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Palm Tree

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Palm Tree

When I close my eyelids and
am settled into a nap I still see you.
Mostly it's nothing. Your face carrying
a familiar ire. Only sometimes you smile
and laugh or cry because I made you
do it. Because you love me and I
love you, but I should really learn to
mind my own and honestly I didn't
need to dance with your friend that one time
or leave to my mother's when I already
have a family of my own I should have
kept the baby quiet for you to sleep
at night because being a house husband is hard
and stopped complaining so much
about the dishes I could have stopped asking
questions about your hobby because you were right
It was none of my business
I should have just given you my sandwich because
It wasn't your fault either when the deli forgot your cheese
I could have turned
the other cheek when private numbers
rang your phone at 3 in the morning. I could have
worn a better makeup to cover up my mistakes
that would have avoided all these daydreams.
None of this would have happened.
But it did.
I am merry.