

i still remember sitting on the mountaintop with you as our legs dangled off the edge
a sweet summer breeze ruffling your hair and carrying our words down the slopes
i could never shake the way starlight gathered like pools into your eyes
little forget-me-nots drifting and losing their petals in those endless tawny depths

you were simply beautiful in the most extraordinary of ways, with a smile like sunshine and a
voice like honey

it wasn't long before i realized that i loved you, vulnerable and scared as i was
when the whole world tells you that your love is a sin you cannot help but believe what they say
except this time, i foolishly chose to focus on the good that love might bring

the day before departure i pulled you aside and spilled my soul in the only way i knew how
and to my own great surprise you showed your heart to me in return
i told myself to avoid attachment even as i smiled and fell into your comforting embrace
but life has a cruel way of granting wishes, and so the wind caused you to vanish moments later

how is it that "no strings attached" always ends with the heart playing me like a puppet?
you are nothing but a specter in the corner of my failing vision yet still i reach for you
is it wrong to wish i'd held you tighter on the only night we had left together?
is it selfish to ask why you said you loved me back, but why, *why*, you couldn't have shown it?

i am trapped by the feeling of your arms around my shoulders, my weeping eyes buried in your chest

are my teardrops still as fresh on your shirt as they are on my face?

i want to ask you but i cannot force the words from my burning throat

my voice was left behind on the mountaintop where we said our goodbyes, never to be retrieved

perhaps it *is* selfish to be grateful yet unsatisfied with “just friends”

and if that is the case then i deserve all the pain of losing you to silence

because every time your memory crosses my mind

the air smells sweetly of roses but the heart stings viciously with the thorns

all i need to know now is how do i tell you i miss you

when already i’ve screwed up so bad?