

Candor Untold

Mackenzie Fowler

You say that you are
what is missing;
that you are the absence of things.

But the nonexistent field that is you
took up root
in my barren life.

You indulged me,
for I had given you meaning.
But then she came
and gave you something more.

Two women,
one heart.

The air that parts for you
now fills my lungs just enough
to think you shouldn't have to
make a choice
while it fills hers as she
retracts from you.

The place where your body should be
remains empty,
filled only by my troubled thoughts
that rampage every night
while you lie awake
beside my best friend.

For her you move
to keep things whole,
but for me
you only tear things apart.