

**HONORABLE MENTION
TIE**

Stress of Conversation

BY

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I talk. I say something weird
They are silent, as I had feared
I blush. My whole face turns red
Embarrassed, I cover up my head

I make a joke. Everyone stares
I should have known, nobody cares
I blush. My face starts to burn
I duck my head. When will I learn?

Just stay silent. That's the key
So everyone will stop judging me
Will I talk? I don't need the stress
Besides, I'd just make a mess