

08/14/22

Pondering possibilities,
Connecting a past
To a future that couldn't happen.
I wonder if they do the same,
If they see what I see,
And feel what I feel.
I wonder if they reflect like me,
And hurt like me,
If they think of
The intimacy lost,
Due to immaturity gained.
The adventures never to be told,
Due to the pain
Which plagues the teller.
I wonder if they cry
The tears I cry,
Or if they ponder
The futures we had wished for—
And the futures procured.

Brisé Amour