

before we spoke,  
before that chilly day in may that would soon change the course of my future,  
i loathed the idea of you,  
    the essence of you,  
    and everything that you stood for.  
never once did i think i would want to write about you.  
for me then,  
you were absolutely nothing.  
    like the nothingness of when the high fades away,  
    or of a dreamless sleep,  
    or of a repetitive state of being, where predictability will only be buried six feet under with you.  
but that was just the problem.  
you simply *were* nothing to me.  
and to be truthful,  
you still really don't mean much to me.  
for me now,  
you're just something to do.  
    you're like the option that no one first picks, but when boredom come barging in,  
    i rather pick you than bow down to it.  
    you're like a toy, and i'm a metamorphic child—our relationship is only temporary.  
    you're like that one fruitless dream in the sleep of an insomniac.  
and perhaps that makes me sound spiteful,  
but it doesn't explicate that i don't care about you.  
i've always understood that summer is meant for lust and leaving.  
but even after the heat of the sun shines more so in another hemisphere,  
i hope i can be there for you.  
    not in a form of fling,  
    not in the form of "something more",  
    and not even a friend.  
    but maybe just someone you'd want to talk to.

— malia shah // a jejune & lackluster summer.