**Friendship Breakup**

Jennifer Avignon

there isn’t a song for this one.

no crooning ballad i can cry to,

wishing you the best,

hoping you won’t forget me.

no joyful, angry, self-righteous scream

to assure me i’m better off.

there is no box of my things left at my door,

no dividing up our dishes and flannel shirts,

no tense discussion of who gets to keep the dog.

he’s your dog.

i’m not going to cut my bangs.

your sister won’t call to say

that she still loves me.

there is no pattern of longing i can follow,

no shape to mold my grief to

so that i can hold it close,

and then put it down.

this is why, when i see a pine tree in the park,

i stand in its shade with a hand pressed

against its craggy bark, warmed in the sun

and think of you: tall, cool, quiet,

full of quick vitality, evergreen,

your soft heart sealed deep away

from my touch.