

## **Missing Her**

It really is  
rather funny, in  
a pathetic way.  
I see, hear, taste something  
that reminds me of  
her and I am brought back  
to before.  
Before she lied, before  
she stabbed me in  
the back.  
The taste of mints,  
a song, or even  
just a short girl with  
curly hair  
and I remember her  
and am filled with a  
longing for before.  
If I see someone who  
looks remotely like her,  
my heart starts to beat.  
But is it from fear or  
love?  
I do not know.