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Time Spent Lost

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Time Spent Lost
Kylie Walsh

You gave me a lemon
“It’s from my lemon tree” you told me
As if that mattered
Because the leaves on your lemon tree turned yellow in the fall
And we both became bitter overnight

It was a Tuesday, when I first saw you
I had a flower in my hair, red and gold
It drew you in-
I used to be a Good Thing

You are either moving on
Or hanging on
Monkey bar blisters or skinned pale knees that don’t forget the road

The tide always comes in
The beach losing ground
Until the moon decides to push on back
The sand returns but our footprints are missing

What would you do for the quiet?
I am ironbound
Always looking for a breaking point
“Don’t drown in my eyes” I warned you
It’s been the longest year