the only boy i ever died for
had so much light inside of him
that plants
would grow in his presence.

well,
the version of him that i knew
anyway.
he was perpetually sad but still,
his wide eyes would glimmer when he smiled,
blinding me.
i've never seen such shiny eyes.
i wanted to protect him from the world
and show him so much softness that he forgot
what the pain felt like.
i wanted to kiss the hate
out of his mouth
and replace it
with forgiveness,
but he kept swallowing so much
poison.
we drank moscato on the floor by my apartment window
every night, staring out of the third story glass pane
until the hot sky turned black.
after he left, i spent months carrying out our ritual
alone,
sitting by that window,
drinking enough moscato for the both of us.
he spent these months reminding me
that he still loved me
from the other side of the country.
beating himself up for ever boarding that plane,
he said,

he said

despite these things without purpose,
letting his words float and exist,
never serving as an end to any means.

none of this ever meant
that he was coming back.

(a.f.)