

First Friend

by Nicholas B. Ottahal

I first stole glances at you in an algebra course
I sprang up to you and your friends and talked to you all
I messaged you and chatted about stuff from our lives
I dreamt about taking you to the beach while holding hands

I always yearned to know more of your ways
How you chose courses, how you studied and made friends
I vented to you many times beyond what a friend should do
But you still listened and locked my secrets away deep in your chest

I feel a part of my identity lives inside you
You could hear my soul like no-one else could
I relish hearing your voice and seeing your words
Because they were always, magically, ever so sweet

But eventually my venting drove you to block me
It was all my fault that we couldn't be something more