



that left them too.

To become a beautiful thing

And finally to how my insatiable thirst

for novelty and its ephemerality and its heartbreak

leaves others as heartbroken as I

When I feel the pull

To All the Beautiful Things that Leave Me



To the feeling on a first date with someone new.

And the second date, and the third, and to your first flat together.

How the fourteenth kiss made you feel, and to how it will never be quite the same, even if you want it to be.

And how you made me turn my car around, because I knew you wouldn't last, and I took time walking to you that I'll never get back. And to how I'd do it again, except you're gone.

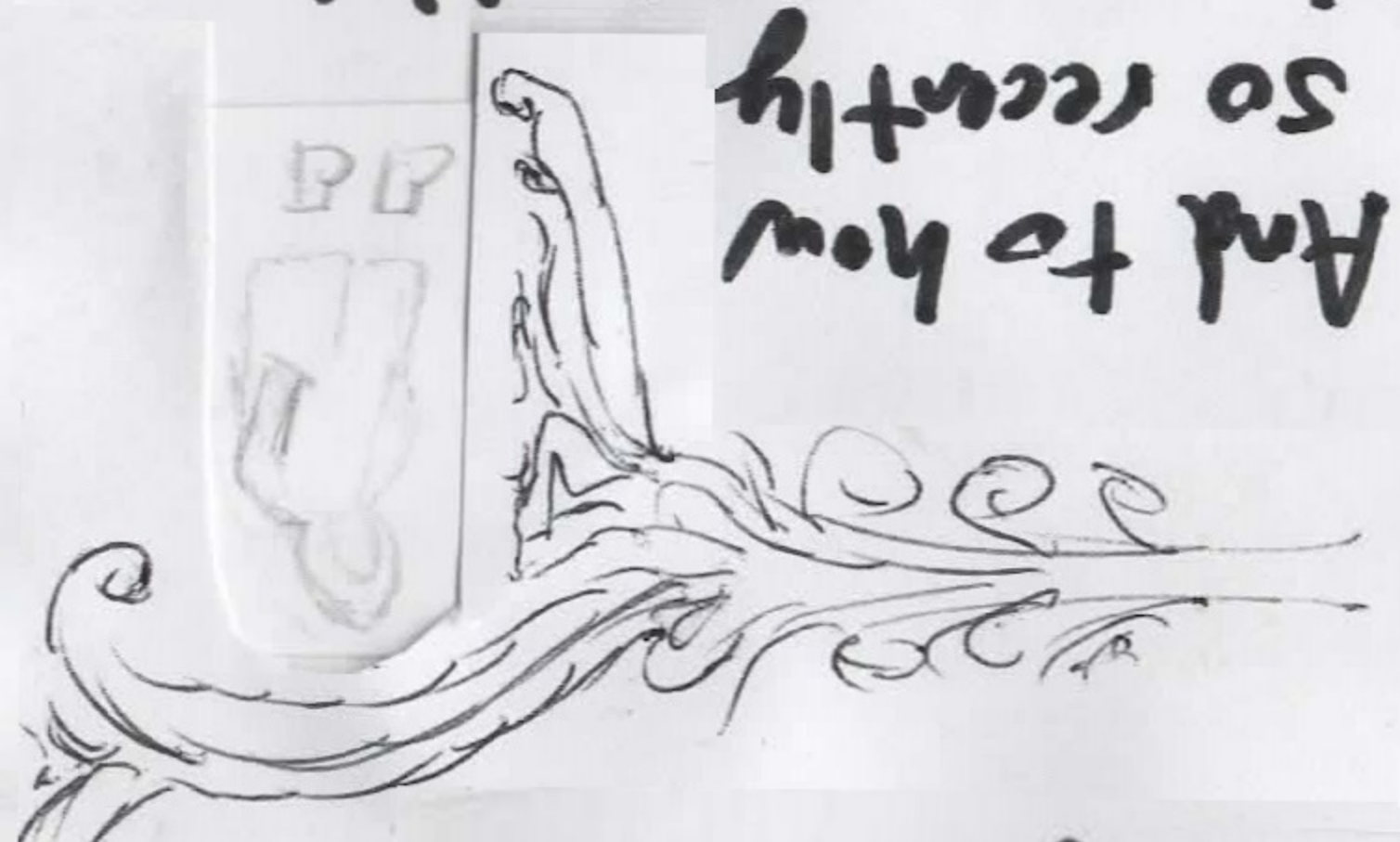


