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Recycle

Alyssa Osinski
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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ALYSSA OSINSKI

RECYCLE

I threw it all out.
In the darkest corner of my closet,
under my old soccer cleats, dance tutus, and yard-work clothes,
in an old gray, plastic Hannaford bag went our relationship.
The old emails,
the Guns n Roses CD with our song on it,
Patience,
the pom-poms from your homecoming game,
movie ticket stubs,
the orange paper puzzle piece,
the Snoopy lollipop wrapper,
the diamond necklace,
the beanie baby,
the coloring book,
the Xmas card,
the picture your imaginary brother drew me,
the candle from Lake George,
the beer cap from camping,
the \$70 French silk tie I never gave you,
alongside the black lace bra and panty set
with the hot pink flowers you only saw on me once,
the 6th grade soccer picture,
when your sweatpants were too short,
glasses engulfed your face,
and your goofy smile.

7 years later was
the 4th of July cooler speech.
Then you told me you wouldn't say "those 3 words" to anyone for a long time.
Or the "f" word.
You held me for the first time and
2 months later you cried when I said
"all I wanted was for you to love me."

You loved me.
Sitting in a Seattle parking lot, you said the "f" word.

For some reason, I have left your heart.
But I know you're my soulmate.
I know.
I think you've forgotten me,
but you,
your face is still vivid in my mind,
my heart
every time I blink . . .
millions of times every day . . .

you are forever a part of me.
I love you and I swear to God,
that I will never *really* throw that bag away.