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Boxes

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Boxes

Your room was full of
Boxes
Filled to the brim with
Clothes spilling onto the
Cold tile floor.
Your walls were stripped
Of all the posters and pictures
You took time to hang
And your smile was as
Empty
As the space you had lived in.
This room was once
Full of light that
Peeked through your blinds
In the early hours
Of the morning.
This room was once
Full of laughs we shared
That broke the quiet of
Late nights
After long days at work.
I came to say goodbye
In this mess of moving
Away tomorrow
And realized that

I love you
And it does not mean a thing

Because your room was full of
Boxes
That were overflowing
Ready to be taken
Hundreds of miles away from
Everything
This could have been.