Remember when we used to write each other poetry?
Like a debate
Like literary gifts
I find myself debating
With me
With the music in my headphones
or the side notes in that same book I read to you over the phone
Years ago.

But you don't remember that.
I do.
I know you don't remember that because you still don't know
That this poem is about you.

Clouds in my coffee.

I miss finding scraps of poetry and love notes in my laundry.
Pennies
and that silly piece of paper from the cigarette packs
“You can quit’’

I think we took turns quitting,
I tend to do that.
I quit you
You quit me
Never at the same time.

How Brokeback of us.

Fear grabs a hold of me and shakes me
It shakes me so hard
I stumble as I run away.
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We are the same.
We're addicted to heartbreak
It's never over
We beg
Scream
Thrash the world around us

For what?
Pretty little scumbags
Just like us.