

Farah T. Chidiac

# Love is Late

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For the ones who taught me love by leaving. For the versions of myself that stayed anyway. For my family, who never let go of me. And my friends, who taught me love doesn't have to hurt. For the ones who held space for me when I couldn't hold it myself. For everyone I've ever loved and everyone I had to lose to find myself. For the ones who stayed when I dimmed.

You know who you are.



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## **Almost Forever**

I was convinced meeting you was serendipity.  
Reserved at first,  
then I dove headfirst  
into vulnerability,  
foreign, fragile,  
never meant to last.

I embraced false stability,  
let my feelings consume my mind,  
forgot who I was  
when I was fine.

I didn't want this.  
I didn't ask for you.  
But you,  
convincing,  
full of deceit.

Our “stability”?  
A camouflaged defeat.

Now we’re nothing but  
futile possibilities,  
laced with hostility,  
ruined credibility.

How the hell  
do I let go  
of false hope?

