

## Past Lives

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We don't talk anymore, but I remember your likeness in the sun every night.  
I believe we're more ghosts than people now, like the moon in the day-blue sky.

In a prior life, you were a bird, a blue Jay, or a sparrow, perhaps, and I, a feisty Tortoiseshell cat. You were made to leave, to fly freely. I was made to be on my own, crazily, but also free. But what is a cat if not a hunter? What is a bird if not a sight for hungry eyes? I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm not sure whether or not I would've bitten your head off. Will you forgive me, nevertheless, because in another life, we were foxes, wandering down to the creek, you pranced around to the lopsided tree. I was hopscotching like a lunatic, leaping mossy log to abandon brick. You followed the path laid out; you've never been one to brandish foolishness. However, it's all downhill from there. I got distracted trying to rip up the butterflies and leaped onto the road. You watched all my bones become crushed and mangled up like a worm on a hot, hot stone. It wasn't fair to leave you on your own.

Perhaps, now I understand why you won't be with me this time around. I kept leaving you, didn't I? I kept traumatizing you by accident, didn't I? My Sparrow blue gloomy fox—I love you, but undoubtedly, it's your turn to leave me hurt by your absence. You're doing a great job, by the way, it's been four years, and I've thought of you every day. Ya'know, past lives. They never seem to go as planned, do they? We're still young; there is technically still time left, we were both alive this time 'round, but all the pain has come to this life, and it's wearing me down. For what it's worth, I am sorry, and I forgive you as well. I do love you, even though the faults are apparently mine, and yes, you are a prick. Even though this experience has been less than divine, and I'm moodier this time. I forgo the temper tantrum that you want nothing to do with me; I rebuke your wishes to end our soul contract. That isn't how it works, my dude. You cannot get rid of me, nor can I get rid of you; I will always come back for you, I promise. I am you; you are me—despite the mean things we say. This life is for you; you have my permission to decide our fate this time. For now, while I wait, I'm crossfaded with Miss Fortune, and, man, is she a heavyweight.