

Where are they now?

You never cared for the moon.

I know, because I would always be the first

- sometimes the only -

to notice her.

and when I did, I'd make a point

to stare up at the sky

and admire the curve,

the brightness,

the size,

whatever it might have been

on that particular night.

and I'd smile,

in a way so I knew you'd see,

but still,

so often,

you wouldn't say a word.

How do you live a life

so joyless?

Where do you find your respite

in a world you're convinced  
is out to hurt you?

You haven't convinced me, love.  
You never convinced me.

And why, so often,  
does it sound  
like you're trying to convince yourself?  
you are so afraid of  
looking inward,  
of finding a man  
different than the one  
you claim to be.

And you would find him,  
love.

At times, it seems  
I am disposed  
to be afraid.

But still, I've fought it  
every moment I live,

every moment I breathe, still,

I fight.

I have never seen

you lift a finger,

love.

You do not have to love the moon

and most of me knows

you never will.

You do not have to love me,

though most of me knows

you will always think

you do.

There is no feeling left to give ;

no time left to spend.

I will move on, or

I will die,

and you

will

stay still.