

Friends In A Better, Braver Lifetime

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Why is keeping in touch sometimes so hard?
Why can it be so difficult to keep friends?
With these questions my mind has frequently sparred
And yet all this mental sparring rarely leads to anything other than answers well known by now
and contemplative dead ends
At the end of the day only with fate and myself can I really contend
For I cannot change your actions or your silence anymore than you can change mine
I spent so long pondering what ifs and questioning how and when to reach out that ultimately I
ended up leaving you behind
It hurts to know that we'll probably never be friends now or possibly have been even more
But at the end of the day we both wound up shutting the proverbial maybe even physical door
I think I know which of us did it but I wonder if you even remember anymore
Me, I tend to hold on tightly to memories of the past
Of course I'll probably never know how you really felt about our connection that didn't last
I really try not to dwell on regrets but it's hard not to when you're not fully sure what went
wrong
Maybe if I was less of an awkward coward we'd still be talking and you wouldn't be gone
Although I'll never truly know what I could have done or said to keep you around
And I may never know as life continues to simply drag on
While I'll definitely hold onto the memories of whatever we were and had I won't bog you down
I won't try to pursue when that probably wouldn't work and instead just let you go
I'll continue to consider you a part of my life's journey however and occasionally think back to
you though
It's difficult not to sometimes imagine the better world with the braver me and us being friends
Still I do accept that sometimes things in life just have a bittersweet end