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Heat & Cold

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HEAT & COLD

I don’t know why
and I won’t ever know when,
but when I’m near someone
who I think I may like,
and she talks to me,
I get a tingly feeling
From the ends of my toenails
to the tips of my hair,
and my pulse beats through my veins,
pounding like ancient Indian drum signals,
My palms then start to sweat
and my knees ache and try to
turn me and force me
to run away before it’s too late,
but no,
My stomach rumbles,
making me stand still until the
dull pain subsides.
And even after she has left me
to go off to her next class
these feelings still reside in my body.
The feelings merge to one of immense cold
and one of unbearable heat.
And both heat and cold do battle constantly
And not even ten minutes later
when the feelings have eased themselves out,
do I know which sensation won out
over the other.

Scott Reschke