

Persimmons

When the world ends I'm going to count my bygones,
go through my contact list, and wonder who the hell Connie is and how she got in there.
Is she okay?
I'm going to regret the night before and live for the last moment that will exist on earth.
Maybe it'll be 12:09,
in that moment I'm going to stop,
and pick the last persimmon, heavy with sadness, and sweet with love.
I'll give it to you, and wonder how we all let millions of cells come together just to let them down.
How we spent all these years of evolution, not loving the world right.
That's all I'll have ever wanted,
to love the world so right I would've never needed a second chance.
But by this point it'll have given me plenty.
Maybe you will too.
Then I'm going to sing Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World," if you're next to me,
I'll sing it to you.

Shirley Temple

It was much too beautiful a day,
for them to take this particular walk.

But there were butterflies,
they kept the sad,
pretty girls company.

What they should've been doing
is, they should've been following
the waitress for more maraschino cherries.

Rather than the black hearse,
in their little black shoes,

They held hands,
they leaned forward,
placed a free hand on the wood,
willing a revival,
with no such luck,
they whispered to the casket.

They said goodbye to their mother,
and unborn brother.

Now the girls were on one side of the dirt,
and they the other.

And when the girls made the long trek
back to reality
they kept their mother's legacy alive.

In their eyes. In their lives.

They out grew this Shirley Temple,
much too soon.

Sangria

The world never gave him reasons,
like it gave me mine.

It groomed him to be genuine,
blissful,
disappointment and rejection were foreign.

Like the time he studied in Barcelona
and learned how to make sangria.

3 Oranges.
3 Lemons.

That I squeezed so the acidic juice wouldn't get into his cuts
even though I had my own.

Then he took all the credit,
I let him.

And there are no rules here,
so fuck you Karen.
Whoever you are,
I hear that name in my *goddamn* sleep.

He learned that year
that she was an arsonist,
and
that if you play with fire
you'll get burned.

If you run with wolves
you'll learn how to howl.

And we all got a little bit of, 'I want to save the world' in us,
that's why he was there
why I was next.

Why you are here with me now
putting life, love, hate, disappointment,
into words
why you'll spend your whole life trying to,
at least.

But sometimes you can only save one person
because we are all human here,
and it's okay if that person,

is *you*.

Marshmallows

It starts with a bad feeling,
in your gut.
And you know what's about to happen.

Cracked halos
because you want to be a part of it,
because we're *special*.

All the doors we have to open,
to shut.

Wave your hand,
snap your fingers,
child.

Do you remember all the colors you saw then?
Marshmallows weren't just white,
but all we see now are
purple marshmellos.

Will you tell your children,
how the music saved you?
Or who was still there?
When Molly lingered,
in your soul,

for days.

Will you tell them what that sound was?
The sound your soul made when it shattered.

Or are we even destined for old age?

A Side of Sugar

We met during a time
when we still knew everything,
the next party, the next song.

The lows were petty
and the highs waited for us,
just outside the halls.

It wasn't fair that you got the easy chemistry teacher,
you're smarter than me,
but we both bore Zoulouf's dad jokes.

And last Thursday was Thanksgiving,
your grandmother hugged me and said,
"Take of my son."

But we take care of each other here,
when there are too many lemons.

You bring the side of sugar.

Like that time, I was rolling, and rolling,
and you were so drunk that you drank
the old Horchata from your night stand.

Or that time we went for Krispy Kreme at midnight
so we could listen to Ed Sheeran's new album.

It was sugar.

And turning 24 together was sugar on the rocks,
and a hangover too.
So here's to ten years of friendship,
because you're one of the best friends I've ever had.

I hope that I always remember that my friendships
almost made up for my shitty life.

Not *quite*, but almost.

And I hope I always remember that I cried when I wrote this.
Because that's how much I love you,
My Friend.