

i know you all too well,
just not in any way that truly matters.

i know the cadence of your breathing
when you've fallen asleep on my chest.
i know the way your face scrunches up
when you're frustrated and concentrating.
i've memorized the way your back arches
when it's just you & i in the middle of the night.
i've learned your body language & know
when you're stressed, uncomfortable,
frustrated, or needing to be alone.

i still hear the noises you make
when you've run out of words
& still want to acknowledge
what has been said.
i still feel your phantom embrace,
the pad of your thumb tracing
the back of my hand over & over & over.

has your favorite color changed?
is it still a tie between blue & green?
or is it something new all together?

do you still sleep with the things i gave you?
or have they collected in a pile
in your closet or a drawer
tucked away out of sight?

do you think of me as often as i think of you?
do i even cross your mind?
or am i calling out into an empty void?
do you miss me the way i miss you?
because i miss you.