

(1) Some people have frenemies.
We are something worse
or better:
a soulmate-nemesis hybrid or
some paradoxical portmanteau
with improper welding.

(2) I am fully convinced we intersect
on every timeline:
as lovers, as blood,
as an accidentally epic songwriting duo,
or two sides of a literal coin
rattling together
in a sweat-stained silk pocket.

(3) But here and now
we run parallel,
so close the space
is imperceptible to most.

(4) We don't touch.
It's kind of a bummer.

(5) You can't carry:
my debts, my descendants,
my disappointments.
And I won't carry:
your sacrificial grudges,
your tender vices.

(6) But you and I
orbit in 360 degrees
of no thank you
tethered by mavity.

(7) And here's the thing
about choosing
to be friends
instead of lovers:



Flutter Bys

by Meredith Byrne



(8) If I do it right,
if you do it right -
we'll grow apart.
We'll have to.
Because we both deserve
better than this timeline where
we always crash
through someone's boundary.

(9) Fucking butterfly
effect.

(10) I resent this outcome.
But sometimes -
sometimes it strikes me as
gothically romantic:
To love.
To be loved.
The ache exquisite
because
it tastes real
to be seen,
and not run from.

(11) *I should clarify,
I meant gothic in
the literary sense,
as in a Poe-aesthetic.*

(12) I'm not trying
to cuddle up
with Edward Scissorhands.
Necessarily.

(13) To care,
and be cared for,
flaws as far as the eye can see.
There is magic in that,
or a curse.

(14) So maybe we twist the knife
on each other now
and then,
just to check
if we still bleed,
even though
we already know.
We do.

(15) God, you're the worst.
Thank you
for being my person,
jerk.