

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

*Lara Emond*

### **Snapshots Of Almost**

#### *The Encounter*

The full moon rises—of course, the full moon rises.

Music comes alive on stage.

I feel light, elated, tipsy.

My friends are in the best of moods,  
everyone is beautiful.

I look around and see him—  
dangerous look, sweet eyes.

I'm instantly drawn to him, have to talk to him.

He's kinda shy; I'm not.

I've always loved that.

We talk; he's in a band.

**I'm fucked.**

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### The Show

I can't process.

The guy on stage isn't the guy I met.

This guy is loose, electric—  
every movement, a statement.

No fucks given.

I'm drunk, kissing boys around me.

Guess I don't give a fuck either.

I look again—I can't even dance; I'm paralyzed.

His shirt is gone, his makeup dripping,

**he's jumping everywhere.**

**I want to jump everywhere.**

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### *The Corn Field*

Somehow, we make our way,  
together, to the corn field.  
There we lie, looking at the moon,  
drinking our beers away, looking like a cliché.  
Who knows what I said,  
who knows what he said.  
I'm so drunk, and I just want to kiss the boy on the stage.  
We kiss. I feel alive,  
and God knows, I love to feel alive.

### *The Tent*

Wanna come to my tent?  
Sure!

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### The Morning

I had a good time—I'm hungover.  
We cuddle; he's a cuddler.  
I say, "Hey, I think we should be friends. Friends last; romances don't."  
He says, "Well, depends if it's the right one."  
I brush it off; I know what I know.  
He leaves, and I have a beautiful day,  
the purest kind of day—with friends.  
We swim, we dance, and to be honest,  
**I would've been fine never seeing him again.**

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### The Boat

He reaches out—they always do.

“It was great to meet you. Come hang on the boat sometime.”

So tonight, I do.

I get there; he looks good. He always does.

We talk, we drink, the night grows deep.

He takes me out on the midnight sea.

**I might be falling under his spell,**

but it might just be the ocean’s swell.

I sleep on the boat, and as dawn breaks, I say,

“I’m going away for ten days.”

*The Going Away*

*Sent at 7:34 pm*

- Noooooo, don’t leave!
- I know...
- It will be okay.
- Yeah, hopefully.
- We will! - When will I see you next?

*The Being Away*

I’m back home, and he occupies my mind.

Not all of it, but too much of it.

He sends me pictures of the moon.

I hate it, but I love it.

He says he misses me.

Somehow, I miss him too.

*The Coming Back*

**We almost didn’t see each other again.**

Some alarm went off inside of me,

as if I already knew—

this is gonna be the death of me.

But I went anyway.

We lay on the grass, drinking beer (again).

He says he’s not looking for a relationship.

I should have run then.

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But I wasn't looking for a relationship either.

Not really.

Was that a lie? I'll never be sure.

And those eyes—those sweet, intense eyes.

They won.

"Wanna come to mine?"

*The Beach*

We wake up, intertwined.

We have breakfast; we laugh.

Laughing together—it's the one thing we're great at.

We go for a walk on the beach.

He runs everywhere, just a kid—

Throwing rocks,

doing magic tricks.

The thing about magic tricks, though—

they're just that. **Tricks.**

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### The Dip

We go for a swim,  
maybe more of a dip. Definitely just a dip.  
The sun is hot, but the ocean is cold.  
I hold you in my arms; you're just as cold.  
We go underwater together,  
**and those are the glimpses I want to remember.**

### *The Wedding*

He comes to my friend's wedding.  
He says I look great, and I blush.  
Just for tonight, I want to lose myself in this.  
We eat, we dance, we stare too long.  
We go to my car, and I ruin it all.  
He says he doesn't want to hurt anyone.  
I take it back, happy to pretend.  
We go to the hotel,  
and keep pretending, keep living the lie,  
of a fairy tale, for a little while.

### *The Birthday*

He stays up till midnight  
to be the first to wish me a happy birthday.  
He buys me a card, and my favorite wine.  
I don't know about you,  
but that will fuck with someone's mind.

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### The Show and the Shitshow

All my friends come to your show.

I'm excited to show you off.

We watch you play, you do your thing, I love it, everyone loves it.

We leave, you'll join us later.

But you don't show up—I'm pissed, I cry, I lose it, everyone's pissed.

You call me the next morning: "You're so fucking mad."

Instantly, I'm not mad at all—but my friends, they still are.



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### The Boyfriend-Girlfriend

You show me a picture of you kissing someone on stage.

I don't like it, but I keep my cool.

I think it's a girl—turns out, it's a boy.

I'm relieved. You find it cute.

You ask, "Are we boyfriend-girlfriend?"

