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Backburner Friend

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Backburner Friend

Starlit D.S. Taie

I found out that night that
 You'd broken up with your boyfriend
 Of three years
 Through a text message
 Coupled with the words
 'I thought I told you
 ...wait
 Maybe I told [redacted] ...'

It's fine
 I'll say that over and over
 Eventually it will be
 Your second best friend
 Can wait to be your counselor
 When you're ready

Somehow I leap the line between
 Heinously selfish and
 Astoundingly selfless
 Yet somehow
 I can never cross the line to
 Best friend

You can't shatter a person better
 After three years
 Than starting with the sentence
 'Oh? I didn't tell you?'
 When you are the only person
 I do tell

In my selfishness I'll wonder
 Am I not good enough for you?
 Did I mess it up somehow
 Say the wrong thing that other time
 How can I fix it
 How can I change for you
 How can I be
 You best
 Friend?

In my healing
 Three years later
 I play with this idea
 Perhaps...
 It's not my question to ask?

Somewhere in the moments
 Someone said
 'If it lasts 7 years
 It'll last forever'
 But somewhere after 7 years
 I'm still struggling
 With my texts being left
 Not on read
 But delivered

The 7 years
 Still plays on my brain
 And I wonder why
 It hasn't gotten better

But 7 years
 Has played on my brain
 And I think
 Why would it get better?

It's only taken
 7 years to realize
 It's not me who is the
 Backburner friend
 But you
 Who has backburner friends

7 years to realize
 That there is no
 'You and Me'
 Only
 'You and Us'

If asked
 What my favorite color is
 You probably couldn't guess
 Yet
 I could recite your
 Top 10 favorite colors
 Backwards and forwards
 Because you forgot you told me

Twice.