

Angel Marie

Poem – “k.b.”

Word Count: 147

k.b.

my first memory of you

wooden school desks,

chalks boards

and the smell of eraser shavings.

pulling out an old beat up flip phone;

pixelated faces on a screen

former classmates; nobody missed.

handball courts,

basketball hoops,

a field seemingly endless.

my last memory of you -

a missed call,

bad news;

too far away

to say

goodbye.

empty words,

empty spaces,

a friendship seemingly endless.

(six feet under is where it came to an

end.)

i keep our pictures tucked away

collecting dust on the top shelf

of my apartment 2000 miles away

from where

we grew up.

at some point, I convinced myself

doing this would keep you

out of my mind.

take me back

to tether balls on strings,

the park across the street,

and never knowing

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me without you.

– my dreams still taunt me with memories of you, *most of which do not exist.*