

For All the Unsaid

let me just start off by saying
i'm sorry that i never said i was in love with you
never felt brave enough to say what needed to be said
a broken music box full of all the right hums
but never feeling like it was the right time to open up
i understand that to be vulnerable is to be brave
but sometimes wearing your heart on your sleeve means ripping it out of your
chest
and i don't think i'm not ready for that kind of pain
at what point does poetry turn diary?
because the ink bleeds so often between the two when i write about you that i'm
having a hard time keeping track
trust me, i know about the expiration date on things like this
that any hope i'd find between us is probably in the back of some pantry at this
point
so before i go just know that even though you deserved to hear it long ago
i'm sorry about all the things that i said
and even more sorry for the things that i never will

— *Naomi William*