

me about how my belly fat can be folded five times which my brother even agreed to. How you tried so hard to look cute for me to kiss you on the cheek, how you asked for a good luck kiss before your game, how you waved at me when my friend called out your name because I didn't have the guts to shout that loud.

Those were good memories of us that are now fading away. Maybe that's just the way it is, you hold on to something you can't have, something temporary. Maybe you were just my temporary happy place.

I posted it here because I know no one you know can read it. And if ever this reaches you, it'll be too late. Thank you for the temporary happiness, babe.

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