

I wrote my first love letter to a boy
when I was 10.



He crushed it and threw it back at me.



"What an asshole."



I wished that was the first thing that
came to my mind, but... nope.



"What did I do wrong?" was my first response.



It all happened during a school assembly. We, us kids, standing in lines, facing the portraits of our president and his wife.



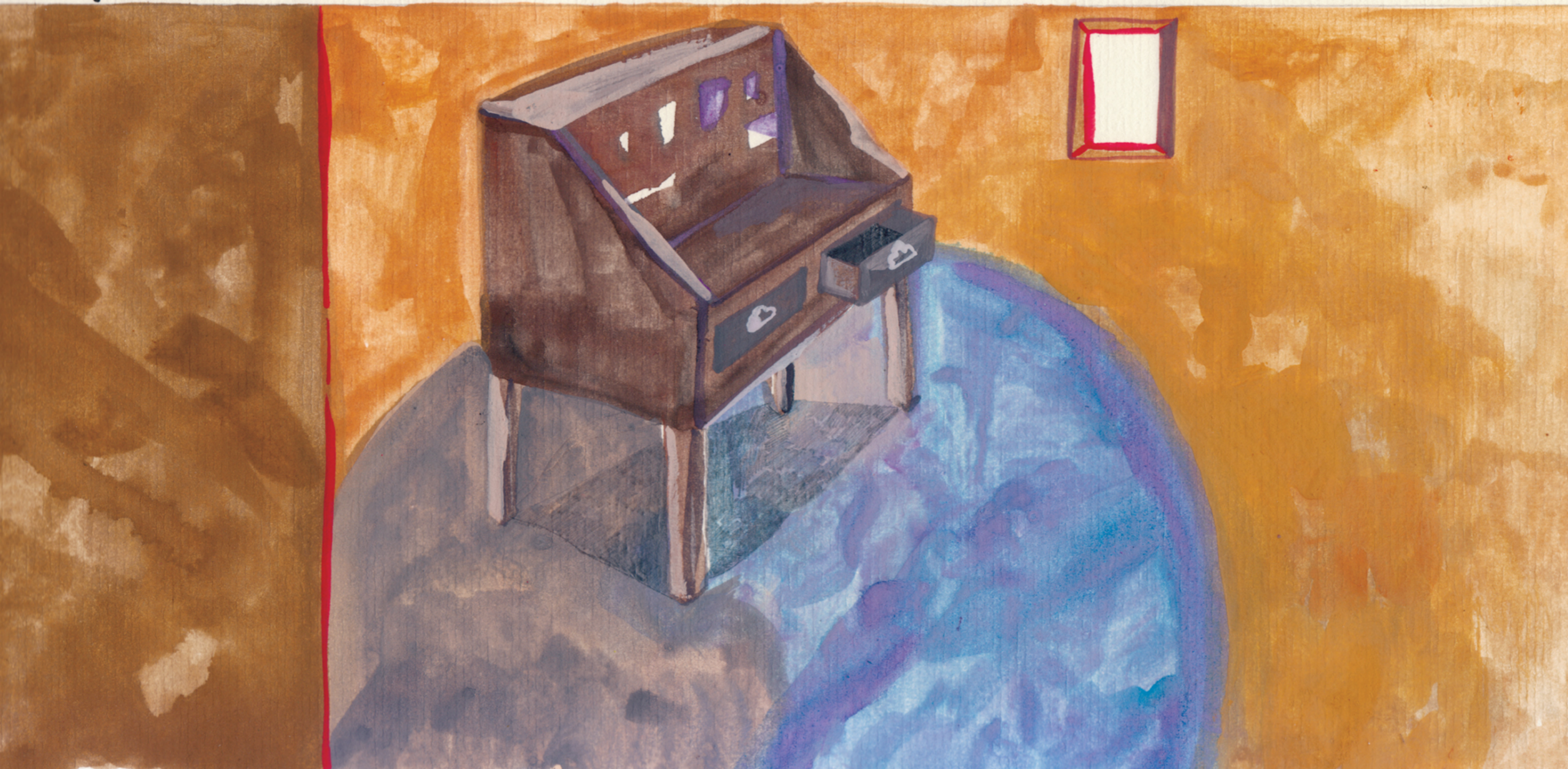
Pledging our allegiance to the country,
with the right hand placed on our heart.



Only this time, I held my rejection over
my heart.



I held back my tears, 'cause feeling sad
over some silly crushed infatuation
felt equivalent to being a weak wuss.



No one teaches you how to cope,
if you don't speak up.

