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Still

Ella Belle

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Still

My once-friend still wakes each day too late, hurried primping mornings, drinks water from a cup too large for her hand. A delicate bracelet, silver. The green purse today. Toasted bagel? Slices of orange from her rented backyard? Or nothing but drive-thru coffee, rushing. Her hair smooth, shorter now. Her voice unwavering, words counted out like coins. When we still spoke, I knew my role: Act in awe. Cheer. Say: Yes, you are beautiful. You will be loved. But now, I imagine her alone. Treadmill after work until sweat blankets her face. Rice or greens for dinner. Dreams so vivid, their colors crash her awake. Don't call, but yes, I still dream sometimes too.