

Malentine's

Dancing is not my strong suit. Nor is romance, speaking to others, and basic social skills. That's why I shouldn't be at this dance. Especially based off the fact that I am lonely. Don't get me wrong. I think it's a bit more fun to be alone at a dance, because you can go where you want, but it's valentines so, it's not exactly the point. All the relationships in the room make me want to cry. Everyone but me. In a relationship, happy, and having fun. Wish someone would just do it already. Tell me "Happy Valentine's Day. You're gonna be lonely forever." 'Cause that's how it feels.

I recommend not catching feelings. Not for me, not for you, and sure as hell not for anyone else. I know it's not something you can control, but it can be repressed. Repressing feelings isn't really my thing, nor am I good at it. My emotions are like a telenovela. They are dramatic and showy, and no one asked for them. They are probably the reason why I'm so sad all the time. Back to the issue of catching feelings. I did that. Unfortunately, the results were not in my favor. I was rejected after telling him I liked him. Although he may not like me that why, I won't stop liking him. Now, he was at this dance. On his phone the whole time, but that's okay. I hate myself for falling for straight boys. Like "Cupid, hit me with your arrow, but not anyone else,". I mean sure. Cupid definitely hit two people who fell for each other. And I'm happy for them. It's just disappointing when you can't have who you want. Okay, back to the dance.

Alone in the middle of the crowd I stand, tearing up because it's a slow dance and I have no one to dance with. I want to run, but that's embarrassing, and draws too much attention. I can't cry, because I'm an ugly cryer, who happens to be loud. Push it down, push it down my brain chants. I try to blink away the tears, only resulting in more. I look around the crowd for a friend. No one I know is in sight. The only two people I know, are dancing, and trying to hide it. I walk

around until I'm almost at the front corner. I see him, my crush on his phone. But that is fine, it's fine. And he is perfect, because he is supposed to be. After a glance, I walk away, remembering he doesn't like me back, and he's straight. Well, I can dream, can't I?

I get swallowed by the crowd again. I see a group of people huddled around other people. I shove my way through the crowd, and see another couple, dancing. I'm gonna cry.

The slow dance continues, and I could use a breath of fresh air. I step out of the small, compact cafeteria space. The song is almost over, but I'm still felling bad. Then I see someone run past me. Just as another someone passes me, I feel a cold, wet slap on my back. It's hand sanitizer on the back of my nicest shirt. I let a few tears leak from my eyes. Outside is cold, windy, and has too many people paying attention to one another. I sulk back inside, where the eyes aren't as watchful. A new song comes on. A happy one. I let my feelings get drowned out by the music. I want to tell myself it will be okay, but I don't like lying.

Closing my eyes is helpful. You can't cry about something you can't see. But in that case, I shouldn't be crying at all. But still, closing my eyes makes it easier. The music is loud, but so are my feelings. In fact, my feelings may be louder. Louder than a megaphone. Louder than a jet. I wish I had internal earplugs, but I don't. I don't. I don't.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match. Make me a match so I can burn myself alive. I was hopeful at the beginning of the dance, but at this point, I feel as though I should exterminate all further hope. Hope is nothing but a lying mantra you tell yourself, to keep from knowing the facts. As much as I want it, this story has no happy end. Happy Malentine's Day.