

Obsessed

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I get a little bit obsessed with you sometimes. The way you smile, the way you laugh. I'm obsessed with the way your eyes light up when you talk about something you love, and how serious you get when you defend it.

I'm obsessed with the tiny moments. The feeling of your fingertips brushing over my knuckles and your foot pushing against mine under the table. The tiny doodle you left on my pinboard, and the photo you sneaked on my wall. The tiny traces of you that linger in my universe. Definitely-not-friendship bracelets and flowers on my skin, drawn in permanent marker.

I'm obsessed with the memories you leave, like the initials on my guitar, or the board game I can't look at without smiling. I'm obsessed with the songs. Ones you've shown me, ones we've made together.

I'm obsessed with the enamel pins, homemade cookies, and whispers of invisible string. The feeling of writing an idea at 2 am because you gave it to me over Shakespeare quotes and juice boxes. Writing under the light of fairy lights and candles because you love the atmosphere like that.

I get obsessed with the names you give my stuffed animals, the cardigan you left in my room, the text messages you send me, just because you can. I get obsessed with the way you look at me when I give you necklaces I've made, or sing you songs I wrote; like I'm made of the most adorable things.

I'm obsessed with how you understand me. The way you let me squeeze your hand when I'm having a panic attack, and the way you'll sing with me once it passes. How you'll bring me simple repetitive tasks to occupy my hands and tell me reassurances when my dysphoria gets bad. Statements my self-esteem doubts, but you make me want to believe.

I get obsessed with the way you'll show up to my house and take me to parks and fields and rivers just because you're bored. The picnics at sunset and conversations under the stars. The love I see when I look at you, and the love I feel when I'm with you.

I get obsessed with the feeling of soft kisses, holding hands, gentle, innocent touches. How you rest your head on my shoulder or our legs overlap when we're sitting together, because sitting farther apart seems ridiculous.



I get obsessed with the time, care and emotion we put in. The soft touches and subtle moments. The way you wrapped a flag around me and told me you loved me. How stupidly easy it was to say it back.

I get obsessed with your movements, your voice, our conversations, your eyes. Your smile, your laugh, and the way you say my name. I struggle with talking; I get flustered and anxious. But around you, I feel so calm. You never look at me weird when I say something odd, and you challenge my outlandish theories with the same amount of crazy energy. It's real and soft and peaceful and intense all at once. I suppose what I'm trying to say is; sometimes, I get a little bit obsessed with how much I love you.