

Blue Eyes

by like_queen

Decisions, even the right ones, are often tinged with regret.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was my second piece of writing. It was inspired by a friend breaking some news to me quite a long time ago.

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The purple jeans remind me
of what could have been
because when you were here,
I could not wear them.
You were with me only briefly
but
You changed me
for those few short weeks
you changed me:
my clothes, my belly, my heart.
But I will never admit it
only to you.
I will never know you
never have the chance.
Your hair,

I won't smell.

Your eyes will never be pools
to me.

I say I don't miss you
and I don't,
really,

But...

Sometimes, I wonder
what it might have been
to look into your blue eyes.