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One glance

One glance and I think we both felt something.

One conversation and you got me hooked.

One compliment and my heart skipped a beat.

You looked at me and told me how beautiful I was on that evening.

You gave me a glance and told me I looked good,

even though I had my worn-out black jeans on.

You took my hand and complimented my beautiful hands.

You looked me deep in the eyes and told me how beautiful they were.

My interest for you grew and I wanted to be everywhere you were

- and I was, only to realize that my truth and beliefs were not the same as yours.

Even though I know there is nothing to be waiting for, I still wait for that text from you. I still count the days until the next time we meet.

There is probably nothing going on here, it's just my mind playing games, because I'm stressed out to find that long-lost love. Looking in every corner and collecting old crumbs of love.

But I still can't help to wonder if you say all those things to your other friends

- with the same depth and feeling.

I still can't help to believe that you might think I'm somewhat special to you.

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