

you lived inside me
like you planned to stay

you rearranged things
left marks
called it love

then you left
without cleaning up

now i live
in what you've abandoned

i invent conversations
like lullabies
soft
and
unreal
where he says

he misses me as
well
where he never
stopped

i still want to run into him

but i can't even run into myself
without tripping
on what we never
became

he fades
and returns
like the tide
like a lesson i still haven't learned

he's not gone
just quieter
and maybe that's
all healing really is
learning to live
with softer ghosts