

Goodbye, love.

Leaving is the hardest part,
walls being built around me
creating distance between two
cutting off each chapter

The ink isn't erasable
every word written
is forever bounded
between the spine

Each page constrained
as they whisper
our secrets and memories
of the hands that once turned them

Last page was left blank,
not wanting to fill in
our last moments
that caused us to end.

We once thought we
could fill an entire
library of us, now
only empty shelves sit.