

Apricots in Summer

Eight years
It was eight years, I think
An eight year war where all the pieces
The pieces were me
I suppose
You burned my sharp edges away
And I was all sharp edges

I was young— we were young, once
With stars in our eyes
My stars
Faded
Your stars didn't
You became a galaxy
And this is when I'd say a metaphor about
Astronomy
Or astrology
But I just think you were very pretty
And I think you deserved to be looked at

Don't, now
Don't make this hard on me
Don't be gentle
I don't want that.
I want you to tear me apart
Or I don't want to live at all

I wanted to go to Italy with you
We were different people in Italy
Weren't we?

...
I'm
Sorry
I lied
We never went to Italy
But I often imagine we did
Like I imagine the curl of your lips
The smile as you say my name
Oh
There it is again
In Florence, this time
Let's go to Italy, I say
You laugh and say
"Why?"
I don't have the heart to answer

— Riley Timms