To the lonely cherry blossoms by an empty picnic shelter in Woodlark Park.

And to the knowledge that these traces of feelings will grow ever fainter even fainter than I can grasp at now.

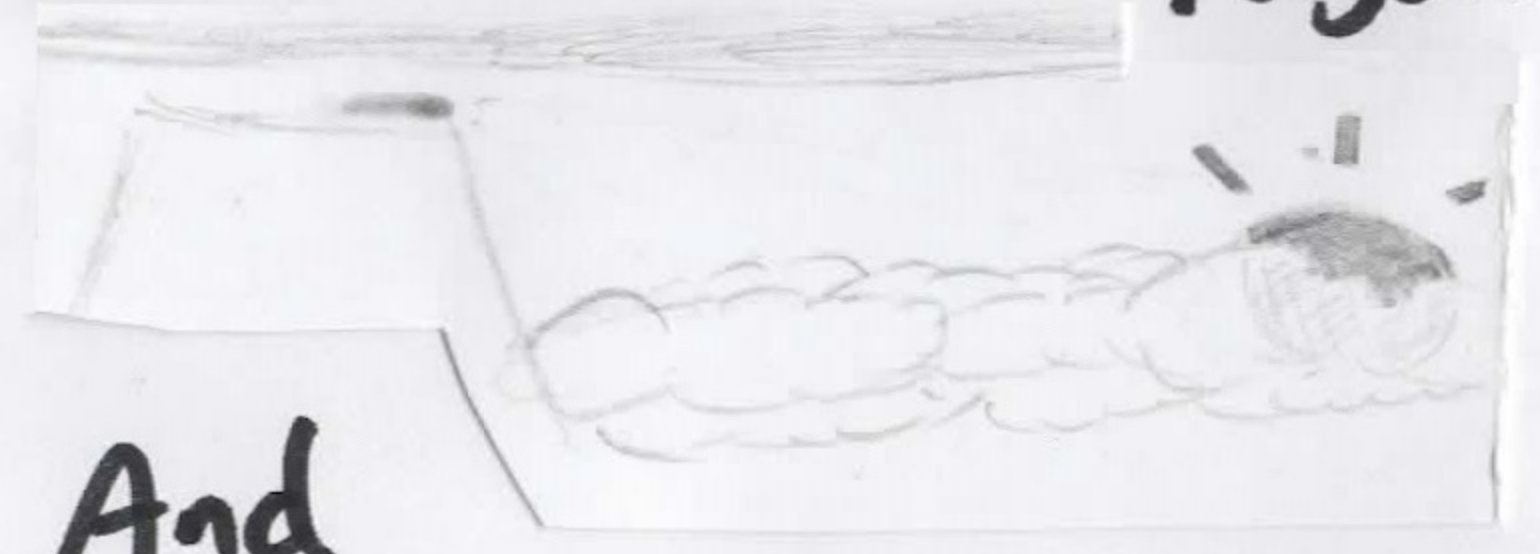
And to the ever-pressing - need - call - urge - to find more to love and to lose.

And to how so recently it was everything. But now it's like someone else lived through the winter, and trudging up and through the ice and the wind.



To the feeling of what was like the cold weather

To a sunrise, hard-fought, the most beautiful I'd ever seen, that I swore I'd never forget.



And that I can know I saw, and I can almost remember. But that I can't see or feel like it was, even if my memories were as vivid as my eyes can tell.