

The One We Let Get Away''

*There was a softness in your eyes that made the world seem slower,
Like time itself paused just to let us get closer,
And maybe that was the curse, that it all felt too meant to be,
So I second-guessed the signs the universe kept sending me.*

*You were summer in a cold world, warmth I wasn't ready to keep,
And I let my fear speak louder than the promises we whispered in sleep.
You told me love should be simple, like breathing in morning light,
But I had learned to run from good things when they felt too right.*

*So I stood at the edge of maybe and never,
Thinking we had forever, or at least forever-adjacent,
Not realizing some hearts only pass through once,
And if you blink too long, they're gone and ancient.*

*You were a question I was too proud to answer,
A risk I folded into logic, love turned into cancer.
And now I write your name in poems I don't sign,*

Hide your laugh in metaphors, sip memory like wine.

You haunt the corners of songs I pretend not to know,
Your ghost wrapped in lyrics, in rain, in the glow
Of streetlights that flicker just like you used to smile,
Brief, brilliant, and only ever staying awhile.

I replay the moment I didn't run after you,
The cowardice dressed as calm, the lie dressed as truth ,
And I wonder if somewhere, in some parallel day,
You turned back for me... before walking away.

Now I meet people who try to make me forget you,
And I nod and smile, pretend their touch will do,
But none of them look at me like you used to see,
As if I was art, not damage, as if I was free.

We don't talk anymore, not really, not deep,
Just vague little check-ins when the silence gets steep,
But every so often, I think you still ache

In the same hidden way that keeps me awake.

You were the lesson I didn't want to learn ,

That timing is cruel and bridges can burn

Before you even realize you're standing in fire ,

And that love, even real love, can expire.

So here's to the what-ifs, the almosts, the maybes,

To the moments that felt like wild magic, not maybes,

To the one we let go, though we wanted them to stay,

You'll always be the chapter I read when it rains...

The story I ruined...

The one who got away.

But it doesn't end there , that's only the start,

Because regret doesn't whisper, it tears you apart.

And I remember how we met, how nothing was planned,

How you reached for my heart without even using your hands.

I met you on a day that didn't seem important,

The kind of ordinary moment you don't know is historic
Until months have passed and you realize the joke,
That God hides forever in things that barely spoke.

You were laughter and logic, a storm with calm eyes,
You made cynicism stutter, and the truth dress in disguise,
And I, I was all armor, baby, I was metal and walls,
I loved the idea of falling but not the actual fall.

You talked about love like it was something simple and still,
Like it wasn't a warzone, a gamble, or a pill.
You were certain, steady, a lighthouse I never thought I'd need,
While I was busy planting doubts where you tried to sow seed.

We kissed like we were daring time to stop ticking,
Like we could make forever if the world stopped picking
Apart the fragile moments that only we could see,
You and I, babe, we were quiet chaos and poetry.

But I hesitated when I should've held you tight,

Chose silence when I should've fought with all my might.
You asked me once, "Why are you always halfway in?"
And I lied, said I was tired, when the truth was deeper within.

The truth was I didn't think I deserved a love like you,
I thought you'd figure that out, pack up, and say adieu,
So I tried to leave first, like I always do,
Not knowing you were the one person who actually saw me through.

It wasn't dramatic, no screaming, no door slammed shut,
Just a slow fade into "fine," into keeping things cut,
A shift from "good morning" to "hope you're okay,"
From real connection to rehearsed things we say.

And now? Now I see your face in the spaces I go,
In strangers' mannerisms, in sunsets that glow,
And I wonder if your chest ever aches like mine does,
If you still listen to songs we both claimed to love.

I see people holding hands and I feel this sting,

Not jealousy, no, more like remembering a thing
I once had, once held, then let slip through my hands
Because I was too afraid to make serious plans.

You were never asking for a perfect version of me,
Just the honest one, the raw, the messy, the free.
But I offered you puzzles and riddles and space,
While you stood there asking for a soft, quiet place.

Sometimes I dream of you,
Not in wild fantasies or steamy nights,
But in calm Sunday mornings, soft kitchen lights,
You pouring coffee while I hum a tune,
Those are the dreams I wake up from too soon.

There are people who tell me I dodged a bullet,
That timing was off, or that fate just wouldn't pull it,
But they don't know the way your hand calmed my storms,
Or the way your laugh used to make even silence warm.

You were my beginning in a world of almost ends,
My peace in a battlefield, my favorite of friends,
But I let fear write the script and ego play the part,
And by the time I wanted to change it, you'd torn out your heart.

We don't talk now, not really, not real ,
We send little "how've you been?" texts we don't truly feel,
And maybe that's for the best, maybe that's how it goes,
But some nights I ache in places nobody knows.

I still write letters I'll never send,
Still scroll back through messages and pretend
That we could pick up from wherever we dropped,
That some loves don't fade, they just get paused, not stopped.

But love, the kind you offered, doesn't wait around forever,
And I should've known better than to think I was clever,
Thinking I could come back when I was ready to stay,
But you weren't a story meant to wait...

You were the one I let get away.