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What We Hope For

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What We Hope For
Jenna Kopec

I hope
From the deepest recesses of my core,
With the worst version of myself
That your chest aches
At the thought of me

When your ribs suffocate your breath
And the wind rampages
The hollows of your stomach
I pray
It is because of me

I hope
Your friends start wondering
What’s wrong with you,
Why your footsteps
Do not sound the same

I hope
They learn
My name
When you realize all is well
But everything is wrong
When regret carves holes
In your appetite
I pray
I am the reason

When you lay your head to rest
I hope
You dream of me
Until salt burns your skin and waves
Wash away the night

I hope
When you seek comfort
And stumble upon my face
In the closets of your mind
You feel worse

I hope
That when my chest aches
At the thought of you,
I am not suffering
Alone