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Some days (then)

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Some days (then)

Some days, when I run out of things to do
I think of you and (then)
wish that I could see you once more
to find out if you hated
Hemingway (I remember
your smell when we walked under
the cherry blossoms) like me
or I wonder if (you were proud
of me back then even though I
was always in trouble) what I
am now would make you proud
or if you would hate (for talking
too much in class or pushing the teacher
a little too far) that I can’t see
myself as anything more than (the
night you died I stared at you and
wondered where you were if you weren’t
there) a tennis player (but you had already
left, I kept staring and hoping, trying not to
forget) and that I don’t believe
in religion (knowing
that it was the last time
I would ever see you)

Maya Canfield