

## Unrequited

By Adriana Crabtree

She sits in the stands as the grey metal of the bleachers cool her legs on this hot evening. Wind blowing in her caramel-blonde hair. The grass on the field lightly swaying in the gentle breeze. She tells her friends she comes for the game, but who plays is what catches her eyes tonight. She studies him for a while. Immersing herself in the quiet of her mind. Her friend is trying to ask her something, but she won't hear. She is too caught up in him to listen. She watches as he kicks the ball around. He whizzes past the other player with ease. She watches the as he lifts his shirt up, ever so slightly, and wipes the beads of sweat off his face. She studies the lines of his toned body contrasting against his tan skin. The way his hair lays recklessly against his face, getting in his magnetic hazel eyes. He smiles at his friend, flashing those perfect teeth. She forgets how to breathe. She hates how this is the only time she can study him. How she grows restless every day not being his. Her thoughts are comprised of him. His face, his eyes, his hair. So she sits there and studies him. She cares about him so much it hurts. Oh, the agony it brings her to think that he hasn't given her but a thought. Unrequited love is an ache, a stab in the heart, a pain that consumes her entire body, and it kills her a little each day. But can it really be unrequited if she doesn't know how he feels? If he thinks of her? She lays in bed every night pushing away these questions from her mind. She blocks any slimmer of hope that he feels the same way. She is afraid that his image in her head will be vastly different from who he really is, and as much as she wants him to be hers, she won't advance. So here she is. In the bleachers on a hot night. Watching him from a distance. *Loving* him from a distance. Blocking out the world. Taking him all in so she can replay the memories in her head later. She breaks apart every night

dreaming of him. His eyes, his hair, his face, his *body*. Shut it out, but he's in her mind every second of every moment of every day. *I have gotten over him*

*Get over him.*

She is so good a falling for the ones that don't care.

So, *so* good.

So good it hurts.

And she is dying a little each day.