

## Writing Competition

We only exist in stories told about the past  
and in someways it's comforting.

To know we still walk the same earth but on different paths.

I didn't think it was possible for me to ever live  
without you: But the turmoil of us showed me  
that someone leaving isn't the end of the world; just  
an ending to a chapter.

Someday, I will stop writing about you.

There is going to be a day, when I will stop  
thinking about you, where I stop hurting.

This is going to be the day I realize that you  
don't deserve my words,  
my carefully crafted compositions.

Until then, flatter yourself because I don't think  
there is a single person out there  
with more poems written about them than you.