

Growing Up

by Huzefa Mandviwala

For days it was planned,
Place, time, down to the last minute
That morning, I wore a collared shirt.
Anything to increase my chances,
The day tediously ticked by,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Finally,
The bell rang,
Releasing butterflies in my stomach,
I walked up to her,
Her innocent teal eyes,
Unsuspecting of the great weight,
I'd soon give to her,
I said it,
My voice cracking,
And she looked up at me,
And brought it all
Crashing down,
With one word,
"No."