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Fate

Taylor Keckler

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Fate

Taylor Keckler

We were eighteen,
When you dropped me off
At my door,
For the first time.

Nineteen, when we shared
Our favorite
books, lab reports,
And songs.

We were standing outside our cars,
Four years later-
You grinning in the way
That made the skin by your almond eyes
Crinkle,
And your arms full with boxes
Of my belongings...

It was then that I realized,
No matter who walked into my life,
Matched my stride,
Held my hand,
Pushed-
That it was you. It would always be you.
When it felt like our lives were like the
Red strings of fate:
Intermingling, running with one another,
Connected, and always would be.

Since the first moment I met you-
You felt like home.

I have never experienced a
Twin soul of the sort.
Four years of random memories.
Of bald caps, and run-ins,
The same classes, and dorms,

Of one-sided pursuits.

Four years
Of me never being ready.
Of seeing you, and feeling at home.
But it never seeming the right time
To move in.

You stood there, smiling, with
My belongings,
As you never let me carry anything.
It had been

One year of you looking
Elsewhere,
Somewhere,
More blonde.

Maybe we are not the
Red strings of fate,
Our futures intertwined-
But only,
Simply,
Two people
Each connected to fate itself.