

## Mourning Coffee

Your eyes don't look like coffee anymore.

They just look like eyes.

And I wonder if they ever saw me

Or if they ever really looked my way at all.

And if they did I wonder what they really saw.

Coffee is bitter.

It always has been

And I was foolish to pretend like it wasn't.

Creamer and sugar can only do so much

Before it can't be called coffee anymore.

I never liked coffee.

But I loved your eyes.

Your eyes that don't look like honey now.

Because there's no more sweetness when I think of you.

There's not much of anything really,

Just "what if's and "maybe's and "what did I do wrong's

Honey is sticky.

It's hard to clean.

And I'm still trying to rinse you off of me.

At some point, I'll be scrubbing off my skin and still think you're there

No matter how long you've been gone.

And you are.

Gone.

You talk to me like you're walking through a child's playroom:

Cautious and slow,

Trying not to break my toys

Because you don't want to break anything else of mine.

Because you love me.

But not like that.

Not anymore.

Maybe not ever.

And maybe

We were both fooling ourselves.

Your eyes don't look like sunrises anymore.

And My eyes never looked like the beach.

And that's okay because I never liked the beach anyways

and I was never much of a fan of mornings.

I'd rather sleep in and pretend that your eyes have only ever been

Brown.