

Hurting

because maybe I shouldn't have seen you
that day at the auditions,
legs criss-crossed in crushed velvet
and ocean blue jeans.
Your blonde hair reflecting
off our unblemished scripts.
I try to look anywhere else,
to be anyone else,
but I was unequivocally drawn to your eyes.
I compared you to a famous actress,
You just laughed. "I get that all the time."

We were always better acquainted as stage characters,
rather than ourselves.
I was too shy. Words to converse did not exist
when we stepped off the stage.
What would've happened
if you had never reached out
to me that night to ask if I was well?
I wasn't. But whenever we spoke,
that empty void plaguing my life
vanished.
Everything gnawing
in my mind would go away.
All that mattered was
you.

Hurting because maybe
I shouldn't have
spent the months that followed
letting myself get caught
up in the way I felt about you.

Hurting because maybe I should've
let it go the second I
knew I never had a chance.
There was nothing, not
a single thing I could do

to make you feel the way I did.
Not an ounce of you ever considered it.
I wasn't close
to being what you wanted,
just a buddy, someone to nerd with,
doomed forever to be trapped
in the cell of platonics.

Hurting because maybe I shouldn't have
created an idealism in my head,
a selfish, gelastic fantasy
that convinced me of a scenario,
a future, that was never
meant to be. That one day you would hand
me the keys to the cell and thrust me
into your arms, our hearts bleeding
into each other like I had always dreamed.

Hurting because I should've
listened when I was told
I needed to give it up.
My little crush had sickened
into obsession.
A sickness that would consume
if I didn't cut off what was tearing
me apart.

Hurting because I should've let go,
should have never leaped off that cliff,
should've never tried to convince myself
I loved you when I never actually did.
Maybe then I wouldn't be
hurting the way I am right now.

Because maybe that night
when you introduced me to him,
I could've just smiled and shook
his hand, instead of wishing
it was me around your waist.