

The Truth Behind A Text

I promised myself I wouldn't text him first.  
I promised I'd wait for his name to pop up on my screen,  
But what's the harm in texting him?  
What's the harm in coolly asking how he's been?  
I've texted first our whole time talking  
and I always reply timely  
I wait and wait and wait and wait  
I wait some more till finally!  
"Hey(:" I said with just enough interest  
"Hey" he replies without a smiley  
"What's up?" I respond with a saddened grin  
He better not reply so dryly.

The conversation flounders on  
In an awkward, cringey way  
It tapers off to one word answers  
And in my bed I'm left to lay  
I check my phone 500 times  
And the last time breaks my heart  
"Read" it says "at 9:52"  
This is tearing me apart!

I must've been the way I looked  
Today, all day, at school  
With my hair that way and clothes that color,  
Ugh I looked like such a fool  
Or maybe it was something I said last time  
In another clumsy convo  
But I text my texts quite carefully,  
Trust me, I would know so.  
I'm sure he thinks I'm such a twit  
I'm annoying and so eww  
No wonder he leaves me stuck on "read"  
There's nothing I can do.

I need a distraction from that evil boy  
I need to get away  
I'll escape to an island off the coast of Greece  
Alone and calm I'll stay...

Oh woe is me!  
My life has gone completely down the drain!  
My heart can never be repaired  
I'll forever be in pain.

My life is over, it's gone to shambles  
So young, and yet so wise  
Such a tragedy, the death of my soul  
And all because of what we call "guys"  
I'd rather call them meaner names  
But I promised not to curse  
I'll swear off boys for once and all  
They only make things worse!  
I'll become a Nun with nifty sisters  
And never give my love  
To an undeserving boarish man  
Or to whomever I can think of  
Never again shall my heart feel pain  
Once more I will not weep  
For an immature, vulgar, disgusting-  
Oh look! My phone just beeped!

It's him! It's him! It's really him!  
My heart is soaring high  
My head is spinning so dang fast  
I'm afraid I'll take off and fly  
I knew he'd come on crawling back  
I knew he'd return my text  
I knew he wasn't blowing me off  
I knew what would happen next  
I unlock my classy iPhone7  
And open the cause of the bleep  
I read his beautiful love note, it reads,  
"Sorry, I fell asleep."