

“Love leaves leftovers” by Maria Giesbrecht

It's been three years and I still have the French
keyboard enabled on my phone. Occasionally,
when I comment on poems on the internet,
It autocorrects *love* to *liberté*. (Which is fitting,
I suppose.) It's been three years and I still sleep
facing the window because it's good
to feel the sun when you wake. Everytime I see a squirrel
I think of how you, completely amazed
by their existence, tried to feed them peanuts
off your balcony railing. And how they came
to you and gently nuzzled your hands. I've never []-talked
squirrels since. Love leaves leftovers, I've learned.
It's never a clean escape. Oh but what a way
to say goodbye: *here, I've loved you,*
save some for later.