

Tomorrow and Never

It's so sudden when someone
stops coming to your lunch table,
when they stop greeting you between classes,
when you hear your roommate shout "NO!"
while reading a news article behind a closed door.

We were not close,
but you were never closed off.
We barely talked,
but I learned a lot from our walks to classes
every week as we repeated the motions.

We chatted about professors and our future professions.
You opened up about things that bothered you and things you loved,
leg injuries, God, music,
in hopes that I would do the same.
I did, but not often enough.

Now, I open up to your open casket.
I confess to you my regret
at not having spent enough time
and not having cherished the kindness
you gave so freely to so many.

It was always tomorrow, tomorrow,
tomorrow,
and then never.