

you didn't ruin things for me—

i always thought it'd be a curse
having this reminder of you in everything:
the books we read,
the songs you said reminded you of me,
the moves i shared.

we tried to find each other in things we loved,
and maybe i should hate all of these things
the way i promised myself i hated you...

but when i hear those songs,
re-read the books,
and watch those movies back,

i'm reminded of who i thought you were,
not who you actually turned out to be.

and i still like the idea of you
that i gave myself.

lover—

i dreamed of your hands
the way your fingers lightly brushed against mine
the first time we met
it was innocent because we didn't really know each other;
it was awkward bumps
nervous laughs
stolen glances

i don't know how many times
the comparison of being in a romantic-comedy has been made,
probably enough times to be deemed a cliché,
but that's what it felt like

then you left and i realized maybe this was my origin;
like the end to a coming of age movie
instead of the heartbreaking end of a love story

things my mom says part i—

my mom always warned me that as you grew older you get over your sweet tooth—but every time i get a taste of you i feel like my childlike taste returns. i hate going to the dentist from cavities but i always find myself coming back for more, only when it's from you. whether you're sour or sweet my hands reach out for you no matter how incredibly damaging it is to me. will i outgrow you the way my mom outgrew hers? i'm not entirely sure i want to.