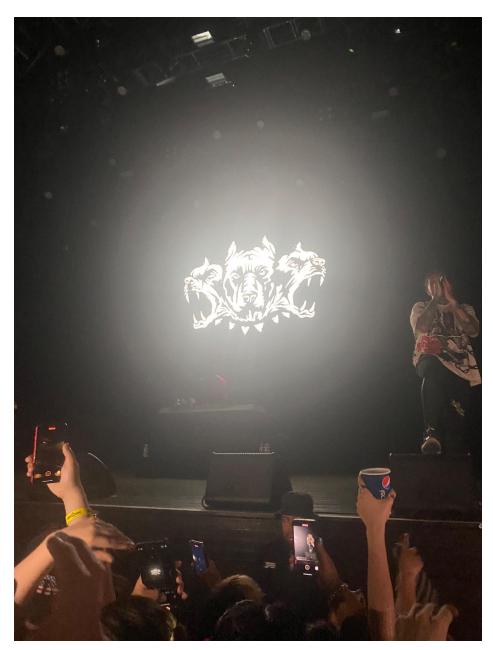
Dear Pretty Girl

Gavin Covell

I saw you at the concert, you and your friend, Black top with the strobe light, something about it did you so right. Black hair blended into the dimmed lights a rockstar vibe, like we could go out all night. You called me cute, my heart stuttered you dissipated into the crowd, like a ghost. I chased your essence through the sea of bodies, And as I got close to you, the beat dropped bodies were being pushed, people jumped, yelled. (It felt like fate, this gorgeous girl gone) I scanned the crowd the show over, no one waited on me. I stayed, faking a call like I had someplace to be waited for you to come through the door, except you didn't.



Photograph by Cimbstudios.com