishing the series of novels I’ve been writing since I was fourteen, but I would also proofread medicine labels for a decent amount of money. I firmly believe that a little controversy is good for the soul.”

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She came late and left early. He was always there, which was what she loved most. She didn’t talk to him, because talking cheapened love.

But such things. Oh, such things he said with his eyes! Their glances were infused with meaning. She didn’t know what they meant. It didn’t matter. His eyes did mean something.

She was cynical; it was impossible for one person to understand another. She didn’t want to be understood.

No.

She wanted to be seen—to know that he noticed she was there, and would have noticed if she was gone.

Which, eventually, she was.

Hollow

Kyle Boltson

Caving in from the outside,
I can feel her swallow.
Her soul is empty,
It leaves me feeling hollow.
Her eyes are the darkest I ever seen,
My conscience is weak, and too numb to scream.
Nothing is there.