

A MATTER OF TIME

By: Andrew Noonan

I'm not quite sure when it began
When my feelings for you
Faded
Wisps of smoke from your cigarette
Fleeing, into the atmosphere

Maybe it was just a matter of time.
Our worlds were so different
Hunting for similarities between us was
Like trying to find one vibrant blade of grass
In an otherwise lifeless valley

All of those winter nights
We had to park far from home.
I would blaze the trail ahead
While you tried to follow
In my frosty footprints.

It wasn't your fault
I began to resent you.
While you softly traced the curve
Of my cheek with your index finger
I was desperate for escape.

Each one of your sobs became
A dagger buried in my determined heart
That day that you opened the door
I told you I didn't love you anymore,
And I'm sorry that you loved me.

Andrew Noonan is a graduating senior at Iowa State and will be pursuing a career in copywriting upon graduation. This is his first time being published and he feels quite honored to contribute to Sketch magazine. In his free time, Noonan can be found correcting his friends' grammar or searching for a new show to binge watch on Netflix.