

Cristian Diaz, AY-0115  
WordsUncaged Submission  
(Poem)

“Still Got A Hold On Me” (3/1/18)

I spend my evenings thinking of you,  
Too constantly,  
With the picture of you in my head  
I see the word gorgeous.  
Into a flutter box is what I become  
Dial you number—ring, ring and when you take my call  
Into a stutt- stutt- stutter box I become  
I can't believe that even after all this time, you still got a hold on me—  
Every other word out of my mouth sounds like a broken record  
A st- stut- stter- st- stt- st- stutter box

Flutter, flutter and now my heart is beating too fast.  
It skips a beat, and I'm afraid of a heart attack  
Like back in the days when we first met  
Like back in the days when we sat a bench at ports' o' call  
Like back in the days when we sat out front of sacred grounds  
Both times I hesitated on asking you out.  
Both times you said yes.  
A nervous teenager in love  
And love is so tremendous  
A flutter box – stutter box  
This spell you put on me  
You still got a hold on me.