

Owen

"Ghost Of What Should Have Been"

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What else in this room reminds me of you?
The windowsill with a crucified pit of an avocado still
sits in water.
What else in this room reminds me of the relationship
I've ruined?
The tables I made strong enough to hold your
magazines,
but not your tired legs.
One more week in this apartment,
one more week of being haunted by the ghost of what
should have been.
What else in this fucking empty room reminds me of
fucking you?
An orphaned couch where I spent some long nights
while you went out with our friends.
What I wouldn't do to be a ghost like you, to be
somewhere new.
To leave everything,
the way you left everything that reminded you of me.
One more week in this apartment, one more week of
being haunted.

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