

Things That Get Me: Graduation, Mostly,
By Millie Wang

I carry a pen that isn't mine.
She gave it to me once, said it writes smoother than most people think.
She was right—
and I still write with it.

I fold the corner of the page,
He showed me how to do it, said I didn't need a bookmark.
He was right—
I still read books like that.

There are things I do now that I didn't invent
rolling my skirts just enough... but not too much,
humming a song I don't remember learning,
nodding a certain way when someone's talking.
because someone does that for me.
They probably didn't realise
and I hope they don't stop doing it.

They live here.
In me.
In a mosaic they made.

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I don't know where my friends will go,
where time will take us
Like the sun stretches people's shadows at sunset,
perhaps I will still see them,
just more and more distant,
seeming less and less real.

And maybe I won't remember the dates,
or the full conversations,
or who sat where,
but I'll remember how it felt.
And that feeling
that mess of borrowed habits, shared glances.
they stay.
Not whole, not perfect,
but scattered like light across scattered stained glass
of everything we were.

Something warm slips down the glass,
gliding down the edges,
quiet as if the tesserae itself has started to weep.
A mosaic, One I didn't mean to build,
but I'll keep it anyway.