

Move On

By Allison Wilson

The words strike hard and fast as a whipping,
and feel like one too.
Your presence that at one point in time was
the one thing that made sense
now drags Me into a dark void of unanswered
questions that cannot be solved.
How can I move on?

A park bench, a funny saying on a t-shirt
in a shop, everything I see reminds me of
You and the fun We used to have,
could still have, if I just sucked up my pride
and let go of the knot in my stomach that has been
tightening since our relationship hit a tectonic shift.
Where can I move on?

Days turn to months turn to years,
You have set sight on the future
and are ready to explore new horizons.
I am still looking back at the past,
searching amongst the ruins for any
relics that I can salvage.
When can I move on?

Wasting away in what was is such a sweet temptation,
but the world was made for harsh realities.
I cannot stay how I have been forever and
You reinvented yourself long ago. Deep breaths, small steps,
do something so as not to continue being nothing.
Terrifying and thrilling, I am moving, but-
What will I move on to?