

Old Photograph Stuck Between Documents

by XXXX

I spent the evening looking at our old pictures.
We were never happy. I realize that now.
You held a beer while looking at the camera
as if you held a secret, while I was beside you,
talking to someone else, in a dark bar.
A single yellow light shone beside your head.
But I was not unhappy like this, like tonight.
That's something. I want to call you
and ask if you feel the same way,
or are you happier? I fear that is the case,
and I will realize that you got
the better part of the bargain: That
you lost me as a reward for bearing
the perpetuity of my vanity,
and I am now alone
as a result of the same.

