

to my former best friend

i still remember how we met

your mother dragging you to my back porch

“welcome to the neighborhood; here is my daughter; she will be your new best friend”

and you were.

i remember other things.

as a fond collection of who we were

a pair of matching cupcake necklaces

i was always best; you were always friend

an infinite list of firsts

do you remember mine like i remember yours?

a musical staged in my backyard

written, directed, and starring us

a game of categories played at 2:30 in the morning

we never managed to pull the all-nighter

a trip to the cabins in michigan

ghost stories and tombstone to find

a week in the wilderness at girl scout camp

long before you learned to swim in the deep end

plenty of partner projects

pairing up before teacher said go

the sleepovers in my basement

watching twilight, one tree hill, and the secret life of the american teen

our two-person book club

team peeta, team edward, team percy

we were a team.

we *were* a team.

the small little lies that slipped into our talks

you've always had a terrible poker face

you might cheat life 360, but i was your ICE; find my friends is a beacon of harsh truth

“grounded” and “family time” must mean different things than i think they do

i've always been the honest friend

but you stopped wanting me to tell the truth

your slippery slope driving a chasm between us

and i can't be angry that you're growing up

i just thought we'd grow up together.

what happened to saving our lungs, our livers, our secrets?

the totally immature way it hurts when you call her

your best friend

but most of all

the sinking acceptance that it's no one's fault

you have a right to grow and change

and I have a right to stay the same

no one will fill the handprint on my heart.

not now, not for a while

and when they speak of you, i'll drink the stories like cough syrup.

bittersweet. *agridulce*

i will always love you

the way you love a sister

i won't always like you

the way you hate a sister

i will let you go

i could never do that to my sister

our love was not unconditional, not guaranteed

it was fragile friendship, carefully crafted over fifteen years

my best friend

my worst heartbreak

my greatest what-if

my latest goodbye