After

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“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.