Endings Revisited

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I said goodbye to you before--
in a poem, words wrapped
in hope for the future.

Memories remain at least,
and our inside jokes.

I couldn't dance with you
at your wedding and became

angry. Destroying myself
and pushing you away
in the process.

And all at once
the water balloon tosses,

the dinners at your parents' place,
late nights in the stoner basement:
gone. But I'll wait and

I'll miss you.

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