revision

poetry is just the heart spewing nonsense onto paper

or your ‘notes’ app in the dark

* it’s about people you end up resenting

or missing

or wishing you could have spoken to just one more time

it is really just a pathetic attempt at writing out the perfect script to your memories

“this is what i should have said”

and

“this is what i wish you said”

and

“maybe neither of us should’ve spoken at all”

is two years too late?

or is there no expiration date on revision,

of longing for a different ending

c.c