

It used to be

It used to be easy to be a friend, back when it was as simple as "she's wearing pink" or "I read that too!"

Now it's 23:34. Half 12.

It used to be that this was the time you'd message me and we'd have a "DnM sesh"
Those deep and meaningful conversations that had to happen in the in-between time.

Now we schedule coffees and try to feel that same magic, in a coffee shop under bright lights.

It used to be that we had stolen moments, in the rain, street lights watercoloured on the windshield. Conversations whispered on the beach, under the moon. So many caught in old lines of poetry and made forever.

Now we message and make plans and it's not love anymore, it's family and a well worn cardigan to shrug on. It just fits.

It used to be that we'd see each other on the playground, catching up as the kids played. Talking about how they were, how we were growing as much as they were. Then, they grew and we missed each other more.

Now we juggle times and dates and "hope to see each other" before they outgrow us.

It's 11am here, and it's 1pm yesterday there, and I'm stuck trying to hold your hand across oceans as your world breaks. Like you held mine when mine broke too. It's too far and the world is too big even though I can hear your tears in my kitchen as I hold the phone to my heart.

Now we juggle exchange rates and savings. Vacation days and the cost of living.
And the hope that soon, it'll be easy to see you and hold you.

You live far away, close enough though in my phone. I know what you look like, but I couldn't tell you what you smell like. It's been 8 years and we've never met but we know each other. Really know each other.

Now we juggle DMs and share memes on the days it's too hard to talk.

It used to be you'd say you're not the one for emotional support. You don't like to feel things. Yet you're always there even when I don't know I need you.

Now we have our inside jokes to make it easier to know how we should feel. We juggle diet coke boys and GP even when it's not the time to be silly. Because that's how we love each other.

It used to hurt when you'd drop off socials, but it's been nearly 5 years, and you're still there. At random times, a negotiation of boundaries and limits and intermittent ghosting. It's a gap in our schedules, alignment of hormones and desire, one or both of us caving in.

Now we know each other more than most, I know how you smell and feel and in the last 5 minutes we talk about work and life and you're a friend. The friend who tries his best not to be.

It used to be easy but adult friendships are a tapestry of timing and stories. There's a beauty in the complexity if you take the time to trace your place in it.

Now I weave my way in and out of your lives knowing that I love you and you love me. And it is easy.