

Counterfeit

By Julia Dinmore

Does it really matter how I feel about it all?
Seems like anything I do, I'm always bound to fall.
How can it be so easy and so twisted all at once?
You're unpredictable, making me feel like a dunce.

You had your chance; you had many to be true.
You didn't know, but my first choice was always you.
I'm smarter now, at least that's what I would like to think,
But memories of you and me—they push me to the brink.

Did any feelings manifest
While we were in your bed?
Sharing laughs and secrets,
I clung to every word you said.

Call me dramatic, even sappy, if you will.
But loving you? It's hard to swallow such a pill.
Perhaps I use my words too loosely,
I let your eyes fill up my head.
Your hands have me all loosey-goosey,
Your fingers tangled in my threads.

I'm moving on, at least a bit,
And slowly I'll admit.
You'll always have a piece of me:
A heart-shaped counterfeit.