Did not expect that one.

"I don't know."

You laugh, "Fuck it, let's give it a go."

I still don't know by then.

Don't know how you move through life on impulse,  
drifting by your own rules.

You say things you don't mean, follow your own whims.

You're entitled to live that life,

but why bring me along for the ride?

#### *The Call*

Not even a week later, you call me on the phone.

"I just don't think I want to be in a relationship right now."

"It's nothing against you, nothing you said or did."

And just like that, I'm fucking sad.

**The Other Call**

It's a week later,  
I'm hungover.  
I call you — this is stupid.  
We meet for an afternoon beer.  
"I'm not mad anymore. Let's be friends."  
"Dating isn't for me," you say. "Maybe not ever again."  
I doubt it — pretty sure it's about me, but let it be.  
And as good friends do,  
we spend the day tangled in each other,  
letting our bodies speak the silence between us.

*The Friends*

We spend the week hanging out,  
and the week making out.  
I feel at ease with what this is —  
I just love to watch you live,  
and I like when we speak.  
But I have to admit,  
some glances,  
some touches,  
leave me unsettled.  
One afternoon, your kisses linger — soft and slow,  
and it feels charged with something unspoken.  
But I don't think about it.

You're my friend, and this is it.

*The Hangover After a Bender*

You call me, your voice unsteady,  
"Can you come hold me — tell me it'll all be okay?"  
I hesitate for a moment,  
**but my feet already know the way.**

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### The Night Sail

You had to sail your boat back.  
That night, you were in a mood.  
That's okay, though.  
We barely spoke the entire four hours,  
and yet, somehow, it felt deeply comfortable.

### *The Fall from the Stage*

You had a show that night.  
I went with you, everybody thought we were together,  
somehow, you seemed to like it,  
though, I didn't really get it.  
We both got really drunk.  
I climbed on the stage—what else is new?  
But then I lost my balance, caught in your gaze,  
as you tried to catch me before I fell.  
We got kicked out and laughed it off.  
The next morning, you said,  
"The moment our eyes met before you fell, bounded us forever.»  
The shit you say!

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### The Going Away 2

You get ready to leave for a few days.  
Off to chase your big break.  
As I prepare to say goodbye with a handshake,  
You pull me in and hold me tight.

### *The Coming Back 2*

You come back, wanting to see me right away.  
I meet you at the dock, an hour after you land.  
Supposedly, you talked about me all weekend.  
Sure, if that's how we'll pretend.  
The night sets in, and your eyes linger longer.  
I see something in them—defiance, growing stronger.  
“I have feelings for you,” you say,  
**I hate you for it, in the best way.**  
You claim I feel the same, I say I don't.  
Parts of me want it, I won't lie, I won't.  
I still think you're cute as hell.  
But I know better now, or so I tell.  
Just kidding, I don't—I try to resist,  
But in the end, I give in, can't resist.  
You really had to make a comeback, didn't you?  
Not just from your trip, but from the mess we went through.

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### The Car Rides

Sharing music,  
singing lyrics,  
those car rides—  
they were my favorites.

#### *The Inside Each Other*

That morning, we woke up,  
intertwined in a way  
that felt like we were melting into each other.  
I'm pretty sure we spent the whole night like this— together.  
I was thinking how rare that felt,  
but you brought it up first,  
asking if only you had felt it—  
that sensation of being inside each other.  
We both agreed it really was something else,  
and now it feels like a dream I just tell myself.

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### **The Unheard Warning**

One morning, I woke up feeling uneasy.  
I felt like I had to say something.  
I had to ask you to let me know if doubts ever crept in again.  
Do not take me by surprise this time if you get overwhelmed.  
Because that feeling...I don't want to experience.

You're allowed to be uncertain,  
but not to lead me on,  
and then all of a sudden,  
change your mind with no explanation.

**Thought asking would matter,**  
but in the end, it didn't.

*The Always Together*

I'm never tired of being with you,  
and you're never tired of being with me.

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### The Mom

My mom came to visit.  
To my surprise, you wanted to join us.  
We spent the night on your boat,  
singing French songs and some Elvis.

She liked you right away —  
Nothing felt out of place.  
You spent Thanksgiving with us,  
her whole visit, really.

Why?

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### **The Don't Hurt Me**

We're at the bar, your friends are here.

**The night feels hazy, but you're so clear.**

I sit on your lap, your eyes catch mine —

Soft and steady, they almost shine.

I tease, «You're so in love with me.»

You say, «My feelings are shifting, can't you see?»

Then, just as quickly, you plead, «Don't hurt me.»

I smile and promise, my heart on display,

Forgetting I should've asked the same that day.

