

To All The Boys I Was Too Scared To Love

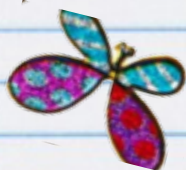


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To Finn, the first boy to make me lose my breath,
How I looked up and up and up to you,
And how every other kid in our kindergarten class did too,
How were you that tall at five?



To Nicolas, or Nic, the first boy I studied for,
Learned the names of soccer, sorry football players for,
And learned how to play with the guys,
Thanks for laughing with me, not at me, as I learned.



To Quian, the boy that could always make me laugh,
Who let me sit next to him in every class,
Who wasn't upset that I was smarter than him,
Why did you have to move?

To Ian, the first boy that made it clear he didn't love me back,
When you read that poem to me I wanted to kill the girl you wrote it for,
Even though it wasn't that good of a poem,
Even though the girl was my best friend.



And to Andre, the first boy I loved that tried to love me back,
You looked at me like I was something special,
Like I knew something you didn't,
Only I had no idea what that thing was,
You let me talk about myself, my dreams, my pains, and you listened,
Thanks for buying roller skates just so I had someone to skate in the rain with,
I'm sorry I wasn't in a place to love you.



And to me the girl I fell out of love with,
I'm glad I finally found my way back,



Thanks for waiting for me.