

Poetry Series

**m.w**  
**- poems -**

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**m.w(10.19.1983)**

# It's Been A Year

it's been a year  
it's been a year of not missing or wanting u  
but lately ur all that i can think of  
the feeling isn't of longing for u  
it's a feeling of curiosity  
i want to know if u are as happy without me as i am without u  
i used to think u were the one  
but as i look back at my naivete  
i can laugh at myself now  
and i see how much i've grown in just one year

m.w

# Just So U Know

i just want to tell u that u didn't get to me  
i just want to tell u that i know i'm free to leave  
i stay because i want to  
not because i have to  
i know i dont have to talk to u everyday  
but i call u everyday because i want to hear about ur day  
i think about u cuz i made the choice  
not because u plague my every waking thought  
i'm not going to tell u that i miss u all the time  
because i don't  
i won't tell u that i dream about u even when i'm awake  
i'm not going to tell u that u got to me  
because u didn't

m.w

# Untitled

last night i felt my heart break  
u drove up and as soon as i saw u i felt that familiar ache  
u were all dressed up  
it was hard to look at u  
hard to look because i know i still want u  
i stood outside for a little bit  
i listened to ur footsteps as u walked around in ur room upstairs  
just knowing that ur in my vicinity makes my heart skip  
my mind loses its focus

i walked up the stairs into the house  
just as i closed the door behind me i looked up and there u stood  
no words were said  
i looked in ur eyes and quickly turned away  
afraid that u would know what i was thinking  
i stared at the ground hoping to find something clever or charming to say  
but nothing came out

there were flowers on the table  
and in a mocking voice i asked where they were from  
their answer was quick and sharp  
and that's when it happened  
i felt my heart break

i casually walked away hoping they wouldn't see the hurt upon my face  
or see the foolishness that i felt  
as i stopped at the bottom of the steps  
i heard their footsteps fade away as they walked back up the stairs to their room  
i stood there for a moment, breathing  
breathing in their air  
smelling their scent and missing them, wishing i was the one

[i don't know why they're my obsession  
if only i could figure out what it is about them that leaves me breathless  
if i can do that, then maybe i can stop this.]

m.w