

## Diary

We kept our hiding spot secret. You slipped me underneath your bed, in the abandoned shoebox each day, until the night came in which you shared your life. You're kind. You tell me of the movie night you've hosted for your friends and the chores you complete for your grandmother that clutter your Sunday evenings. And smart, a National Honors Society diploma was slipped into the pocket behind my front cover a few months ago until the frame for it arrived in the mail. I think it might be impossible to not adore you. You never write about anyone in an ill way. You write of all the people who admire you, but you don't seem to reciprocate the admiration if their eyes grow hungry after dark.

I listened to you talk about him, how he would walk you down to your car every day after physics class; physics was your favorite. I listened to your rants about his eyes. I always assumed you liked blue eyes, because of the boys in the past. Since when did brown eyes make you feel like being bathed in pools of honey? You tell me how he likes you in the evening but promises to love you in the morning. No one has ever made you feel like poetry in the way he has. I listened to you talk about the first time he came over. You said you loved his handshake when he met your dad and he got flowers for your mom, daisies. He was perfect, wasn't he?

You stopped talking to me. I felt you there, but he was there too. I stayed in the scent of Nike shoes for months. You loved him, didn't you? You didn't need me anymore.

You dated me 5/28/22, it had been 7 months. You didn't talk about him. My pages began to grow wet, drip by drip. I wondered why you were writing outside if it was raining. You said it had gotten to be too much. I wondered what happened. I wondered if he had hurt you. I hated him for taking you away and then returning you damaged. You complained about everything. You suddenly hated physics. You lost motivation for everything. Why can't you love this world

enough to be passionate again? Who are you apologizing to, and why are you telling me that you want your sister to have your little black dress? No. Please don't. Please don't end this page with "goodbye" and "I love you". Don't you love me enough to stay alive? If you die, I die too. You didn't set me in our hiding place, you set me on your bed, open. I felt too revealed. As if I was sprawled naked across your comforter. I wanted to close my pages to keep you hidden away.

You never wrote in me again. I was never scribbled on again. I was only read. Your mom was the first, but my pages grew crinkled. Then came your dad and your sister. I don't think she was as happy about the dress as you hoped she'd be. But she wore it to say goodbye to you. She swore she didn't wear it nearly as well as you did, I believed her.

He read me.

I don't know if you wanted him to, but neither of us could do anything about it.

He cried the hardest.

He picked up a pen and wrote to me, to you.

*I'm sorry my pools of honey drowned you.*