

DID WE LIE?

All day
the wind
battered our faces

the rain
sucked warmth out of our bodies

the stones
flattened our feet

the cold
made us mean

Did we lie
when we said we would
come home to sit by the hearth
spill wine on the floorboards
and talk like we talk
instead of kicking our shoes
and falling face-first onto the bed?

— by Matt T. C. (excerpt from Passages)