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Gone

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Gone

Those dark eyes like a bottomless pit,
Like the well in the backyard with its tiny
Bucket, the iris. Eyes so full of unknown
Thoughts, that like to make me wonder
If they are thinking of me, because their image
Haunts my mind, leaving me breathless
And scared, making sure I cannot escape the wonderment
(and fright)
That those eyes possess, like the time the boy sat
Next to me in junior high social studies
Went into the ocean too far
And was caught in the deadly
Undertow,
Swirling and gasping
In a state of confusion, not knowing whether he would
Live or die
Being pulled in deeper by the cobalt waves
That looked so exotic and inviting that he could not
Resist, like me, was intrigued so much that he
Dove in and was helpless,
Not knowing
What he got himself into and could finally do
Nothing but give up and let it absorb him
So fully
That there was nothing left—of him, of us,
Of me.

—*Latisha Newton*