

POEM

My favorite person

I forget sometimes
 that you are not the person I once knew.
 And I say something the way I used to
 quick, without context, off the cuff
 things that the person I once knew would catch
 without fail
 and respond
 NOT with a 'what?' and a frown
 nor with a 'I have no idea what you're talking about'
 but with a wink and a smile, because you got it.
 You got me without the subtext.

But that was then.
 And I sometimes forget that this is now.
 You are still my favorite person
 but now, I need to catch your attention before I speak
 To give reference to context – because you will have forgotten.
 I need to speak clearly and slowly
 and wait for the spark to light in your eyes
 – or not –
 before I add more words to the cacophony
 that is roaring in your head.
 Or is it the silence that deafens you?
 You won't tell me,
 or you can't.

But you're still my favorite person,
 And I try really hard,
 but sometimes I forget
 and then we have a day like today
 with you cross and resentful at something
 that I didn't tell you the moment it happened
 – like you expected me to –
 except that I did, but you've forgotten....
 so when I speak without context
 when I speak without reminding you
 the light in your eyes sparks once, furious,
 then dies into sullen indifference –
 only because I forgot that you're not the person I once knew –
 quick and sharp and funny and trusting –
 even though you're still my favorite person.

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