

Hope

By Ellen Kerr

Space. Taken up with friends, taken up with girls. Girls much prettier than me. Girls that get to see you, every day. Girls that get to talk to you, every day. And girls that just generally get to be around you, every, single, day.

I don't know why I'm writing this, but I know that I just needed to get my feelings out. And one way of doing that is to write it down.

Sadness. I feel it a lot. For many different reasons.

Happiness. I feel it a lot. For many different reasons.

Fear. I feel it a lot. For many different reasons.

Hope.

Hope is different.

I hope. A lot. I hope for a lot of different things. But they're impossible. What I hope for is impossible.

I know that you, are impossible. I know that I, am impossible. But even more I see that we, are impossible.

You're surrounded by beautiful girls. So I don't know why I keep hoping you'll notice me.

I know I'm not perfect. I'm not smart or pretty. But I have a heart, and feelings. I see you there, with the girls. My sadness comes in and my happiness fades. My fear gets worse and my hope...

My hopes gone away.

Feelings overcome me and I sink to the ground in defeat. Knowing that I definitely cannot beat. The beauty of those girls, the intelligence and light. I feel like I've lost. Like I can't stand or fight.

The feelings wash over me like a tsunami crashing down on a city and this rush of feelings stay.

All until I see you again.

When you're not surrounded by girls. When you're laughing with a friend. When your smile is as bright as the sun. And your eyes as deep as rain.

That's when my hope, comes back again.