

CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT by Isabel Scheck

EXCERPT

Poem no. 7: Scary, Isn't It?

I often think about how scary it is;
one minute you're fine and the next
you're yearning for a girl you've only just met. And the mere thought of her is enough to give you
violent butterflies.

The more you get to know her
the more she becomes everything you think about.
The more you know her the funnier and prettier she becomes until the butterflies aren't
only reserved for when she's near;
they're there forevermore.

I often think about how scary it is;
How is it that a singular person has that much of an effect on you?
It's scary because you know that you're giving her the power to break your heart if she so chooses.