

# Playing Pretend

Dream, Ivory

The ash of her cigarette  
Still lingers  
As she slams the door, I touch the tray  
With my fingers

Left me a note  
With scribbled cues  
And a \$20  
It's getting late  
And still no sign  
Of returning

I miss you  
But it's my cue  
To march on  
You said  
I love you  
Let's start anew  
But I'm long gone

The school bell rings at 3 o'clock  
Now I'm waiting  
I'm pacing and replaying the promise  
You made me

Mothers and daughters reuniting  
With laughter  
All I have are you empty words  
I sought after

I miss you  
But it's my cue  
To march on  
You said  
I love you  
Let's start anew  
But I'm long gone

I'm not mad  
I'm not sad  
I've accepted that loneliness is not a sin

Just me and my notepad  
The only time I let my sadness win

As time goes on  
I surrender  
I'll always remember  
That

I miss you  
But it's my cue  
To march on  
You said  
I love you  
Let's start anew  
But I'm long gone

I catch myself driving by  
One winter  
The ash of her cigarette  
Still lingers