

Just You

-PBC

It happens, doesn't it?

The quiet growing between us,
not born of anger, not a sharp word,
but a slow fade.

Like I'm a whisper you can't quite hear,
or a shadow you don't see.

And then, a small hello,
a simple question,
and a tiny spark lights up inside.

Just knowing I'm seen, even a little.

This isn't a demand, you know.

No holding out a hand, waiting.

Just letting you see the steps I take,
the little things I do, thinking of you.

The other night, a dream came.

Green all around, the air soft,
and we were there, side by side,
walking like it was the most natural thing.
I held onto that feeling,
wished it could spill into this day.
I know, maybe your thoughts are elsewhere.
But a little flicker of hope stays with me.
Even if my name drifts away from you,
like a leaf on the wind,
in my heart, you'll still be there,
until the very last beat.