

Habits

by Katie Johnson

I think of you every time
I add coffee creamer and a scoop of sugar to my hot chocolate,
or when I save the brown M&M's for last
so they'll feel like "the most delicious."

I think of you
when I click my tongue
or crack my knuckles
or watch "I Love Lucy"
at 2AM when I can't sleep.

I think of you
when I fold my socks "the right way."
It ended like it started,
fizzling out like it fizzled in,
a smoke bomb rather than a firework,
longer lasting and less memorable than a brilliant flash.
I did not grieve.

There were no photos to save or destroy,
no sweet messages on an answering machine to replay.
I do not remember the smell of you
or the sound of your voice.

Your face would be blurry
if I tried to conjure it.
You left me no relics,
no heartache,
no memories;
just a collection of habits,
lackluster, not even annoying,
a black burn fading to gray
on a sidewalk.