

Reminders

"This made me think of you."
— are the words I'd hope
would spill out of your mouth,
unprompted, a reminder like
my unrequited love letters
lying abandoned in landfills.

Your scarcity amplifies
my desires for you.
As you disappear further
from my view, I wonder,
are you thinking
of me, like I am of you?

I would change the course
of my life just to have you,
even if it meant mirroring
the girls you bring home,
anything to surrender my being
to an all-consuming love.

I stay up waiting
for a thread to hold onto:
a half-smile, a passing laugh,
anything to prove I exist to you
beyond the lustful space I fill.
A simple reminder would do.