



20 Years

by Lake Morris

i will be in toronto at a coffee shop and it will be my first friday off of work in a while so i just have my music and have a book about some social issue and it's so real and so raw and i have my coffee and the cashier will have the same eyes as you

we will not have talked in 19 years i will not have thought of you in 10 years i'll have my book in my hands and i'll keep thinking about the cashier's eyes with the thought of "where have i seen those eyes before?"

it'll be a sudden realization. an epiphany. a stop mid-thought and think about it typa thing

it will be your eyes.

my heart will go out of beat. my chest will fill with anxiety. my hands will start to feel clammy. someone will ask if i'm okay and i'll say yes

i'll walk back home in the rain. my coffee gone cold. my book left unread. my music not listened to.

it will be your eyes.

where you'll be in 20 years, i don't know
but i know you won't think of me