

## Ariel

I've watched her pass me by randomly. For some reason, I feel a connection; a sort of bond between us. I know nothing about her. Nothing, but her name. Ariel. It just rolls off the tongue like ice cream. Even though, at times, I'd like to wave or say, "hello," it never comes out. What was it about her that always made me speechless? I don't know. Maybe it's the way she walks, or how her hair just flows with the wind, flawlessly. It could be the way she dresses, but lots of girls dress that way. Maybe it's just her; her intriguing figure, her indescribable scent, her ever-glowing aura. I always laugh to myself when I say, "her indescribable scent," because I've never been close enough to smell her. She has this magnetic pull on me. I try to control myself but this crush is too in depth. Sometimes, I wonder if she even thinks about me.

I spend my nights dreaming of her, and my days thinking about her. She makes me want to write songs about her. I sing constantly about this, Ariel. A simple glance from her can make me melt like a Popsicle on a hot summer's day. There's this magical feeling inside of my stomach that makes me want to jump and run after her. It just won't go away. If only I could muster up my nerves to chase her down and tell her how I feel; how beautiful I know she is, how I wish I could get to know her better, or how she makes me feel all fuzzy inside. I keep asking myself, "How can this happen. How can you feel so attached to someone when you know nothing about them?" I can never find an answer to this question.

Maybe, the answer lies within the future. I doubt that it's love but at the most, it's pure infatuation. Some may say that I'm a shallow person for loving the outer image of someone, but that is the only image that I've become knowledgeable of. Surely, I can attempt to make something of this, but the real question to all of this is; will I be able to?

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