

Six Months

Six months have passed since you've been gone.
Half a year, and way too long.

Then I remember, and start to think.
Our time apart will never shrink.

Somehow the days turned to weeks.
Suddenly six months, and tears still roll down my cheeks.

I thought time would heal the ache.
But nothing seems to dull the pain.

Most days I can't get out of bed.
I lay there stuck inside my head.

I have sunk so deep into depression.
I have been foolish to think that with time it would lessen.

So it has been six months of missing you.
And six months since losing who I used to be, too.

—Maysen Matthews

Property of Maysen Matthews