

Lesson Learned

Looking back, it wasn't love

Looking back, I made many mistakes

But looking back, I also had more regrets

My friends said he was horrible

More said even worse

Even I knew he wasn't a saint

But to me, he was sweet

To me, he was kind, thoughtful, funny

He was my best friend

But circumstance wouldn't have it

Circumstance deemed our worlds too different

And I have only myself to blame

He was a beautiful, Confederate-minded,

Glasses clad, brown-eyed boy

With dreams of becoming a Navy Seal

I was an outgoing, dark-skinned

Liberal-minded Christian

With expectations piled on by others

He was not one of them

And maybe I was in love with the idea

The rebelliousness that ensued

But even as being classmates turned into long texts

As late night conversations became more

As we became even more

I couldn't bring myself to resist

I couldn't bring myself to, for once in my life

Take a risk, a chance, that step

And I put it off

I put HIM off

And I should've expected how things turned out

And so my first true love turned into less and less

Late night conversations turned into meaningless ones

And my best friend became a mere acquaintance

I thought it was love and it broke my heart

When my best friend, Delight

Enlightened me to the idea of infatuation

Infatuation, love, and lust are actually three very different things

And my young, inexperienced, and fragile heart

Couldn't tell the difference when it came to him

Where I thought infatuation was love

He had feelings of lust and

Told me it was love

He was a sweet-talking, cold-hearted,

Confederate-minded cad

With thoughts of taking advantage of me

I was a naive, sincere, Liberal-minded innocent

With a head full of my heart and

Eyes blinded by lies

Looking back, things could've been different

Looking back, I would've tried harder

Looking back, I would've opened my eyes

Looking back, he wouldn't be a regret

He would've been something that either never happen at all

Or what he is now: a lesson learned