

*she said, he said, she said*

i threw away all of your letters.  
and regretted it in minutes.

she could be such a bitch.  
i hated the orange-red storage unit.  
*why'd we need it anyway?*

September 12<sup>th</sup>, 2012

journal,

we've been arguing, even the pets know. he doesn't come home until early morning, when he knows he won't have to start a conversation before climbing into bed. we used to share a bed, then. we used to share a lot of things... spoons, shirts, his toothbrush. now i hate the smell of his shirts; he never uses a napkin.

January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2013

journal,

i worked past three last night; i hoped it'd make a difference – it never does. she left all of the dishes for weeks; the smell of the kitchen was terrible. there are dents in the walls, books jammed in every corner – old t-shirts, letters, papers... i can't say anything.

it's been five years.  
i don't miss the combing and washing and braids.  
mom has nothing polite to say *most days*.

it feels good to forget.  
i forget what it feels like, but i still know the way it felt – stringy & long.

you threw away all of our photographs, mom's & dad's, too.  
every postcard, letter, piece of clothing.  
*thank god.*

but our words stick,  
they're sharp.  
and they are *incessant*.