To the Girls I Liked in Middle School/To the God I Claim to Love

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EVAN ELLIS

You’re so much prettier,
Your smile brighter,
When I’m stressed
When you’re around
Because that might
Is easily put aside
Feels meaningless.

You look so distant
Your eyes darker
About your presence.
I don’t think
I don’t speak to you
If I can help it
So as to avoid
Confronting my wrongs
For fear of failure
In your presence
Eternity

Is terrifyingly close.