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Annuals

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Annuals

Kimberly Jackson

I was eighteen years old
and the kind of drunk you only get on new year's
You tucked me into bed and kissed my freckled face
I stared into your eyes a little too deeply and said
"I'm gonna marry you someday"
You whispered back, "Get some sleep"

I was nineteen years old when you broke my heart
The kind of broken that only happens
when you really loved someone.
You left a hole in my life
I filled it with a lot of men who weren't you.

I was twenty years old and we had a secret love
The kind of love that blooms out of sidewalk cracks but
is really just a weed growing back
because the roots weren't pulled up.
You reminded me too much of who you used to be.
I needed more than you could give me.

I'm twenty-one now and it's Autumn
You came to see me
the way past lovers posing as friends do
I had missed the way music sounded from your fingertips
I had missed the dip of your collarbones
You had missed the way I laughed
And the deep red color you see when you look at me
Is it only the leaves that fall every year?