

Anniversary

The flowers on my nightstand are older now,
But they still smell of love and forgiveness, even now.

A futile attempt, yet I know you can't help but forget sometimes,
So I won't hold it against you for long, just now.

In the morning when we wake, I'll find lily petals on the floor, dusted under the bed,
Swept away like a mess I'm trying to forget. You notice and clean them now.

You kiss me and leave; call and say the corner shop on fifth avenue is out of coffee.
On the brink of withdrawal, I know you'll come home and rant for an hour, so I wait now.

You come back, defeat etched in face, disrupting the silence, but never my peace.
I lose my spot on the page and reread the same word for the fifth time. "Now.."