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## Only One of Us is Dying: A Series of Poems Describing the Cruelty of Time

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# Only One of Us is Dying

*A Series of Poems Describing the Cruelty of Time*

only one of us is dying

only one of us is dying.  
it's the plot twist that Fate revealed in the second act.  
i imagine a spotlight on center stage  
where you're standing five feet away from me  
arms wide open  
and soul bared to the audience  
*i'm dying.*  
it's like a whisper so deafening  
and i can't help but flinch.  
the world stops  
and starts crumbling,  
the walls of our future shattering around us.  
i never told you what my ring size is  
or how many kids i wanted.  
i never told you how much you mean to me.  
i never told you that i loved you  
before you told me your expiration date  
and i probably never will.  
i am not going to write a story that will never come true.  
you'll never know how i felt about you.  
you told me to write our story  
and i asked you what the title should be.  
*only one of us is dying.*

3:47 a.m.

if i could rearrange  
the stars and change  
the Fate of destiny  
to give you  
more time,  
i would  
do anything to ensure  
a life worth living  
because a life lived  
in fear of death is  
no life at all.

borrowed time

ten years.  
all i get with you is ten years  
and that is the best-case scenario,  
Fate dropped you into my life;  
made a hurricane out of the butterflies  
and in just as much time  
the Fates are taking you away.  
you were a dream  
when all of my life had been realities.  
you were the calm in my storm,  
you brought the candle that lit through my darkness,  
you gave me a future that I never intended on having,  
you added forty years onto my life expectancy,  
and i only get to spend ten with you.  
“it isn’t fair,”  
i said,  
“i wish we had more time.”  
*Do you think I want this either?*

Written By:  
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