

In the hallowed halls of English class, he sits,
A smile that warms your heart, your heart flits.
A maybe crush, a flutter in your chest,
His presence leaves you feeling truly blessed.

His words, like poetry, weave through the air,
You listen closely, caught in his snare.
The way he speaks, so clever and wise,
A fascination, a spellbinding surprise.

One night, a dream, it takes its flight,
In the soft glow of the moon's pale light.
He turns to you with a question so bold,
"Will you be mine?" the dream unfolds.

Your heart skips a beat, your cheeks turn red,
The dreamlike moment, forever etched.
You whispered "yes" with a joyful sigh,
In that dream, love reached for the sky.

Now back to the waking world, you tread,
With memories of the dream inside your head.
Perhaps, it's just a dream's sweet grace,
Or maybe, in time, you'll find your place.

In English class, where words take flight,
Where poems and stories invite the night,
Remember that dreams can sometimes be,
A glimpse of what's destined, a love decree.

So keep your heart open, let it soar,
In the classroom of love, forevermore.
For who knows what the future may hold,
In the stories of life, as they unfold.

-Nikoletta