

Sweet Girl

I met her yesterday, for the first time.
Her aura encapsulated me like a cocoon,
she was exquisite.

Sat across from each other, in an enclosed space,
we spoke for what seemed the rest of our days,
gazing into each other's eyes amid bashful stares.

Her beauty should have left me feeling inferior.
Instead, she made me feel nothing but worth.

I'm falling now.
I'm falling hard.

She spoke softly, though with confidence,
But I couldn't quite make out her accent.
Australian? South African?
Her diction was too subtle.

Such a beautiful woman I see here before me,
I wonder what she thinks of me.
Can she see that she has made me blush?
Can she tell that I am unintentionally flirting?

I didn't mean to, it just came out, so to speak,
I daren't turn around and look at my girlfriend.

Oh fuck, what is this?
My mind is playing tricks again.
Stop tormenting me.
Let me be.

Ring, ring.

My phone.
My heart is pounding at the sight of the voicemail message.

"Hi. I thought you might be missing me because it's been, like, an hour?"
she laughed.

Wait. What? What did she say?
Correct me if I'm wrong but she sounded mischievous.

The courage it took to call her back,
feeling I am torn between lust and love.

She sounded surprised and excited to speak to me,
the adrenaline surge shying away my naturally confident nature,
how ironic.

I didn't have to explain who I was, though,
The mere mention of my name was enough of a clue.

It was good to hear from you, sweet girl,
I hope I get to see you again soon.

Goodbye then.
Goodbye.

My heart is officially broken.
How about you?