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I Was Better Here

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“I was better here”
By Lacey Dykgraaf

The movie scene
Of saying goodbye
Is a cliché
That I lived through
Tears drop onto his shoulders
As I press my body into his
A whispered sentiment in his ear
“thank you for being my favorite”
I pull back to look at his wide smile
Red hair he checked religiously in my window
As he taught me dance moves
And told me about the musical he had written
In between planning grand gestures for loved ones
He is someone who does things
He looks back at me
“I know”
I don’t know what I was expecting
For him to tell me I meant as much to him
As he meant to me
I stumble down the stairs
The vodka of the night pulls at my thoughts
My suitcase is already loaded into the taxi
I was better here
I was different
“You’ll be alright”
I look at the blue eyes
That I’ve watched for so many hours
Soon to be five thousand miles apart
I want to shake my head
Not because he’s wrong
But because he doesn’t understand
I won’t be as happy
Because these were the best four months
The English countryside became my new dream
London became my new holiday
I started over everything
Only this time I was better
I was living the life I read about in novels
But every book has to end
I press a palm to my tears as I wave goodbye
To my favorite story