

Under the Stagelights

By Varvara Trofimova

My life wasn't the perfect melody, but you came like a beautiful chord into it. In the crowded stage of the gym, that's where I first saw you. Something inside of me shifted. Your smile was as bright as the stagelights, and your eyes were as dark as the night sky that day. Every word you said felt like a beautiful note to me. But as morning creeps in, stars fade, and so did you. I didn't know your name, nor who you were. We never saw each other again, but I know my first love was under the stagelights.