

Boys & Girls in America, They Have Such A Sad Time Together

I remember the two of us sitting on the steps of Penn Station, deliciously burning in the sun and watching a long row of American flags hanging from the buildings across the street ripple in the breeze. There were yellow taxicabs and harried travelers, pavements jam-packed with people. But to me, you were the only person in the world.

We will always have New York.

But I don't always have you. You don't always have me. I left, and you left, and I don't know who really left first. We did not discuss it. I said 'Merry Christmas' when I meant 'Good-bye', and I did not clarify. And I did not speak to you again. We were already too far apart. You can travel miles and miles on a cramped bus to New York. I can navigate crowded streets, dodgy traffic, and clogged subways to get to you. There are hours of our lives gone forever in the pursuit of finding each other. But it wasn't me you were really looking for. It was an antidote.

I regret to say that no person can be the antidote.

She told me to not love boys with blue-stained emotions. They will break your heart and they will not let you fix theirs. I have been running from a hurricane of sadness for five years now, but you open your arms and allow it to sweep you away. I wish I could color you gold and make you smile forever. I wish you would let me. I cannot teach you how to find the Sun though. You'll have to find it for yourself. But I remember walking through the Bronx and I remember you stopping me, to kiss me, every few steps. You grinned so big and said *I'm so happy. I'm so happy right now.*

And I fiercely wish you could be so happy always.

I always thought I would give you up because I did not Love you anymore. That has not turned out to be the case. You asked me to be emotionally honest with you because there are three stone walls between my emotions and the world, and you'd only gotten past two. You did not realize that you were already a member of an extremely small, privileged group of the population. You did not realize that you knew me more than most, that I would have told you almost anything, if you had only asked. There was only one thing I believed you absolutely could not know:

The Fact that I Love You.

She told me that you and I make sense when she sees us together. She told me that in a parallel universe, we would have been perfect, you and I. And I miss that parallel universe. And I miss you. And I remember when you told me that you think I am the nicest person, and you don't understand how anyone was so mean to me - how could anyone be mean to me? Yet, without consideration, you did the meanest thing anyone has ever done.

You are the one who broke my heart.

But I won't always have you. You won't always have me. It does not matter who left first; we have both disappeared from each other. I still hope that, when they play that song you know I love at the coffee shop you frequent, you think of me, like you did before. You're the one with

the bad memory though; I'm the one who remembers everything. It's a typical consequence of this sort of thing, but I cannot go to Herald Square, or look at a Degas painting, or even wash my hair with that shampoo. Why did you have to steal my shampoo?? I don't want to disappear from your head because it is not fair. I know you won't disappear from mine.

You are forever in my memory, pressed in gold.

I remember the two of us sitting on the steps of Penn Station, and I choose that memory over the one of me walking away without you. She teased me when you left, asking if I begged you, "*Please don't go back to Boston! I Love you forever!*" But I won't Love you forever; I couldn't possibly. Yet, I still hated the guard who kicked us off the steps and made me say good-bye to you. I still let you back into my life every time, even after I made thirty resolutions within four years that I wouldn't care for you anymore. I still looked over my shoulder at you the last time I left you at the bus station, the last time I saw you, the last time I hugged you good-bye. We have come to the conclusion, she and I, that I might stop Loving you one day.

And then the world will probably end.

I suppose that what I am trying to say is this:

I Love you,

but I guess,

Nevermind.