

Au Revoir

I heard once that the French word for goodbye has two meanings.

Goodbye,

As in I don't know when I'll see you next.

And until we meet again,

A promise that this isn't the end.

And I've never been quite good at goodbyes.

So when you say goodbye, I'll say 'Au Revoir',

And pray that this isn't our end.

Halloween

It was a Wednesday,
And we were sitting on an old blow-up mattress,
Eating crappy Chinese food,
While music played.
And I remember laughing,
Laughing till my face hurt from smiling,
And my stomach hurt from bending.
Talking about trivial things,
I remember huddling under blankets,
And dance battles.
I remember off-key sing-offs,
And ceiling confessions,
But most importantly I remember feeling for the first time in
a long time perfectly safe.
Like all the bad stuff had just floated away,
And all that mattered was that moment,
The three of us in that old apartment, laughing till our faces
turned blue and eating some very questionable Chinese food.

Smoke and Mirrors

With a cigarette caught between your rosy lips,
You told me it was over.
That you'd never feel the same.
You told me that you didn't believe in fairytale endings,
Love was just a juvenile game.
And I watched you leave,
Unable to speak,
Words caught in my throat like smoke,
Struggling to breathe.
Tears sliding down my face,
My heart ripped in two,
Knowing that I loved you,
And that didn't mean a thing to you.

Wasted Youth

To rooftop picnics and endless summer days,
Drinking apple cider from plastic glasses and pretending it
was champagne,
The only thing I was getting drunk off of was the way you
said my name.

The record was playing,
And every now and then it'd skip a beat,
But that didn't stop us from stomping our feet.
Laying on our backs with the sun in our eyes,
As we watched Picasso paint the sky.
We ate cheese till our stomachs felt like they would explode,
Stuffing ourselves with olives and unrealistic promises to
never get old.

We threw on fancy dresses,
Even though they were too large,
And let the old fabric drag against the pavement as we danced
beneath the stars.

We laughed as our eyes glistened in the night,
Our sun-kissed faces burning bright,
And our hair was loose, wild, and wavy,
As we wore crowns of white daisies.
And caught moonbeams and stardust,
Turning moonlight to spotlight as we put on a show.

We howled at the moon,
And sang every song,
Watching the night turn to dawn.

We stayed up talking for hours,
Balance beaming on ledges,
As we shouted into the night.
And as the sun came out our wild souls began to settle,
For the fear of sitting still was no longer in our bones.
The sun rose and our hearts slowed,
No longer scared of growing old.
We nestled in a corner,
Blankets wrapped around our shoulders,
Our bare feet hanging off the edge.
We grew more somber,
As our shadows stretched longer,
And I didn't want us to end.
As our eyes began to close,
Rose-colored dreams began to play,
And it was then that I knew, in this moment is where I'd
forever stay.
We'd always have this day,
Even years from now,
We'd stay this way,
Crazy and young,
Wild and free,
Kindred spirits,
Of the beautiful you and me.

Seasons

Your hair was like the seasons,
A fact I once loved.
I'd silently count the colors in your strands that mirrored the
days of the month.
I fell in love with you when your hair matched the bright
August sun.
When you shined like a summer's mid-afternoon.
But the days began to change and your light began to
dampen.
Once shining now dimmed,
And I watched as you began matching the color of fallen
leaves.
You became dull, almost lifeless, unmotivated.
Like one strong gust and you'd be taken with the wind.
By December,
You were gone.
Became dark like the bark on the trees.
And I waited for equinox warmth but it never seemed to
return.
Gone indefinitely.
You were cold and unrecognizable.
Distant and withdrawn.
But I weathered your storm,
Waited out your freezing days,
In what I once called our home.
But all things come to an end,

And your winter solstice did too.
And you returned, but as a reflection of someone I once knew.
You were gold,
Like the setting sun that marks the end of Dak's Day.
But you were different.
A stranger I had remeet.
A ghost to make re-fall in love with me.
See my dear,
You were the **embodiment** of the seasons,
A fact I wish I knew.
And I watched you change before me
Until I no longer recognized you.
Forever cursed to love a single season in the everchanging
you.

Honey, my best bad decision will forever be you. You'll be infamous, go down in history as that thing I loved with all my heart and still broke me.