*The Yukon*

Over a slow afternoon beer, you say,

«Let's go to the Yukon this winter.»

I know it's just words,

**I can tell we're already on borrowed time.**

Yet for a moment,

I let those words become a place I could stay.



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### The I Miss You

*Sent at 2:33 pm*

- I kinda miss you... what the fuck?
- Yeah, me too, it's pretty fucked.
- How much do you miss me? 1 to 10?
- I'd say it's pretty high.
- Ok good, me too.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

### The Game of Pool

We went to play pool—  
A double date with your friends.  
We were extra silly together.  
Part of me thinks you liked how we looked to them,  
But not how I looked to you.

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### The Moodiness

**With you, I never knew.**

One morning, you were happy.

By afternoon, you hated the world.

By dusk, nothing mattered.

And late at night, you couldn't get enough of me.

I don't know if it was a strategy,

Or simply who you are.

But the not knowing where I stood —

It destroyed me,

Yet made me crave you even more.

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### The Dancing

After yet another one of your shows, we go to a theater after-hours.

Everyone's in my favorite mood.

Your friend plays the grand piano on the stage.

You take my hand, and we start to dance.

That night, we danced for hours.

I'd jump into your arms; you'd spin me around.

They thought we were a bit much,

but didn't we just love being a bit much?

In the end,

**there was never a song long enough  
to hold us.**

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### The I love you

Going home, you're very drunk.

You rest your head on my lap, and I gently stroke your hair while driving us back.

I love when I get to experience that softer side of you.

We get to your friend's house and crash on the couch.

You curl up on me and say, "Good night, love you."

I'm taken aback—what did you just say?

You try to take it back.

You ask if I love you, and without thinking, I say,

"Of course I do, are you kidding?"

**Somehow, it came out so naturally, it even surprised me.**

You pause, resting your head on me.

Then you lift your face to meet my eyes and say,

"I love you too."

This feels too good to be true,

And almost instinctively, I say, "Don't take it back this time."

You respond, almost as automatically,

"I won't."

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### The Breakfast Diner

We sit at the breakfast diner,  
Order a pitcher.  
You say, "People think we're crazy together, we're so similar."  
I love when you make that whisper.  
I tell you how you were speaking drunken words to me last night,  
but you probably forgot.  
You look at me and say,  
"No, I remember."

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

### The Sailing Day

Sometimes, there were days like that day,  
When everything stood still,  
And everything just felt right.  
Days I truly felt like I was floating.  
On those days, you were in a great mood,  
On those days, you smiled at me.  
On those days, you'd come lay on my stomach,  
In front of the sailboat, without a care.  
On those days, you'd steal a rare kiss,  
Like you actually wanted me to be happy, just there.  
We finish the bottle of rum,  
You play guitar, we sing,  
And I just hate that tomorrow won't be today.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

### **The Broken Car**

That day my car broke down.  
You helped me, I'll give you that.  
But then, I could feel how much you wanted me gone.  
You didn't offer for me to stay.  
As I left, it started to hit me—  
How I was betraying myself every day,  
Staying with someone who couldn't meet me halfway.  
**But how would I ever get away?**



## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

### The All-Nighter

We partied until dawn,  
Your friend laughing, saying how funny we were together,  
How he'd never seen you more yourself with someone.  
Little did he know, this was your final act—  
The last scene before the end of your performance.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

### The Morning After

That day, I need you,  
but you're nowhere to be found.  
Then it all clicks—  
the guy I first met was indeed the guy on the stage,  
**no fucks given,**  
*Truly* is his name.

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### The Confession (or the Breakup)

This one feels so unoriginal,  
almost comically predictable.  
You made sure I'd fall for you,  
I let my guard down, and then, right there in the car, you said:  
"It's just not it for me, is it for you?"

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### The Confusion

I guess you used me to fill the emptiness you were feeling.  
But what was I seeing? What was I missing?  
And why does it feel like the ground is moving?

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### **The Crying**

I cry in the morning shower.  
I cry on my friend's couch.  
I cry at the friend's dinner.  
I cry over lunch with my father.  
I cry on the phone with my mother.  
I cry at the bar,  
I cry in the car.  
I cry, and honestly, I don't even know why.

### **The Fuck You**

(That one speaks for itself)

**The Losing It**

I tell myself I'm over you.  
Then my lips taste the wine,  
and my thoughts run wild.  
I want one last kiss, one last look.  
I message you—I can't help myself.  
Who is this girl?  
I barely know her.  
**What have you done to me?**  
I wish you hadn't.

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### The Thank You

He sang,  
loud enough for everyone to hear,  
“I wish I could fall for you.”  
And in return, I say,  
“**Thank you.**”