

You're so pretty.
I cannot stop staring at you.
And it pains me to realize this, because if other people notice me looking, it's going to look the wrong way.
Especially if you notice.
I'm not supposed to like you.
That's so weird, right?
I feel like a fish out of water everytime I'm reminded.
I notice everything about you, and it's funny cause you didn't even know my middle name until today.
I notice how you always cross your left leg over your right knee, and not the other way around, because it feels weird when you put your hands in your lap after balling them into fists.
You're so effortless. Like a magazine cover.
I can't stop looking at you.
I need to know more.
So I picked you up from off the rack, where you were with the other magazines, and I flipped through your pages.
Your pages were so interesting, that I stood there in the grocery store for at least an hour just studying every detail, every character, every picture there was to offer.
I found you so fascinating,
that I just had to take you home with me and the rest of my groceries.
I couldn't let you slip away.
Even to this day I still find new details about you.
Like how you have a poodle, who I don't quite remember the name of,
but that's okay.
All the other magazines around you were almost carbon copies.
All covering the same, dull stories, just with different colors.
You stood out.
Instead of talking about the Kardashians or the Royal Family, you were interested in the soap operas that play on ABC.
You're so cool.
I can't put into words how you inspire me.
Sometimes when we are in class, I watch how you talk.
You stutter when you're making a good point and you have too much to say.
But you're really smart.
And your eyes are so pretty, just like you.
I look into your eyes a lot, and so deeply.
I feel like a fish out of water then too.
So suffocating being near you.
I can tell just by looking into your eyes you don't feel the same for me in comparison to how I feel about you,
and I'm okay with that.
Having you in my life, putting you in my shopping cart, was all I needed from the beginning.

I love how you empower me to do more with my life, and how you subconsciously push me to put in the effort.

How you push me to carry that last bag of groceries up the two flights of stairs.

You give me something to look forward to when all the groceries are put away.

I don't feel like I need you,

cause I really don't.

Just like a magazine.

I didn't need to buy you and take you home with me.

And I didn't need to pick you up off the rack in the first place.

But I wanted to.

You looked like the type of magazine that I could get lost into for hours,

when there's only like 6 articles to actually read through.

What I absolutely dread is when I rip one of your pages, or when you give me a papercut.

You seem to do that a lot, without even realizing it.

But I absolutely love reading you,

which makes me wonder if I could even love you as a whole,

instead of a past-time.

I know if I ever told you,

it would ruin my chances of ever uttering a word to you again.

Because it's so weird to like your friend.

At least to you,

and if I have any chances or hopes of still being in your life, I have to achingly accept that.

Throughout my 15 years of being on this earth, I have learned two of the most important things to prevent a person from going absolutely insane from their own thoughts.

1, what is meant to be will be,

2, don't focus your energy on the past or future, just the present.

Living in the present is the most invigorating thing you can do in your life.

And when I stare at you,

and the world behind me goes silent,

That's exactly how it feels.

But I wrote this poem for a reason.

You could call it an ode even, for how desperately I express my love for an entity that could never accept me in that viewpoint.

Thus, leaving my ode to you as nothing but a wish.

Power can only go so far, especially for someone so feeble.

I wish you happiness, I wish you success, I wish that you earn everything you deserve.

Now that I think about it, I'm not on that list,

but that's okay.

I don't want this to end, so I will do what I can with my limited amounts of power to prevent myself from getting into a situation that permits that outcome.

Having someone like you in my life has taught me more things than my parents can own up to. I

don't need you,

as I said before,

nor do I depend on you,
but I feel this *pull*, this inevitable magnetizing force enabling me to constantly think about you
and wonder what it would be like to be with you.
The same pull that made me want to pick you up off that rack.
I had a dream about you and I just the other day.
Made me feel as if I took ecstasy.
I almost believed it was my reality.
The happiness consumed me more than my hunger for your attention,
and at this point in my knowing you, all I can wish is that someone can make you feel that way
too,
even if it'll never be me.
All I can really thank you for in the end, was helping me realize that living my life was as simple
as accepting reality, even if my reality is staring at you when I get the chance,
when nobody else is looking.