

Peaking, I rest on a rock, have I seen her before?

I wasn't meant to write about boys and girls.
Abstracting distraction.

Swayed by the sway of their hips. Her lips.

Straight into my heart, I tripped over the arrow and
landed face down.

Into her was the least of my worries, obsession made
me profess my love.

She has a partner. That's what they told me but not
what I told myself.

She moved away. Maybe she'll move back.

She doesn't reach out. Because we're both so busy.

I wasn't meant to write about us. A distracting
attraction.

Baby Blaze