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The Date

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The Date

Cimera: The Date [Prisca Marcella Cimera]

Today
I had to throw
the milk away;
spoil,
past its expiration
date.

Also the flowers
were tossed,
it was time;
their bowed heads
cried their fate.

Where was the date
stamped on me?

Where did
you find it
so you knew
exactly when?

You used to love me –
the one day,
you didn't.

I don't need
to know what
that date was;
it is seared

permanently
into my
heart.

I would just like
to be told,
for the next time,
where to find
my new expiration
date
so I'm prepared.
So I'll know
as the day comes closer
when I should start
to cry,
my tears falling
quietly
like petals off a tulip,
like milk
trickling
down
a
sink.