



1-1-2016

After

Desiree-Ashley Orque
University of the Pacific

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Orque, Desiree-Ashley (2016) "After," *Calliope*: Vol. 47 , Article 19.

Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol47/iss1/19>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the College of the Pacific Journals at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact mgibney@pacific.edu.

AFTER

DESIREE-ASHLEY ORQUE

“she used to surprise me every week with a
new sandwich
inside them was always a new surprise,
you see, with the sauces she would draw me
little faces
some smiling, some silly, some with heart eyes
in certain places
every night she would play an hour of her
favorite video game
in short shorts and a big shirt, it would always
be the same
but i never seemed to grow tired of seeing her
in that state
her eyes fixated, her mind determined, and still
stubborn as always
with our part times jobs and high rent, a hot
tub was but a dream
so she scavenged the money she could and
bought us a kiddie pool and a heater to create
some “steam”
as lame as it was, her attempt was still cute
especially her on out patio standing there in her

bathing suit
on her birthday, i swear i have never seen her
look more beautiful
while she already was naturally perfection,
the outfit she wore and the makeup she put on
brought with it a new confidence that only
deepened my affection
for mind, her body, her personality, and soul
i didn't mind taking pictures of her for her
instagram or facebook wall
but beyond all these beautiful days, were
unnecessary fights, that led to arguments
that would go on from hours to months and i
just couldn't have it
so finally on march thirty first, i broke up with
the love of my life
a couple of hours later, on the counter she left
a piece of toast on a plate
with a crumpled face of sadness out of mustard
left distinctly in place
a few days later, she moved out, and at the
time i couldn't wait

because having her still so close was nothing
but emphasis to the heartbreak
behind she had left her console and favorite
video game
with a note addressed to me that read " Time
goes by so fast. Don't forget to take a moment
to play."
now i'm sitting here months later realizing i had
made the biggest mistake
she had moved on, i had put work first, and
now I play that game everyday
thinking back, i do not regret the time we had—
because, you see
when we first met, i had convinced her to just
give me a chance
that if i could make her smile then, hey it
wouldn't be so bad
so even though i miss her everyday, and she has
moved on
i still do not consider it to be so bad,
because i treasure every second, of everyday,
of every month we ever had

when she left she taught me something

something i would not have realized on my own
that it is the little things that matter, like the
acts of love in a home

while i did not get that second chance, i must
admit i stand on the sidelines and cheer for her
every endeavor
because although her happiness no longer lies
with me, it is the simplicity of the smiles that i
choose to prioritize whatsoever—

the difficulty may be in the wake of every
passing day
keeping her beautiful smile up, and supporting
her from miles away
with a mindful heart i must honestly say
... she will always be the "one who got away."
- d.o.