

Leaving Without You

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We lost you somewhere
between that backyard playhouse
and the creaking hinges
of a rusted shed filled
with cobwebbed toys.

You realized the world
was bigger than our fenced in yard,
so you closed the door behind you,
and left us sitting on the fraying ends
of carpeted stairs.

We waited until the lightbulbs
dimmed, until the trees
faded to gray even while our eyes
still lingered on the door, so we ran,
even though you would never know,
and we'll be gone if you come back.