

## Where Friendship Goes to Die

Private DMs  
and crowded group-chats  
and bedroom floors at 2 P.M.

Schoolyard slides  
and mud caked fields  
and a mall food court where everyone laughs but you

On your porch at 11 A.M.  
and in your car at 3 P.M.  
and after lunch at 4 P.M.

In places where laughter was  
and safety falls to insecurity  
and cracks are covered by "How's your brother?"

In weariness born from years of giving but rarely getting  
and a house that felt like a second home  
and a chasm you cross on every sidewalk

With pictures you've faded from  
and conversations you weren't invited to  
and crowded Gallows called group-chats

## The Good in Goodbye

The good in goodbye will often take time  
Sometimes it's a wave that hits you all at once  
Emotions spilling over seawalls built through careful routine  
A mix of fear and shock and salt across your face  
Your mind now freed by the truth that misplaced guilt forbade  
It plasters you to the shore and leaves you there  
Recuperating and relieved and drenched in the aftermath

Other times, it's wind and water working against cliff sides  
Unnoticed as a trickle of water amidst a waterfall  
Until, like the layers of earth once buried from sight,  
The truth you've hidden slips into thought  
Like a river slips into place between two canyons  
Quiet and content after years of diligence

There are the times, though, when the good opens the wound  
Cuts into the white swollen lines and lets them bleed anew  
Dredges up the scar tissue and old texts  
And Nostalgia drags you to your pillow  
Reminds you that good was there before the bye  
Makes you wonder if your bye left a mark on them  
Or if, when faced with your absence, a little part of them felt good

## In Ten Years Time

I'll walk into that bookstore and not be haunted by frayed threads  
Clinging to my sleeves  
Entangling its existence to yours

I'll stumble across the photos and my eyes will not flit away  
Avoiding the truth  
That you existed at all

I'll drive that road and not cringe from the thought of you  
And the house no longer a home  
Almost as familiar to me as my own

I'll feel warm when someone asks after you  
Not as though I've been drenched  
In cold black water flavored like bitter lemonade

In ten years time, I will remember you fondly  
Having let go of your memory's corpse  
And tasted the good in goodbye