

Aja Mack

Age: 16, Grade: 11

School Name: Homewood High School, Homewood, AL

Educator: Amy Marchino

Category: Poetry

And Now

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And now, I'm *still* wishing on *dead stars*.
I'm *falling* off the cliff of our love and I am doing *it all alone*.
I'm writing things I'd *never* be able to say to your face
And I'm letting go in all the *wrong* fucking ways.
Being in love with you is my favorite *game*.
A dance between 2 ghosts.
A waltz danced through centuries, lifetimes, worlds, and realities.
I wonder why you don't feel the same way.
I'm dancing alone in this love,
All by my lonesome,
But *I* am having *fun*.
And now I *bask* alone in this love,
Soaking it up like sun,
Allowing it to give me power as I realize that *I can't* move on.
Not until you *let* me.
Not until you *want* me to.
And now, I'm *still* wishing on *dead stars*.
I'm *falling* off the cliff of our love and I am doing *it all alone*.
I'm writing things I'd *never* be able to say to your face
And I'm letting go in all the *wrong* fucking ways.
Being in love with you is my favorite *game*.