

BB

Anger. The one word I would never think to apply to myself but it has managed to consume me entirely. You've changed me, more than I can imagine, in such a short span of time. I have never met a person, as guarded as you, as spiteful as you, as opinionated as you, or as similar to myself, as you. And I hate that. I hate the way you bite the inside of your lip when you're thinking, and I hate that you smoke Cheyenne's. Grape Cheyenne's that give me horrible headaches, and I hate that every time I think of you I picture your hand resting on the volume knob, in your Oldsmobile, blasting The Strokes, with your white limited edition Vans, that "Could totally be sold for \$150 because they're off the shelves," tapping to the rhythm on the dead pedal. I hate that I'm listening to The Strokes right now because they remind me of you, and I hate that I bought you their vinyl for your birthday, even though I'm sure you'll still be avoiding me in April, just like you are now, and that every time I hear Julian Casablancas' voice I hear you half muttering the words under your breath while you try to remember which direction the lake is from your house. I really hate you for ruining that one for me, I miss going to the lake everyday and climbing the trees by myself to get a good view, and a comfy spot to sit and read, and I hate that I showed you my favorite place to go, it feels different when I go there now, tainted. I hate that I chose this font because you would like it. I hate that you were by all means my musical soul-mate, the first person who has ever been able to sing along to half the songs on my Ipod, and I miss rapping Otis with you, and pretending, for even a second that either of us could pull off being "gangster," especially with you being a self proclaimed hipster, both of us feeling like we were just born in the wrong decade. I

miss you telling me exactly how you felt at any given moment and feeling like I was the only person in the world you could be completely honest with. I miss being the only person that you liked to hug, you were always my favorite. I miss you calling me anytime you thought I was mad at you, and your need to immediately fix that. I miss having somebody to talk to who completely understood why I did the things I did and knew exactly how I would react to any given situation. I miss watching football with you every Sunday, even though I hate football, and I miss seeing you smile, you haven't been happy for a while. I love your smile, your slight <sup>underbite</sup> ~~under-bight~~, something I never thought I would actually like on somebody. I love going shopping with you; I know I'm a pain in the ass to shop with but you never complained, not once. I love your sarcasm and the fact that you wouldn't deal with my bullshit, that you weren't afraid to tell me when I was wrong or acting like an idiot. I love that you loved me and I am sorry beyond words that I never told you how much you meant to me, I am so confused as to why we don't speak, there was no fight, no falling out, and I can't even be mad at you, you told me you were emotionless, I acted carelessly, I hate that most of all. As long as you always know I hold you in the highest regard, and we'll always be friends.

First you're worried  
Then you're hurried  
Don't think that everything is gonna stay the same  
That's impossible  
Before I let you go  
Let me look at you  
Don't you worry  
You will help me  
Oh yes I know you're still  
Oh yes I notice you  
You are a friend of mine  
-The Strokes