

replaced.

to see your best friend with someone else, it hurts. to see the way your friendship has changed, & having little control or knowledge of it. to see that you have been replaced...

that's heartbreak.

my best friend is now her best friend.

his smile belongs to her.

his comfort belongs to her.

his shoulder, the one i used to cry on, belongs to her.

i see the way they laugh together. i see it. its the same laugh i hear when i replay all of our old memories in my mind.

“out with the old, in with the new”

some find comfort in this saying. they find a sense of security, knowing that there will always be something new.

for me, he was my security.

his friendship was my security.

his love.. that was my security.

sometimes i wonder. i wonder what about me makes it so easy to walk away from. what about me is so easily replaced?

then i remember, nothing.

nothing about me is easily replaced. my smile? you won't find that kind of sparkle on another girls face. my personality? you won't find that kind of sunshine in another girls love. my heart? you won't find that kind of gold in another soul. sure, it needs some polishing but my kind of gold will never crumble. i've been replaced.

however, reality is that you'll just keep searching for me in another person.

-s.g.