

I've got to

by Allison Rose

I've got to get back to getting,
let go and start winning.
Slowly unravel into someone new
little by little,
finding you.

Facing the truth and tracing the steps
following them all the way home.

The place where we'd always meet,
every carving shaped exactly like your feet.
All I could feel was nothing close to real,
found myself drowning into a tsunami of memories
a pile of unwashed clothes
a garbage chute waiting to be dumped, it's been overdue.

Almost like every book I've read and kept because of you.

Growing into a new mold, watching our friendships fall into deep
deep holes.

