

Versus

by Cherise Wolas

She loved him first. Then he loved me

We pulled on snow boots

It was only rain, but it was hard

I wanted boots to get me from here to there

When she was gone, I was here and there

They were related in some far off Russian way

We were related, her and me

And so I guess he and I were related too.

But martinis, after the second

We didn't feel related, not in that way

We felt

Meant to be

We had thirds

And then we felt destined

Then we tried out destiny

And destiny failed us

Then he loved me

And I loved him

Forever more

We would be

He and me

I and him

Ever the one that ran away.

