

A Thing or Two About a Thing or Two

Tyler Gates

Freckled leaves of melancholy on a floor so blistered. Tiny feet of innocence
rattled sweetly across the storied carpet. A daft silence of razored memory
wafting through your nostrils like sugared meats
being cooked over a well used grill
some Saturday evening

so many summers ago.

Just like you, I never thought we'd end up so far away.
Strangers existing in the same knee-high town, what's left?
barely a whimper, hardly an adequate expression
of a God that once left our finger tips curling
at the sounds of our own peppered laughs.

You chose the darkest desert and me I drifted through blinking sprawls.
Occupying mildewed corners of tempered steel outlines, filled in with grieving bricks.

All I've got left is this, and some things are meant to twist
your guts every now and again, reminding you that at least
it was only your heart that was broken.