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.