

In sharing poetry I'm trying my best

I don't know if what you said – what she said – is true – it seems like too much

All I've done for these past few months was try my best

When was it? March?

I can tell the language is different – but it seems like too much

I'm looking for words and trying to make sense of things

I'm writing this because I don't think I'm comfortable with talking straight forwardly about this yet

In a mesh of pop music – flamenco guitars, maybe – "bossa style"

Not the first, not the last, but surely something special

2012? 2013? It's been a long while

I know my time frame's off, it's just how I feel

I don't want to look back through old messages – maybe I could have been more polite, but I don't think that's the point

What is the point? I don't know. How could I?

At a distance – somewhere in between understanding nothing and a little

I'm thinking about music. I'm thinking about pop songs and a clear head

You said – she said – I could ask anything – you could – she could – pass on words to her – to you – unsure

I can tell the language is different

Exact quote: "I can pass some words for you if you want to let her know anything"

Different things have meant a lot – this isn't a love poem

When I wrote that last poem I was only thinking of a film – I wrote a poem about you – about her – by accident – some things are so ingrained in the psyche

That one wasn't a love poem either

Let me think. I'll give a hint. Gmail's three recommended responses to what you wrote – what she wrote

1: "Thanks, I will."

2: "Thank you for letting me know."

3: "I'm sorry to hear that."

All true, but not quite right

I'm in too much of a rush to finish thoughts. I have no shortage of time is the truth, but I'm in too much of a rush to finish thoughts

This poem isn't coming together. It's too sloppy. It was probably ill-conceived. I miss you.

Is that what I want to say? Is that what I want to pass on?

I thought maybe I'd pass this on – this untitled poem – but I'd hate to make things awkward, I should keep things simple. This is anything but

Reminds me of a different movie. A sad movie. I'm sure it's much different, so I shouldn't say – is that really the reason?

Sloppy, sloppy. All feelings are sloppy. All poetry should be sloppy. If it's genuine it's sloppy. All critically acclaimed poetry should be thrown in the garbage. The Nobel Prize in Literature is an academic slap in the face of the artist

I don't think I'm being pretentious, I hardly even mean my own words – not that I know what I'd do with my million dollars anyway

You loved her more than I did, I'm sure of that, what would you say to her? Are you – is she – comfortable?

This is going nowhere. Thank you for reading.