

In Hopes This Reaches You

I haven't forgotten you
I just don't want to die, too, remembering.

But I do, a little bit, anyway,
Every time I see your door
And the way the light in my room
Illuminates the slice of the hallway
That used to lead to you

And I wonder if,
When I move out,
Will I think about you less?
Maybe. Probably? No. Yes.
Do I want that?
Maybe. No. Probably? No. Yes.

Please forgive me
but I can't

What? Forgive myself? Keep remembering?
However you want to take it, ████.

I'll never forget
(I hope)
The way that one morning
Just days before
Before,
Before,
You were getting orange juice

(I think it was orange juice)

Out of the refrigerator

Wearing a trippy green, swirled, marbled tank top

Fitted flared blue jeans

White sneakers.

And I told you you looked cute

And you stood back up,

Juice in hand,

And smiled.

You were radiant.

I wish I could say are.

I wish I had more memories

Than mornings side by side

Brushing teeth before classes

Than long blond hair passing in the hallway

Passing on the stairs

As you went to or got home from work, from class.

I wish I had known something was desperately wrong.

I wish. I wish. I wish.

Was there anything I could have done to make it feel more like home to you?

This apartment? This state? This planet?

However you want to take it, ■■■.