

campfire cries

Tell me the last time you cried
the last time you wondered

If it would last
the tears
the pulsating waves of catharsis
the sense of losing control

Tell me the last time you went back
to our apartment in Queens
where it began
where we watched
the magic castle
falling
apart

I wish I could see it again
the books ripped into two
the chairs smashed against walls
the taste of comfort vanishing at once

It was the last time we fought
the last time we talked
the last time I opened the door
when somebody knocked