Leftovers

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It used to be the next best thing.

The connection breaks down
again; your mouth freezes
before finishing the sentence.
You say the story isn't
worth repeating —

We used to dress up to slouch over the computer,
buy frozen meals and call it a restaurant. You used to hold my hand,
somehow.

you're sorry to be tired,
it's
been a long week.
I ask for details and you promise later —

An ocean between us, yet I wouldn't end
the day without you saying good night.
I used to think it's the sweetest kind of love,

you show pictures of your
birthday;
it fills me with
spite
to see you smile —

maybe I still do. If only we could remember how to pretend.

a movie replaces our words
I'd give anything for you to say
any
thing —

I've begun to only get leftovers of your days.
I could cry about it, and you'd still be just as far.

— the connection breaks down again.
It takes time to notice.