

Learning to Say Goodbye

By. MJB

My Battle of Jericho

Shoulda kept it to myself-
and of course, I walked outside this morning
and the grass was crying,
and the birds were laughing,
because the walls around me finally fell with a mighty roar.

I worked to disassemble them for years,
brick by brick I tugged,
but *I was ready* for a meticulous removal.
I was *not* prepared for Jericho.

Shoulda kept it to myself-
but beyond the walls that tumbled senselessly
sat a school girl
doodling your name in her notebook,
and praying you'd kiss her at the prom.

I think my second greatest fear
is that
I am too far gone to have love.
Used.
Tired.
Too closed off, yet too boldly proclaimed.

And my first
is that you will look at my second,
and find it has merit.

Shoulda kept it to myself.
But it was true.
I do.

And the walls came a tumblin' down.

A Fucking Plant

I spent the heatwave of summer tending to a plant-
watering her,
pruning her leaves and roots,
looking for the perfect owner.

Of course I'd choose you.

Of course I'd choose the man who loved me better than any other.
Of course I'd choose a house,
a home,
a father.

You took her gladly,
and then you left.

And I can't even write some great work of art about that,
because that damned plant made herself a metaphor before I ever had the chance.

Oh Romeo, Don't Go

I had promised myself
that I would stop trying to catch stray cats
that did not want to be pets.
But I found myself clinging on to you
longer than I should have.

"Please don't do this," I whispered,
but I knew you were already gone.

So from my window,
I watched you drape your elbows over the roof of your car
to cry into your own arms.

I yanked at that glass pane like Juliet,
and I almost called down to you.

Almost.

Instead, I just watched you drive away.

My friends keep saying that you're missing out.
But they don't know
that
I'm missing the person with whom I ate dinner and watched TV.
I'm missing the home I craved so deeply to find in a person.

But the only response I can find to give them is,

"I was happy."

Because I was.

And now-

What am I supposed to do?

They Say It Gets Better

Sitting in traffic, visiting the doctor, and saying goodbye
-we all have to, but nobody wants to.

Someday I'll look back at this and smile,
and I know that.
but not today.

Today I have tissues jammed in my pockets,
because this grief sneaks up on me.
It hides in Shakespeare's verses,
and in between the stars in the planetarium,
and along the fall breezes that draws out the goosebumps you used to give me.

Someday,
I will go to my box,
and take out your picture,
and it will take a substantial amount of time to remember your name.
But last night,
I was sure I felt your arm around me,
and smelled your cigarettes.

And I think letting go has to happen eventually,
but if you told a tadpole she would one day grow legs,
she'd see it as a far off dream.

She'd just have to wait to hop,
and smile at the fact
that she hatched from her egg
at all.